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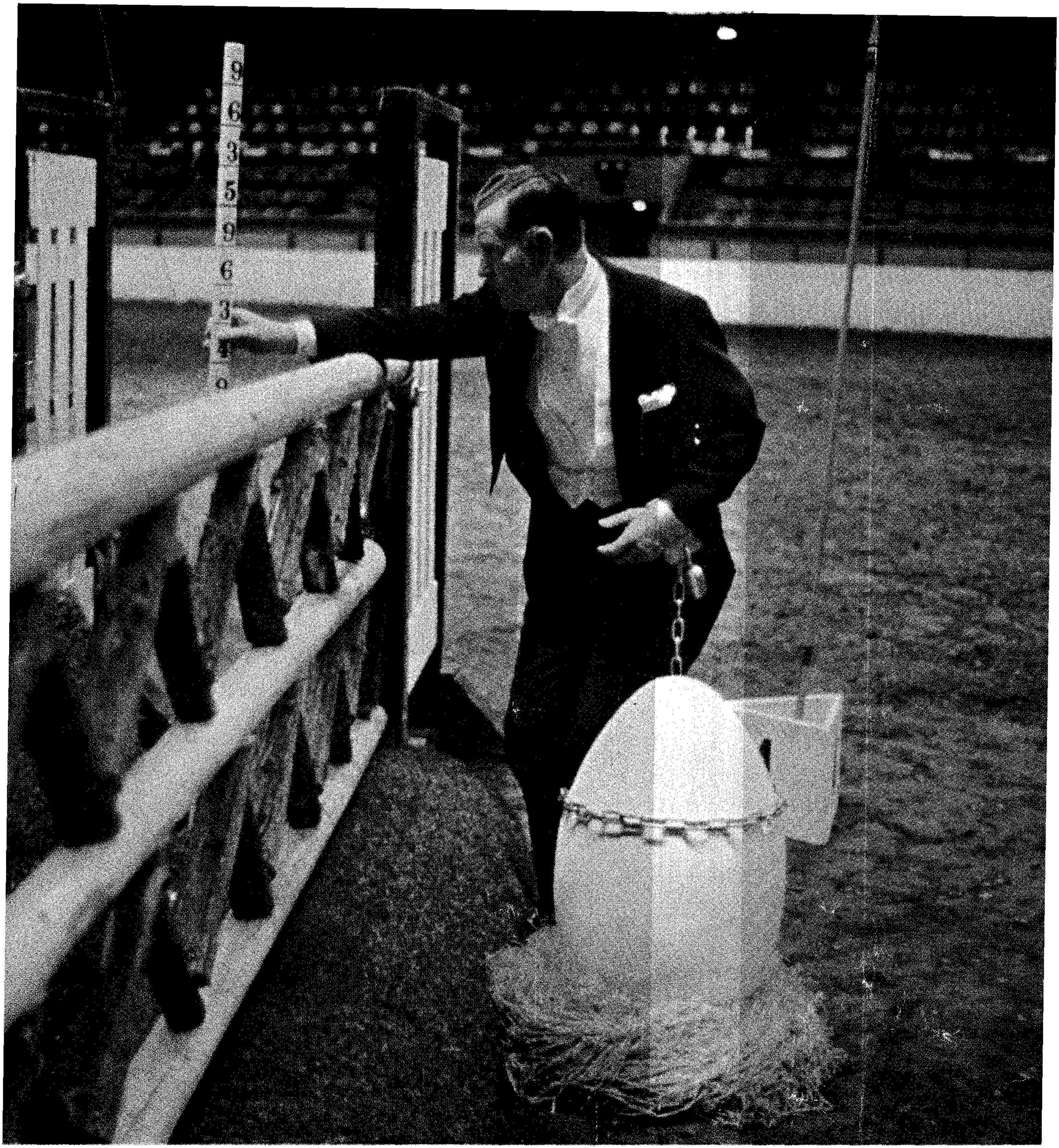

Checking the official measurement before the show—photo by Mark Shaw

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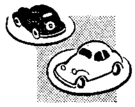
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Delicate Balance—An uneven effort by Edward Albee in which the playwright, often in inflated dialogue, projects the dilemma of a wealthy suburban family whose house is suddenly made a home away from home by a neighboring couple beset by a nameless fear. After the boarders arrive, the question is whether, in charity, to let them stay, or, hardheadedly, give them the gate. Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy head the cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinner at Eight—An opulent revival of the Kaufman-Ferber show about life in the early days of the Great Depression. The play has grown a bit arthritic with the passage of time. There is a cast of twenty-four, in which Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Darren McGavin, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka are prominent. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Hand Is on the Gate—Eight Negro actors reading Negro verses and singing folk songs in a program arranged by Roscoe Lee Browne (who is also one of the performers) that is only sporadically compelling. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 5-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Help Stamp Out Marriage!—Adultery and all that in an English farce that is slow on the uptake. The play was written by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, and directed by George Abbott, and has a cast composed of Roddy Maude-Roxby, Ann Bell, Francis Matthews, and Valerie French. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's sad and funny account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. Under Hilton Edwards' perceptive direction, the cast, which includes Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and Mavis Villiers, is highly effective. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CACTUS FLOWER:** A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Sam Levene in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)... **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Mike Kellin and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Investigation—An adaptation by Ulu Grosbard and Jon Swan of Peter Weiss's play. The cast, under the direction of Mr. Grosbard, includes Vivian Nathan and Tom Pedi. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—A comedy by Frank Marcus, imported from London. Beryl Reid, Eileen Atkins, Lally Bowers, and Polly Rowles make up the cast. The director is Val May. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman in a ten-week engagement of Irving Berlin's musical, staged by Jack Sydow. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—Angela Lansbury and a fine cast make this musical (book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman) an amiable affair. It is an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel, and if it isn't long on originality, it does have a professional gloss and some highly comical moments. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—This musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess who wants to be honestly loved hasn't much to offer in the way of comedy, but it does have a lot of sprightly dances and an acceptable score. It also has the indefatigable Gwen Verdon and an enthusiastic cast. The choreography is the work of Bob Fosse, the over-all director of the enterprise, and the music and lyrics are the work of Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa enlivened by an octet of fine young performers. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed to keep things lively are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Sally Athelny. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Loves of Cass McGuire—Ruth Gordon and Dennis King in a play by Brian Friel. Staged by Hilton Edwards. Opens Thursday, Oct. 6. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**CITY CENTER DRAMA COMPANY:** Jennifer Jones, Rip Torn, and Joseph Anthony in a revival of Clifford Odets's **THE COUNTRY GIRL.** The first in a series of three plays by American writers. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 16.)

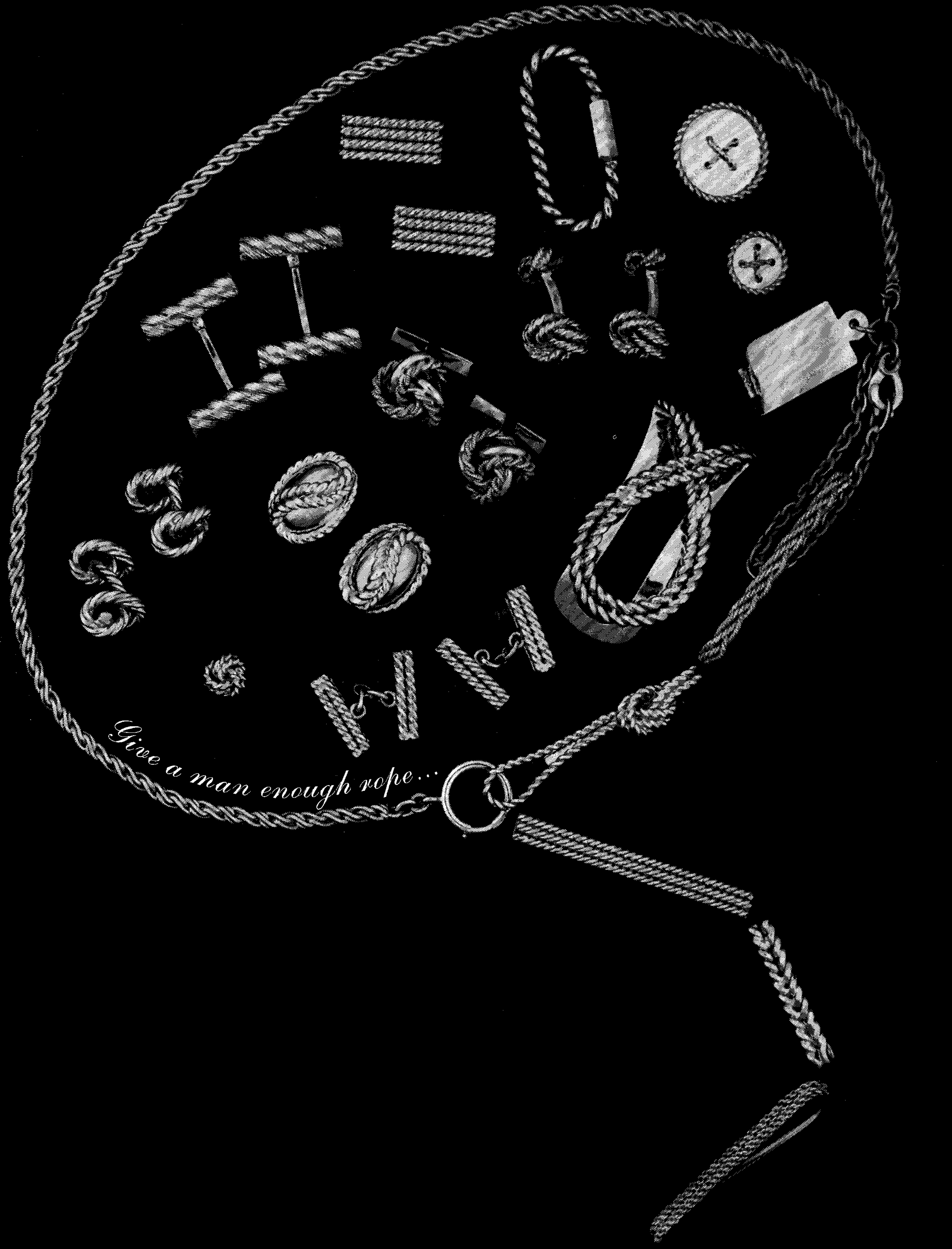
Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Michael O'Sullivan, Robert Symonds, Nancy Marchand, George Voskovec, Aline MacMahon, and Philip Bosco in Ben Jonson's comedy **THE ALCHEMIST.** The first in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 11; special benefit performance (for tickets, call EN 2-7600) Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8:45. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 13, at 7, and will run through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **MANON.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 33, October 8, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Israeli Mime Theatre—The company, appearing here for the first time, in a show called "Men and Dreams," starring Claude Kipnis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Oct. 12.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 9.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Thornton Wilder Plays—Three early one-acters—"The Long Christmas Dinner," "Queens of France," and "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden"—all of them written years before "Our Town" and all of them containing hints of Mr. Wilder's great plays to come. The company does the first and second only fairly well and the last very well indeed. With John Beal, Susan Towers, and Bette Henritze. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 228-3836. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Manuela Vargas—With her company of flamenco dancers in a two-week engagement. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. CI 6-6270. Thursday and Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 6 and 9:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 8.)

Ukrainian Dance Company—A troupe of a hundred dancers, plus a symphony orchestra, in a brief engagement. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13-14, and Monday, Oct. 17, all at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Festa Italiana—An entertainment including a Roman chariot race; Neapolitan, Sicilian, and Sardinian dances and songs; the joust of the Saracens; and an armed hair split. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday and Tuesday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes with a special matinée on Wednesday, Oct. 12.)

La Contrescarpe—A French cabaret show consisting of songs, comedy, and satire. With Bernard Haller, Jacqueline Danno, Chantal Laurentie, Paul Villaz, and Jacques Marchais. As you undoubtedly know, "*contrescarpe*" means "the exterior slope or wall of the ditch." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Glittery Tony Martin and his songs, all full of extreme unction, are on hand at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which makes the dance music, also makes mere listening to it a pleasure. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Where Broadway and Park Avenue cross stands a playground that Hoving has had nothing to do with—a playground of which Billy Reed is *padrone*. Horace Diaz's band plays for dancing Sundays through Fridays from nine to two, and Saturdays from nine to three.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—*Toujours la politesse*, or what remains of it, is the basic principle on the parquet floor of the restaurant between eight and one or two. Cliff Hall's band provides the athletes' instrumentation. No players on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The new edition of this celebrated museum is elaborately bound, too, though no longer entirely in morocco. A couple of zestful orchestras never, never lay down their arms. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—John Gary, a breezy young troubadour who has been on camera a lot, is now on the podium a lot, at both dinner and supper, in the Persian Room. Burt Farber's dance band and Mark Monte's revellers are around, too. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. No music in the Edwardian Room on Sundays.... ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a vision even more beautiful than Xanadu, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by Gunnar Hansen's vivid violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Careful measurements by experienced mountaineers prove that the summit is inches higher than ever before, affording a finer view than ever before. It also affords Peter Duchin and his septet on their solitary stand in town this season. On Saturday, Oct. 8, Bob Crosby and the Bob Cats will replace the Duchins. The music carries on from eight to one-thirty every night but Sunday.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—On B Deck of the mighty paddle-wheeler, Sammy Kaye's muscular musicians are cheerfully blowing their heads off. The action goes on from eight to two. No music Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The return of the native is celebrated at dinner and supper when Julie Wilson, who comes from one of the Maisonette's first families, does her song recitals. She bows out on Saturday, Oct. 8; on Monday, Oct. 10, Glenda Grainger, a brand-new caroller from London, moves in. George Cort's brush-fire band and Quintero's Latin one operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In La Boite, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to two. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Though Nature is about to take its course, Phil Wayne's band and a quorum of Latins are defying its elements by playing in the open air from eight to one every night. In case of lightning storms, falling frogs, or other aerial specialties, everybody indoors at once, where business will go on as usual.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Being Maurice Chevalier is still not a sedentary occupation; it is, to hear him sing and tell it, a glorious fulltime job. He appears in the Empire Room at dinner every evening; the orchestra of Charles Turecamo plays around from nine o'clock on.... ¶ Penetrating into the second layer of Peacock Alley, one finds Ray Hartley's baroque piano ornamenting the recess from cocktail time until eleven every evening but Friday and Saturday. On those nights, in the third layer of the Alley, there is dancing to a trio from eight to one.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Neither three nor three hundred's a crowd on the limitless expanse of hardwood. The dancing, fortunately, is *not* limitless—no Twist, no Frug, no Huggermug. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-forty-five to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays, and no wonder.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host with the most, takes a nap between his dinner and his after-the-theatre sets at his piano, but there's interim piano in his city-and-country club by Sam Hamilton and Wayne Sanders, and double piano later on by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays.... **Living Room,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): It's all wax and no wane when Bobby Short and his piano weave their way through the best-educated songs in night life. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his aides.... **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Captain Kidd might have put into this snug little port, so aged in the woodwork does it look. Who definitely *does* put in is a Jamaica minstrel who parades

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven to eleven on Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night school for the junior grades of show business and the kindred arts. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past eleven years, is the definitely permanent party in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to a retrospective show of the music we grew up with. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few coigns in the Second Avenue Casbah that will bear inspection. From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy all late-at-night big-city music should have, and Marian McPartland's trio does disciplined jazz. . . . **JANSSEN'S,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The happy bullfrog in this pond is Aldo Bruschi, singer, oboist, pianist, concertina player, and impresario of an opera company of two. Their unassuming but cheering career takes them from Wednesday through Saturday every week, from eight-thirty on, and there is dance music, too, on the same schedule. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Your waiter's not at all secret ambition is to be Faust or Rodolfo, and he doesn't care who hears it. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The top of a piano is the usual setting for Rita Dimitri, a perfect specimen of the singing soubrette. Her carefreely worldly arias are turned on Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays additionally at midnight. Leisurely dance music begins at eight each evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Hungarian recipe that has stood many a test—a goulash of zimbalon, fiddle, piano, and soprano, all stirred vigorously together. Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays.

NOTE—The earth is scarcely big enough for both civilization and the discothèque, but before you vote upon which one of them must go, you might inspect the following establishments: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): To all intents and purposes, the antics here are practically subscription dances, so enter your son and daughter at birth if you wish them to grow up wise in the ways of the night world. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen (i.e., the Wild Ones). Nine until four is the customary running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The supreme test is the effort of all present to follow the flight plan of Tanya Everett (earlier on a participant in "Fiddler on the Roof"). The music comes partly from a tapped wire and partly (each Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday) from the land of the living; the hours are nine to utter exhaustion; the menu is close to the vanishing point. Dead silence Sundays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): You can gambol on this Village green in whatever you happen to be wearing, but all the same it is an establishment that is distinctly not of the Village Villagey. Some of the music comes out of a wall socket, the rest comes out of people (the Chambers Brothers) just—or almost—like us. And when you're as young as the prepossessing house dancers, you can dance seven days a week, too, on the beer and hamburgers. Nine-thirty to three or four is the rule of this road. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): A new Atlantis, sunk not beneath the sea but beneath Third Avenue. The delicate outlines of its architecture (dream-world Italianate) and of its fashionable population are still clearly visible, and so are the ritualistic dances. It is open, seven nights a week, from nine-thirty to three-thirty, and the buoy that marks its sunken site is a streetside alfresco café of the same name.

SMALL AND SERENE

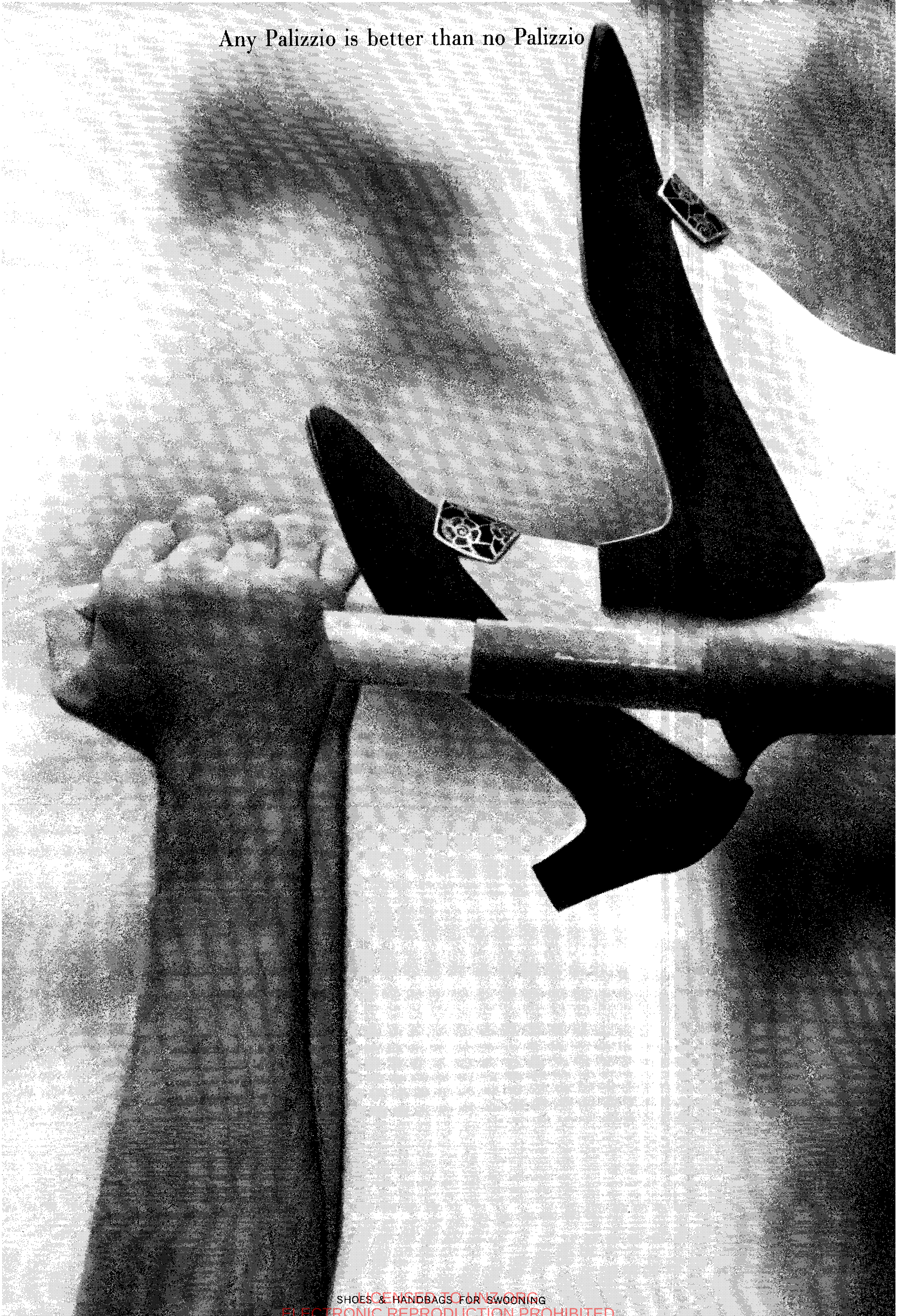
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

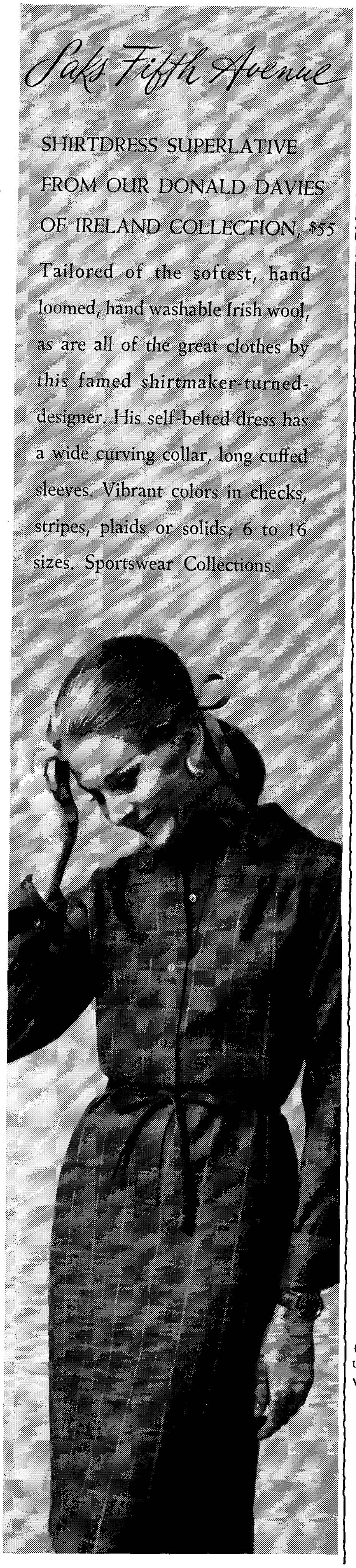
DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, monarch of all the pleasing prospect he surveys, takes his daily constitutional (that's the kind of monarch he is) on the finely tuned piano on the dais during cocktails, dinner, and supper—a constitutional jaunty and buoyant. Someone else does the honors every Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An ingeniously ornamented chess set in which all knights are bold and all kings, including Henri IV, are merry. It's a music box, too, except on Sunday evenings, for the violin of Norbert Faconi, a serenader all sublime, takes an active part in the proceedings. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our noblest antique shops, is the setting for Rogelio Reguera, an Iberian guitarist of the purest ray serene. He holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Kurt Maier, whose piano offers conducted tours of the Prater. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-8398): A suite of rooms held over from the Ottoman Empire. In the final room, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Ralph Strain's eclectic piano will be heard for the last time in the bar-restaurant on Saturday, Oct. 8. Enzo Lembo's guitar will keep on chortling, though. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): French Impressionist is the mood of this fashionable watering place; watercolor of all nations is George Feyer's piano, which ruminates from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. Alongside the ornamentation is ranged a cluster of musicians given to romantic sighs. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The niche Conrad Monjoy has made for himself and his benign piano is beside the bar. Nine to one is his career. No music Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The herald angels who start singing as you reach your *fettuccine* are not from another world but from a mythical opera company whose mythical home is Firenze. Tuesdays, after the theatre, Philip Huston returns to the stage by quoting Shakespeare, Kipling, et al. to his own purposes—humorous as well as dramatic; Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also measured dance music by the trio of Leonard Metcalf, who plays good, solid piano every night, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner's piano deftly reorchestrates everything from Gershwin to Gounod from six-thirty until midnight. Sunday is his holiday.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme have their domestic spats (couched in song and story) right out in public, which puts them in the category of Great Fun. On Thursday, Oct. 13, a new deal begins: Petula Clark, a perky nightingale usually heard in Berkeley Square,


Any Palizzio is better than no Palizzio
SHOES & HANDBAGS FOR SWOONING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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Howard Storm, a wit fresh out of the Village caves. The sideshow will continue to be the Copa corps of ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs, and Bill Selby, who makes the timeworn task of being production singer seem the jolliest in the world. Dancing for the patrons as well.... ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music by Helen Ferguson and the Personalities, plus Al Astare's trio—names drawn from who knows whose hat.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Zest, zing, and *Zeitgeist* are what little girls must be made of if they appear in "Oriental Phantasy," a large, brightly tinted chunk of gay abandon. On Tuesday, Oct. 11, "Vive l'Amour," a new assortment of young ladies in undress uniforms, comes to town, led by Lili St. Cyr, who has never had any trouble giving the shirt off her back. Dancing. ... **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The loose ends, weird and wonderful, at which the miniskirt contingent and its escorts arrive here certainly justify the means. The music issues from a collection of bands in a state of perpetual frenzy. Nine-thirty until four every night is the deal. Hot dogs and such are all that keep the little bodies and souls together.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The stars whom Julius Monk, prop., casts upon the waters of the outer world one by one return to him. Now it is Nancy Dussault, wreathed in the height of fashion and of humor, who is singing hey-nonny-nonny. She is assisted by Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, political-science majors and commentators from Cambridge University, and (it stands to reason) Mr. Monk, as *conférencier*. The pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston give all hands their due. Activities commence at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España is a Spanish army that lives off the countries it has been to, acquiring and proclaiming the merrier songs of each one. The amiable, deliberately artless cavalcade happens at dinner and supper. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal.... ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Below the Belt," which is on tap at nine-thirty and midnight every night, departs this life on Saturday, Oct. 8. A new revue is due to start practicing on Monday, Oct. 10.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The despair of Joan Rivers is not so utter that she cannot talk about it—no, indeed. Her outbursts happen twice a night during the week, thrice on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Patrons of this slice of Cuba Libre are offered the sight of Olga Guillot, a Cuban exile, burning brilliantly right down to the ground in the course of her song recital. Dinner and supper is her regime every night of the week. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The team on which Miles Davis plays floating end comes itself to an end on Saturday, Oct. 8, but the quartet of Sonny Rollins and the trio of Bill Evans will step into the breech on Sunday, Oct. 9. Their time off is Monday, which is always devoted to uprisings by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band.... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. Soul singing (seemingly the most *nouvelle* of the *nouvelles vagues*) is done by Maxine Brown; humor, rampant and rugged, is done by Flip Wilson. Tuesdays are assigned, instead, to visiting scholars.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The faculty roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these assignments have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; the remainder of the week, humor by the newcoming Dave Frye, rocking and rolling by the Byrds and other folk, plus a touch of underground amusement.... ¶ Upstairs, in the bar-grill, there is late jazz every night but Monday.... **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Though some of the music is still off-the-record, the place is now more music room than discothèque. Dorothy Donegan, who is a piano-chewer rather than a scenery-chewer (there is plenty of scenery to chew), has a bumptious threesome in action several times an evening. Eight-thirty until very late is the rule. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Through its small portals pass large occurrences. The current sound comes from the cheerful Zoot Sims quartet and June Christie's trio, which winds up its affairs on Sunday, Oct. 9. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Toshiko Akiyoshi's solo piano goes its own individualistic way when Charles MacPherson's quintet takes a break. Mondays, Walter Bishop's quartet fills in for them.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, sets to at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Cliff Jackson, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Closed Sundays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A throwback to the time when jazz was outgoing, not ingrown. The symposium is conducted by Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Mr. Condon, or exact duplicates thereof. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band gets in its licks (all of them hot) before the regulars report.... **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Yusef Lateef's inner-sanctum quartet is hard at work now; on Tuesday, Oct. 11, Wayne Shorter's foursome will be taking over. Mondays are allotted to one-night standers.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EUGENE BERMAN—Gouaches, watercolors, and models of stage sets and costume designs; through Oct. 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARC CHAGALL AND ARISTIDE MAILLOL—Seven paintings by our Opera House muralist, along with small bronzes and figure studies by Maillol; through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

LUCILLE BROWN GREENE AND MIRIAM NAAMAN—Semi-abstract paintings by the former and Expressionistic sculptures by the latter;

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through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNHARD HEILIGER—Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Cityscapes with figures and animals; through Oct. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ LHOTE—A retrospective of paintings, 1907-1958; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD LYTLE—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Paintings from the twenties, the forties, and the sixties; through Oct. 22. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID MILLSTONE—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Oct. 22. (Alonzo, 45 Christopher St., east of Seventh Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6 and 8 to 10; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

BRUNO MUNARI—Kinetic sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

SHAY RIEGER—Stone and bronze figures and animals; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL SAWYER—Paintings of buildings and children, done in Nashville; through Oct. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHIRLEY PLAUT SCHAEFER—Post-Impressionist paintings; through Oct. 22. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK—Paintings; through Oct. 29. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

ANTHE ZACHARIAS—Abstract paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK ZAJAC—Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—A selection of oils, watercolors, caseins, and sculptures by members of this organization, who are professional artists and number about seven hundred; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—Sculptures in wood, shell, and bone from Peru; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the DOWNTOWN, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk art, including portraits, genre paintings, trade signs, decoys, and weathervanes; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Saul Steinberg, Fernandez Arman, and Tom Wesselmann are three of the participants in a show called "Erotic Art '66;" through Oct. 29.... LEWISON, 35 E. 64th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by Albert Bierstadt, George Inness, George Smillie, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Waldo Peirce, and Hans Moller; through Oct. 22.... PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Rosemarie Beck, Alan Gussow, and Richard Miller (to name a few); through Saturday, Oct. 8.... WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition, on loan from the Bowdoin College Museum, of Colonial and Federal portraits (mostly of the Bowdoin family itself) by Robert Feke, Gilbert Stuart, and others, plus a group of old-master drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 15.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the PARSONS, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Enrico Castellani, Lyman Kipp, and Alexander Liberman; through Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.)... BERTHA SCHAEFER, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings (together with some sculptures) by such sculptors as Kenneth Armitage, Joseph Konzal, and Wolfgang Behl; through Saturday, Oct. 8.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ELKON, 1063

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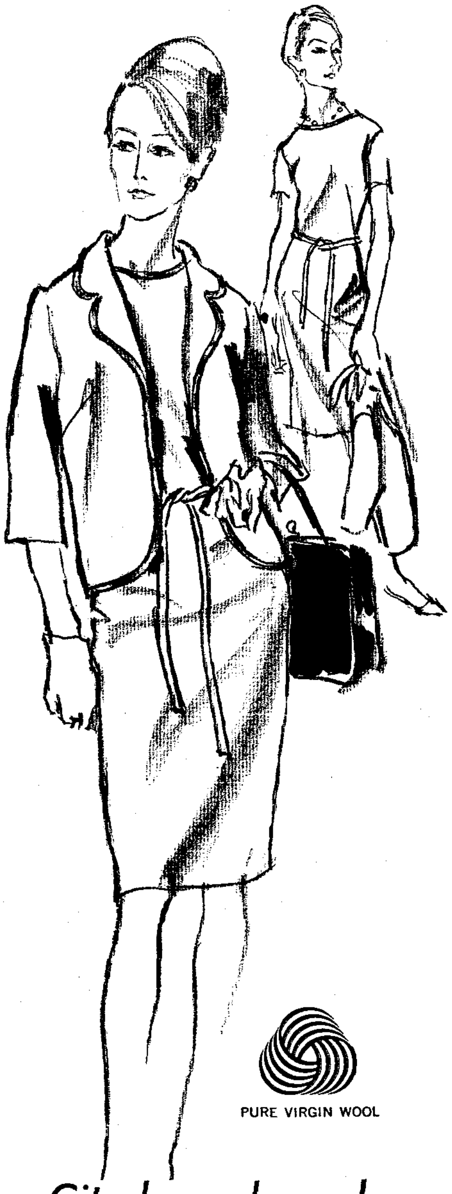

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Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Dubuffet, Herbin, Magritte, and other twentieth-century painters; though Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.)... **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists, among them Courbet, Miró, and Chagall; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **MARTIN**, 43 E. 80th St.: Etching, woodcut, and lithograph self-portraits by Max Beckmann, Lovis Corinth, and Käthe Kollwitz; through Saturday, Oct. 15. ... **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of sculptures by Arp, Giacometti, Manzù, and others; through Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.)

CHINESE; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by (for example) Chen Pan Ting, Jen Po Nien, and Wang Chi Chuan; through Oct. 29. (Gallery of Chinese and American Art, 399 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

TENTH STREET—Five downtown galleries are participating in an opening exhibition (ending Thursday, Oct. 13) of paintings, constructions, collages, and sculptures by gallery members—At the **AEGIS**, 89 E. 10th St.; **ASPECTS**, 100 E. 10th St.; **BRATA**, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.; **GALLERY 84**, 84 E. 10th St.; and **STRYKE**, 86 E. 10th St. (All the galleries are open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi.... ¶ Another exhibition of new acquisitions—objects of Egyptian art (including tomb and temple sculptures and a variety of stone vessels, bronze mirrors, and ointment jars), ranging from prehistoric times to the merging of Egypt into the Roman Empire. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Lithographs and serigraphs by twenty young painters and sculptors, among them David Hockney, Jim Dine, and James Rosenquist; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. ... ¶ Systemic paintings—by such systemists as Ellsworth Kelly and Al Held—the most immaculate and exact of them Robert Syman's "Allied," which is one solid white canvas; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The doors of its new inverted-pyramid home have recently opened with a show of paintings and sculptures entitled "Art of the United States: 1670-1966" and filling four floors and the sunken garden; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen watercolors by Cézanne, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 30.... ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A series of thirty-one etchings of scenes of Venice done by Antonio Canaletto in the seventeen-forties, on loan from the Smithsonian Institution; through Oct. 16.... ¶ Paintings by the Polish Impressionist Jan Cybis; through Nov. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, along with a selection of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to mention a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish artistic and social history from 1870 to 1924; through Nov. 6.... ¶ Figure paintings and drawings by Howard Kanovitz; through Nov. 6.... ¶ In the Sculpture Court, large painted stainless-steel sculptures by Kosso Eloul; through Nov. 6. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Thursday and Friday, Oct. 6-7.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"New York: The State and the City," a selection of autograph manuscripts, letters and documents, printed books, and historical prints; through Nov. 5.... ¶ Illuminated religious texts in a variety of old scripts, twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the Book of Job, and a number of other books illuminated by him; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Techniques of Primitive Art," examples of weaving, carvings, ceramics, and metal works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirtieth annual of the American Abstract Artists, containing paintings and sculptures by about eighty members and guests, including Ibram Lassaw, Will Insley, and Richard Anuszkiewicz; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Oct. 6: "Die Frau ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. ... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 7: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, Nicolai Gedda, Theodor Uppman, and Justino Díaz.... ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 10: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 11: "Antony and Cleopatra," with Leontyne Price, Mary Ellen Pracht, Rosalind Elias, Belen Amparan, Jess Thomas, Justino Díaz, John Macurdy, and Ezio Flagello.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 12: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 13: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 14: "Die Frau ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 15: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, and Justino Díaz.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 15: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "The Consul," with Patricia Neway, Evelyn Sachs, Beverly Evans, Julia Migenes, David Clatworthy, William Chapman, and David Smith.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Anne Elgar, John Alexander, Herbert Beattie, and David Smith.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Norma Newton,

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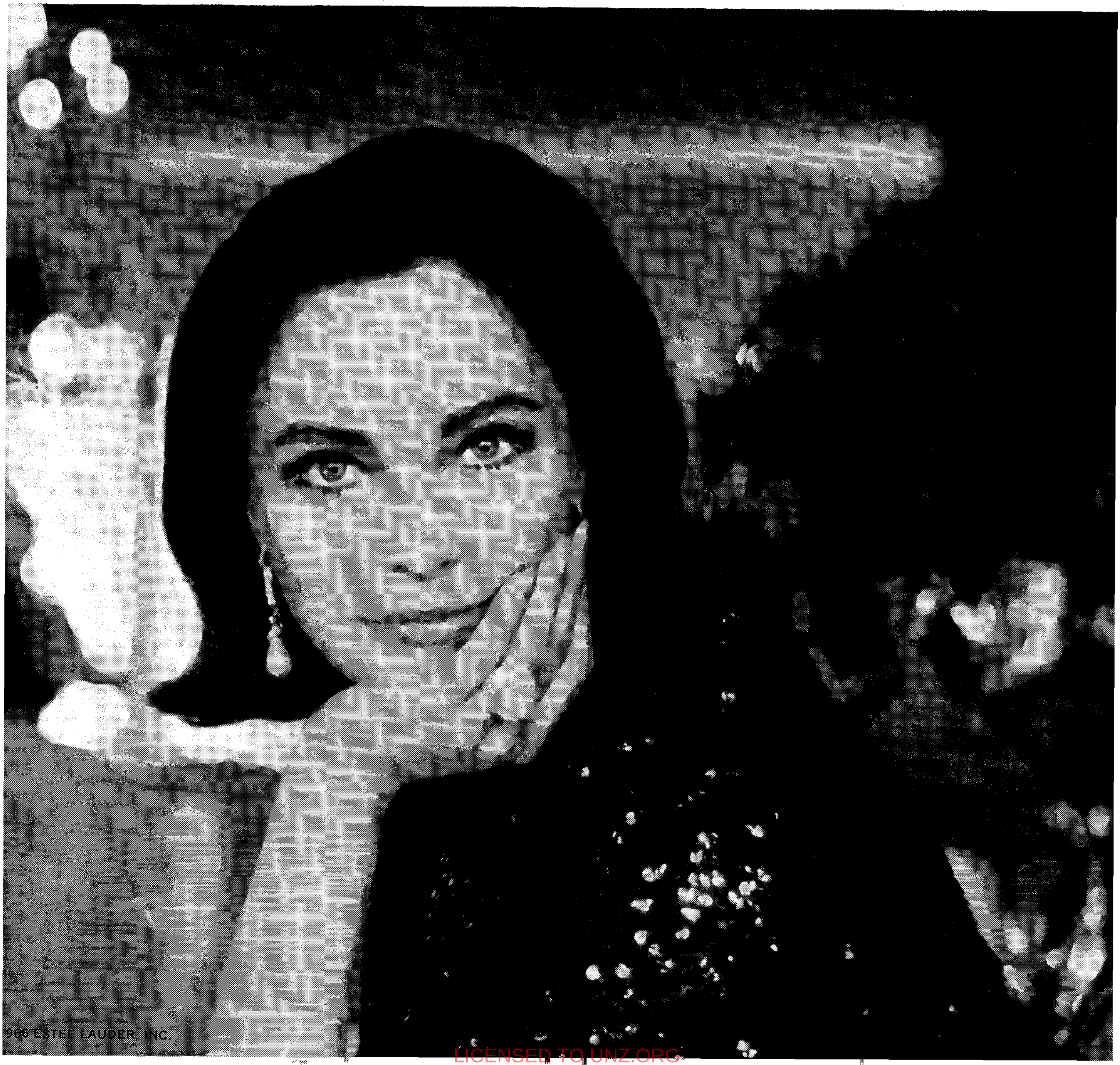

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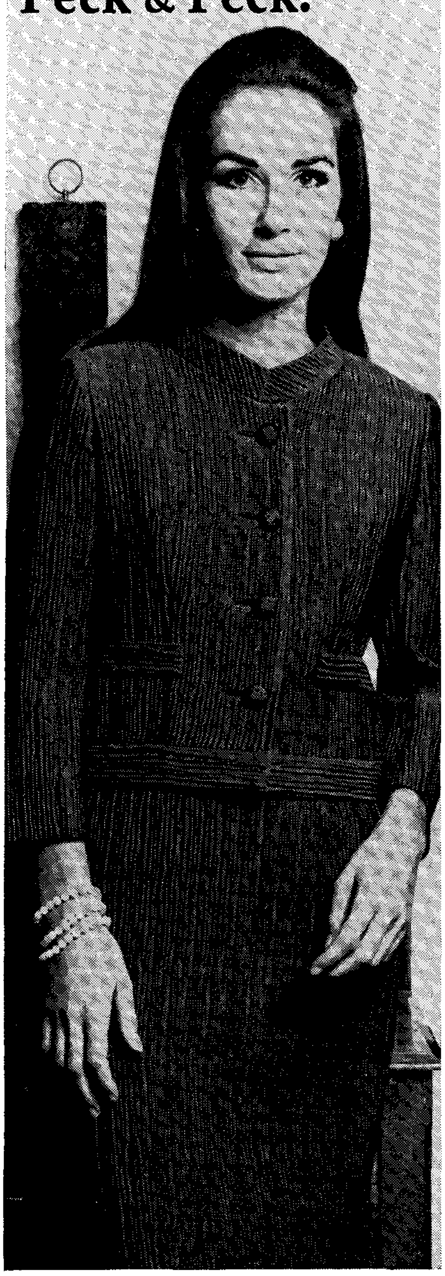

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Muriel Greenspon, Joan Summers, Spiro Malas, John Reardon, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 9, at 1:15 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Noel Jan Tyl, Michael Devlin, William Ledbetter, and Herbert Beattie. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 9, at 7:15: A new production of Puccini's "Tosca," with Michele Molese, Sherrill Milnes, David Smith, Nico Castel, Herbert Beattie, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13, at 7:45: The company's première of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," with an English text by Ruth and Thomas Martin. Beverly Sills, Veronica Tyler, Joan Summers, Michele Molese, John Reardon, and Thomas Paul. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Beverly Wolff, Joan Patenaude, William Dupree, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Gene Bullard, Spiro Malas, Sherrill Milnes, and Noel Jan Tyl. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "The Consul," with Patricia Neway, Muriel Greenspon, Beverly Evans, Julia Migenes, Charlotte Povia, David Clatworthy, William Chapman, and David Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—"La Traviata." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—A varied program on Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 7, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 10, at 7:30 (all with David Nadien, violin); and a Schoenberg-Blitzstein program on Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 14, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 17, at 7:30 (all with Vera Zorina and Robert Hooks, narrators; Andrea Velis, tenor; David Watson, baritone; and the Choral Art Society).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano; Samuel Mayes, cello; and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8:30, and Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:30, both with Shmuel Ashkenasi, violin. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30, with Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30, a performance of Mahler's Third Symphony, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, and also the New England Conservatory Chorus and the Boston Boychoir.)

MUNICH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Hans Stadlmair conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Charles Treger, violin, and Jerome Lowenthal, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

MOSCOW CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Rudolf Barshai conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3, and Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Anton Coppola conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weisberg conducting the first in a series of four programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

PETER, PAUL & MARY—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

CHARLES AZNAVOUR—French pop singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

ENSEMBLE MUSIC PLAYERS—A Brahms-Fauré chamber-music program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 5:30.)

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY AND LEONARD PENNARIO—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 7.)

RUDOLF SERKIN AND PINA CARMIRELLI—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano-and-violin sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

SMETANA QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—Il Sestetto di Bolzano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

JASCHA HEIFETZ AND GREGOR PIATIGORSKY—Violin and cello, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2:30.)

GUIOMAR NOVAES—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

AUSTIN RELLER—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

CARLOS MONTOYA—Flamenco guitarist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

MANITAS DE PLATA—Flamenco guitarist, with José Reyes, singer to the guitar. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at midnight.)

SPORTS

WORLD SERIES—First game Wednesday, Oct. 5. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

DOG SHOW—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 8.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, OCT. 8:** Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 15:** Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Army, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. San Diego Chargers. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:05.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Stroke Championship. (Century Country Club, Purchase. Through Thursday, Oct. 6.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 15.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD**, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 8; the Discovery Handicap, Monday, Oct. 10; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 12; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, Oct. 11. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, from Wednesday, Oct. 12, through Saturday, Nov. 12.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **THOMPSON RACEWAY**, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Oct. 9, at 2. . . . **LIME ROCK PARK**, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 15, at 12:30.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Carmen," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2:30.) . . . **NEW YORK CITY OPERA:** A performance, primarily for children, of "The Love for Three Oranges," in

English. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 1:15.) . . . **THE SUZUKI CHILDREN:** A Japanese company of violinists presenting a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "Cinderella." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Gingerbread Boy," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Guffawhaw." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Pinocchio." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop–Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Night the Stars Fell." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

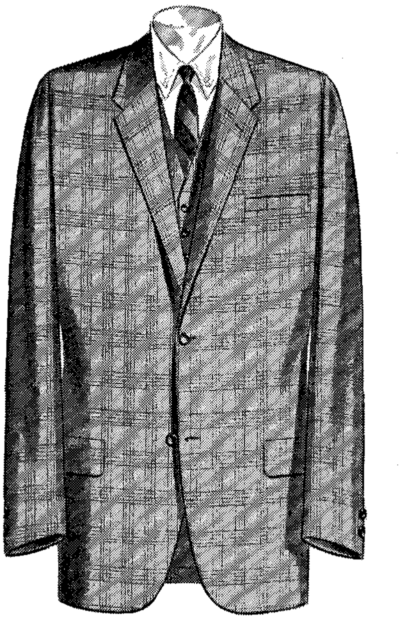
POETRY READINGS—Léonie Adams and Langston Hughes reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—In addition to the usual displays of furniture, china, glass, and jewelry, you will find here a collection of commemorative medals, some paintings of New York scenes, and an assortment of music boxes. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 10-14, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 6, at 1:45: Barbizon and other nineteenth-century paintings, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, at 1:45: French and other furniture, porcelains, enamels, ivories, bronzes, silver, tapestries, and rugs. Part II of the collection of the late Anton Meister. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15, at 1:45: French and English eighteenth-century furniture; Derby, Minton, and other porcelains; two Aubusson tapestries; glass; rugs; and decorative objects. From the estate of Robert Goelet. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 8.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 8 elections are Saturday, Oct. 8, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Monday, Oct. 10, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

NOTE—Columbus Day is Wednesday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 86th Street, starting at noon.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

THE BIBLE—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY—A tense and funny Western about a poker game. Among the fine actors on display (around the table) are Henry Fonda, Paul Ford, Charles Bickford, John Qualen, and Joanne Woodward, and (on the sidelines) Burgess Meredith, as a somewhat puckish doctor. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 11.)

LE BONHEUR—Agnès Varda has written a simple and touching story about how to have happiness and lose it. She has also directed the picture, which stars Jean-Claude Drouot and his decorative family. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 11.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE ENDLESS SUMMER—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

FANTASTIC VOYAGE—A scary sci-fi film about a long and dangerous voyage through the human body. Better for children than for medical students. With Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Oct. 12.)

KALEIDOSCOPE—A slick thriller about cardsharping, with Warren Beatty and Susannah York, ably directed by Jack Smight. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through Oct. 12.)

KHARTOUM—Handsome and authentic locations, sets, costumes, and actors (Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier); tame script. In Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; through Oct. 9. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

MY FAIR LADY—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

SECONDS—A frightening tale about men who are thought to have died and who come back "reborn," thanks to plastic surgery. With Rock Hudson and Salome Jens. John Frankenheimer provided the direction, which is masterly. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

SHAKESPEARE WALLAH—A sweetly sad story of contemporary India, directed by James Ivory and with a mixed cast of Indian and English actors. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 12.)

THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY—A French comedy, directed by René Allio and starring the elderly actress Sylvie. A captivating tale, short and uncluttered. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring two extraordinarily fine actors—Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 11.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—The wit and harshness of the original are undimmed, and the language is unbowdlerized. Richard Burton's performance is so strong that the emphasis now has shifted: Martha's play has become George's movie. The other actors—Elizabeth Taylor, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis—do very well, too. Mike Nichols was the director; Ernest Lehman adapted the script. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

THE WRONG BOX—Excellent comedy, with comedians Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Wilfrid Lawson, Michael Caine, Peter Sellers, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 12.)

REVIVALS

L'ATALANTE (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Oct. 10.)

THE BANK DICK (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 7-10.)

CAT BALLOU (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Oct. 12.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 10-11. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Oct. 11.)

DIABOLIQUE (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

DR. NO (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Oct. 11.)

GIGI (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through the afternoon of Oct. 10.)

GOLDFINGER (1964)—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Oct. 11.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 7-10.)

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 11.)

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 11.)

PHAEDRA (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 9.)

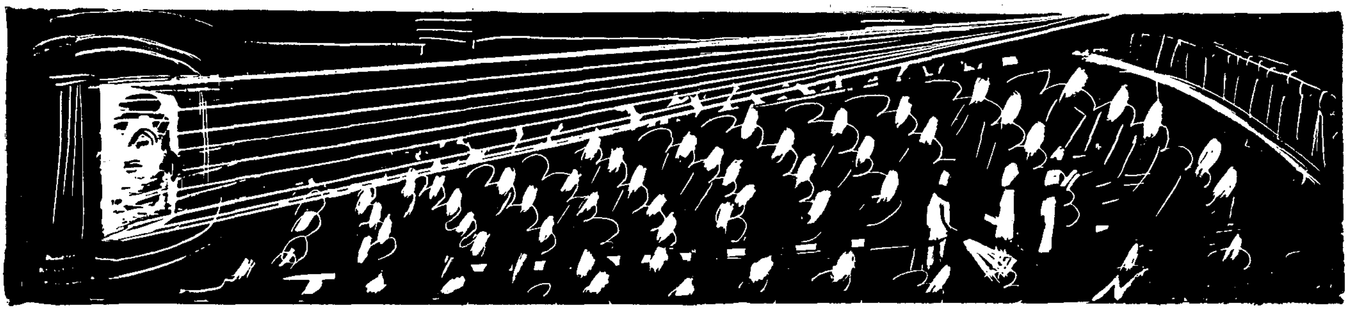
SIX OF A KIND (1934)—Just some nonsense with W. C. Fields, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 6.)

VIRIDIANA (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 11.)

ZERO FOR CONDUCT (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Oct. 10.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Oct. 6 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and Oct. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "The New Earth" (1934) and "La Seine A Rencontré Paris" (1957). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, and Oct. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "A Valparaiso" (1963) and "Europort—Rotterdam" (1966). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Clair Obscur" (1965) and "Springtime in Holland." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "The Application" (1964) and three other films from the Netherlands. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "The Berliner" (1949), in German, with Gert Frobe. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—"Dali in New York" (1966). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays and Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 4.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
DR. NO, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)

Through Oct. 9: "The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.

From Oct. 10 at 8:30: "Hawaii," Julie Andrews, Max von Sydow. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call MO 1-2320. Thereafter weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
SECONDS.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Oct. 12: **KALEIDOSCOPE.**

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)

Through Oct. 11: "Butterfield 8," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

From Oct. 12: "Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round," James Coburn.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)

Through Oct. 9: **KHARTOUM.**

Oct. 10: Theatre closed.

From Oct. 11: "Mister Buddwing," James Garner, Jean Simmons.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through Oct. 11: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Enough Rope" (in French), Gert Frobe, Marina Vlady.

From Oct. 12: **THE WRONG BOX.**

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, revival; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through Oct. 11: **A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY**; and "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.

From Oct. 12: **FANTASTIC VOYAGE.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)

Through Oct. 11: **DR. NO**, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.

From Oct. 12: To be announced.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
DR. NO, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
SECONDS.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DIABOLIQUE (in French), revival.

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9	10	11	12			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE WRONG BOX.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)

Through Oct. 9: **PHAEDRA**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

Oct. 10-11: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival; and "Great Expectations," revival, Valerie Hobson, John Mills.

From Oct. 12: **CAT BALLOU**, revival; and "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

Through the afternoon of Oct. 10: **GIGI**, revival.

From Oct. 11: "Mister Buddwing," James Garner, Jean Simmons.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Bolshoi Ballet 67."

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

Through Oct. 11: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

From Oct. 12: **THE WRONG BOX.**

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

Through Oct. 10: **LE BONHEUR** (in French); and "The Wild Affair," Nancy Kwan, Terry-Thomas.

From Oct. 11: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)

Through Oct. 11: **A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY**; and "The Great Spy Chase," Lino Ventura.

From Oct. 12: "The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks; and "O.S.S. 117—Mission for a Killer," Frederick Stafford.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

Through Oct. 11: **FANTASTIC VOYAGE.**

From Oct. 12: "How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)

Through Oct. 10: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).

From Oct. 11: "Zero in the Universe," Jock Livingston.

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
"Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

Through Oct. 11: **A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY**; and "Marriage on the Rocks," revival, Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.

From Oct. 12: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH**; and "Kwaidan" (in Japanese), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through Oct. 11: "The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars; and "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.

From Oct. 12: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Passion of Joan of Arc," revival, a French film with an English narration; and "Poil de Carotte" (in French), revival, Harry Baur.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)

Through Oct. 10: "Dracula—Prince of Darkness," Christopher Lee; and "The Plague of the Zombies," André Morell.

Oct. 11: "Till the Clouds Roll By," revival, Robert Walker, Judy Garland; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

From Oct. 12: **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**; and "Take Her, She's Mine," revival, James Stewart, Sandra Dee.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)

Through Oct. 11: **LE BONHEUR** (in French); and "The Wild Affair," Nancy Kwan, Terry-Thomas.

From Oct. 12: "Walk in the Shadow," Patrick McGoohan, Janet Munro; and "Time of Indifference," Rod Steiger, Shelley Winters.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
SECONDS.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)

Through Oct. 11: "Bolshoi Ballet 67."

From Oct. 12: "Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round," James Coburn.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Crazy Quilt," Tom Rosqui.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Masculine Feminine" (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Salto" (in Polish).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet. (Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Oct. 6: **SIX OF A KIND**, revival; and "International House," revival, W. C. Fields.

Oct. 7-10: **THE BANK DICK**, revival; and "The Big Broadcast of 1938," revival, Kirsten Flagstad, W. C. Fields.

From Oct. 11: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival; and "The Old-Fashioned Way," revival, W. C. Fields.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through Oct. 11: **A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY**; and "Act One," revival, George Hamilton, Jason Robards.

From Oct. 12: "The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks; and "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Oct. 6: "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "Three Strange Loves" (in Swedish), revival.

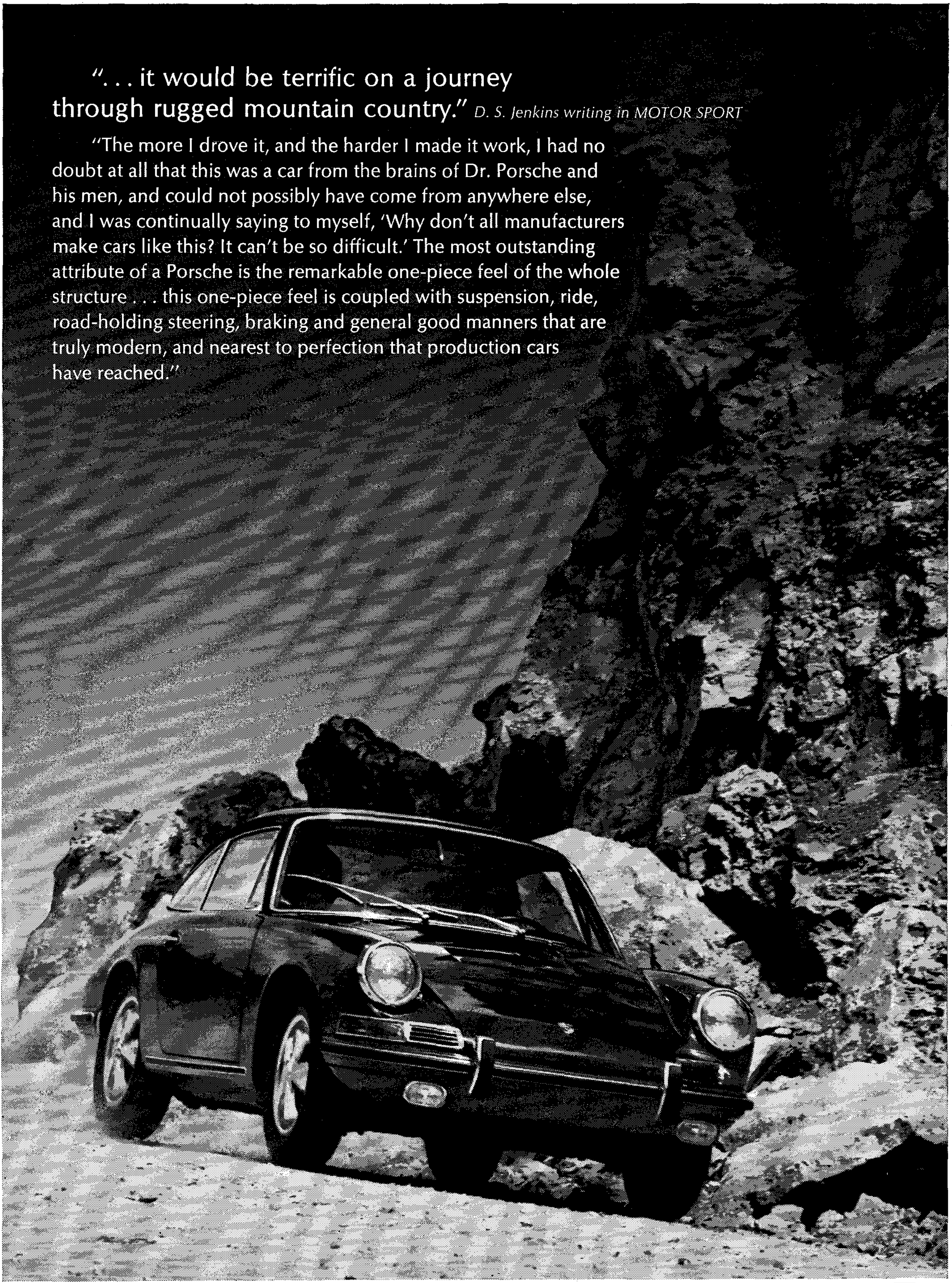
Oct. 7-10: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian), revival; and "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers.

From Oct. 11: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)

Through Oct. 11: **LE BONHEUR** (in French); and "The Wild Affair," Nancy Kwan, Terry-Thomas.

From Oct. 12: **THE WRONG BOX.**



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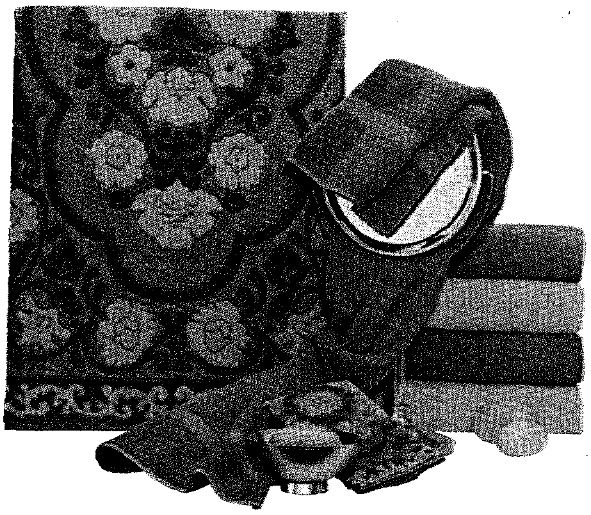

Reminiscent of a formal English Garden, and a work of art indeed. The Hampton Court towel is given plush, gleaming beauty with Cannon's new Velura sheared terry. Superbly sculptured, in the gold-laden green above; or in sea-deep blue or red. About $4, at fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., N. Y. 10020

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Hot foods should be eaten hot. But seldom are because food cools off too swiftly. So not only do seconds always taste different than firsts—but sometimes, even firsts don't taste like firsts if you don't serve them instantly right out of the oven.

Putting foods back in the oven doesn't help. Because then they overcook. And dry out.

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The Salton Hotray will relieve you of all these problems. And many more. Once and for all. Three meals a day. Every day in the year.

Breakfast. (How to stop making 6 separate breakfasts on Sunday.)

With your Salton Hotray, you can stop making individual breakfasts for each separate Sunday riser. Instead, you can make one Master Breakfast, keep it hot for hours on your Salton Hotray and serve as needed. You can even omit the serving and let family and guests serve themselves. Rest assured that this breakfast, consumed even hours later, will be as hot and fresh as when it came off the stove. (And by breakfast we mean french toast, sausages, pancakes, cereals, ham, potatoes, coffee—and even eggs sunnyside up.)

OK? Why make work for yourself when you have a Salton Hotray?

Lunch. (How to transform yourself from waitress to mother.)

If you have children coming home from school, your Salton Hotray can help you to retire from your job as waitress. Because now, you can make lunch any time before noon that is convenient, keep it hot and fresh on your Salton Hotray until the children come home, and then have lunch *with* the children. Instead of just cooking and serving.

If your children come home for lunch at different hours, that's no problem either. Make one Master Lunch, keep it hot and fresh on your Salton Hotray, and serve as needed. Your Salton Hotray will keep soups, vegetables, meats, fish and fowl hot and fresh for hours—as hot and fresh as when they came off the stove. (Try not to overcook your vegetables—children like them crisp.)

Dinner. (How to stop letting the clock ruin your digestion.)

The first thing your Salton Hotray can do for you at dinner time, is to eliminate your chronic anxieties about all the dishes having to be finished at exactly the same moment. Forget time. You have a Salton Hotray. Let each separate food finish cooking as it will, then put it into a serving dish and put the serving dish onto the Hotray. The Hotray will keep the finished dishes hot and fresh until they're eaten. As hot and fresh as when they left the stove.

Another big thing your Hotray will do for you is eliminate ruined dinners because the diners came late—or decided to have an extra cocktail. If your dinner is finished at seven, but there's nobody around to eat it until nine, your whole dinner will wait peacefully and quietly on your Hotray without losing a thing. And it will taste as hot and fresh at nine as it would have at seven. And if your dinner is a stew or includes spaghetti sauce, it will taste *even better* than it would have two hours before.

Also, why not quit running in and out of the kitchen all evening long? Put your whole dinner on your Salton Hotray, put your Hotray on the dining table and serve from there. (Join the group, so to speak.)

Last and Least, Hors d'oeuvres.

On a Salton Hotray, hot hors d'oeuvres will not continue to cook and fry—as they do in a chafing dish. So a Hotray is just as handy for a party as it is for every other dining occasion. But—using your Hotray just for parties, unless you throw one every night, is sheer waste. You honestly don't need Hotray just for hot hors d'oeuvres. It's silly. Hotray was made for better things.

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Hot foods lose their flavor in two principal ways. Overcooking. Or cooling off and drying out. Either way, they lose most of what they ever had. A Salton Hotray prevents both of these because the heat of its exclusive radiant heat, shatterproof glass panel is thermostatically controlled to a point *right under* the cooking point. So the food on it neither continues to cook, nor to stand around growing cold.

The most accurate way to explain the Salton Hotray is this: *The Salton Hotray puts foods into a state of suspended animation.* Thus, they neither progress. Nor regress. But stay exactly as they were when they came off the stove.

If you're the one who prepares the food at your house, then hopefully, the information you now possess will add years to your life. Enjoy them.

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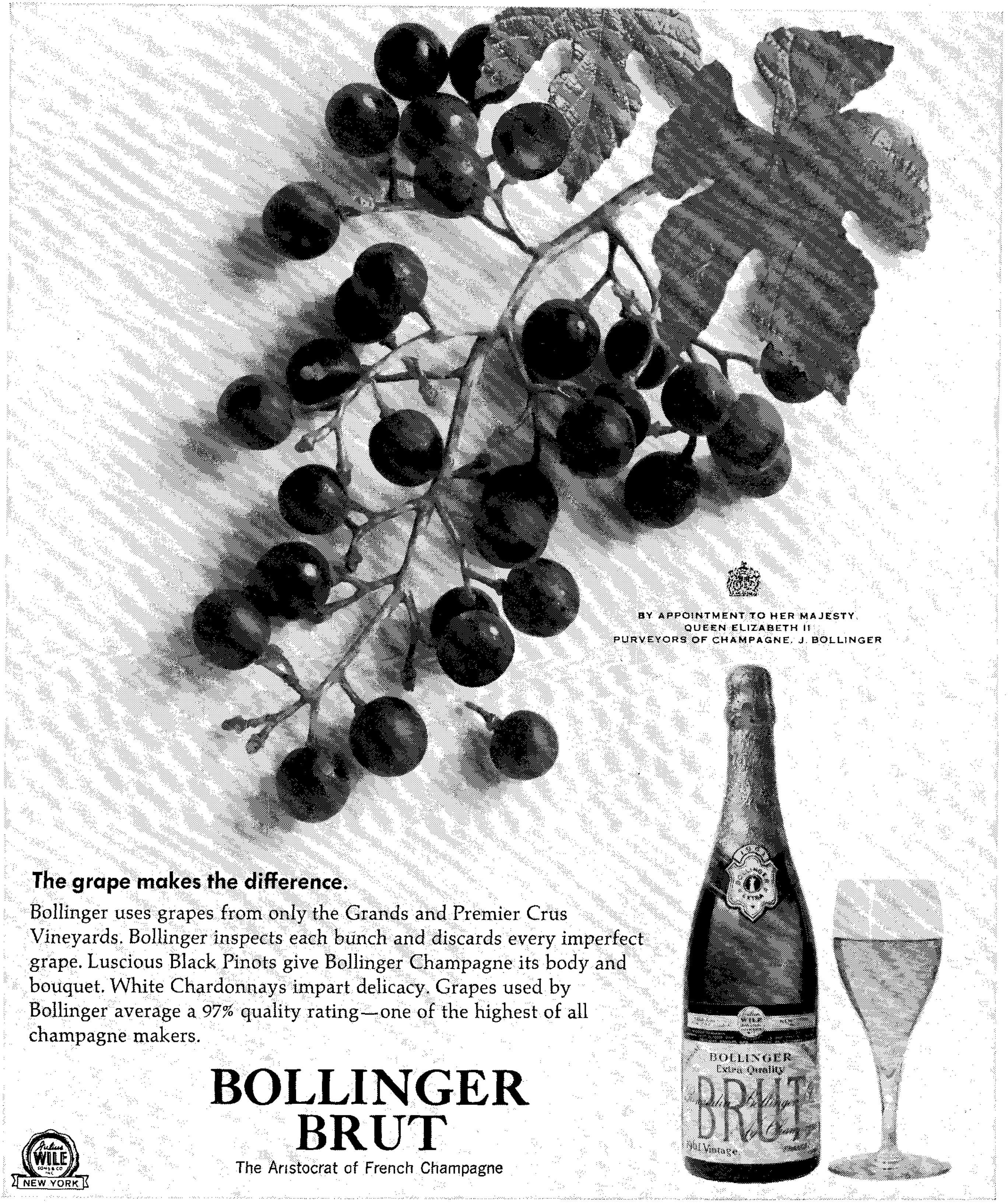

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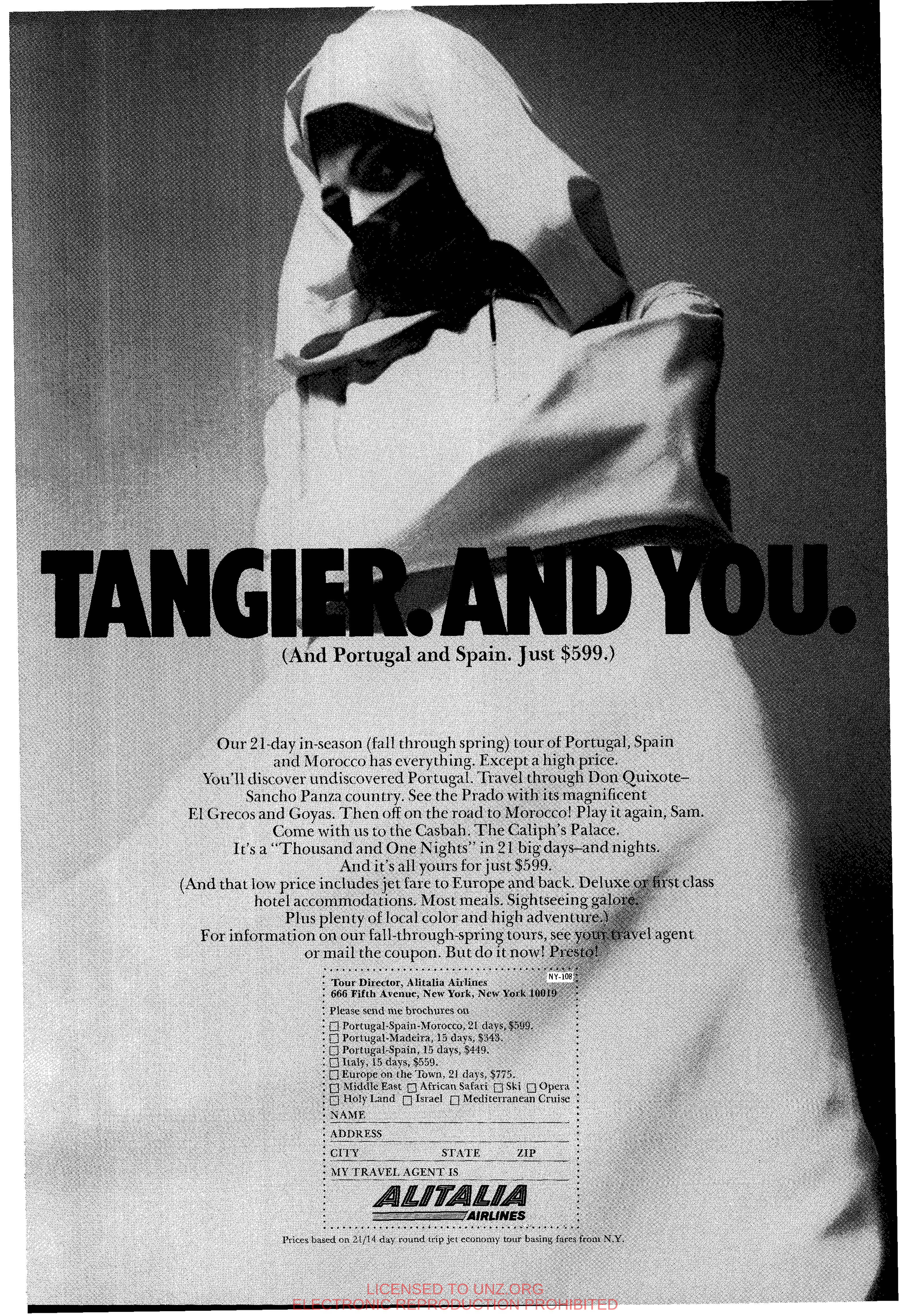
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It's a "Thousand and One Nights" in 21 big days–and nights.

And it's all yours for just $599.

(And that low price includes jet fare to Europe and back. Deluxe or first class hotel accommodations. Most meals. Sightseeing galore. Plus plenty of local color and high adventure.)

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NY-108

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Please send me brochures on

☐ Portugal-Spain-Morocco, 21 days, $599.
☐ Portugal-Madeira, 15 days, $343.
☐ Portugal-Spain, 15 days, $449.
☐ Italy, 15 days, $559.
☐ Europe on the Town, 21 days, $775.
☐ Middle East ☐ African Safari ☐ Ski ☐ Opera
☐ Holy Land ☐ Israel ☐ Mediterranean Cruise

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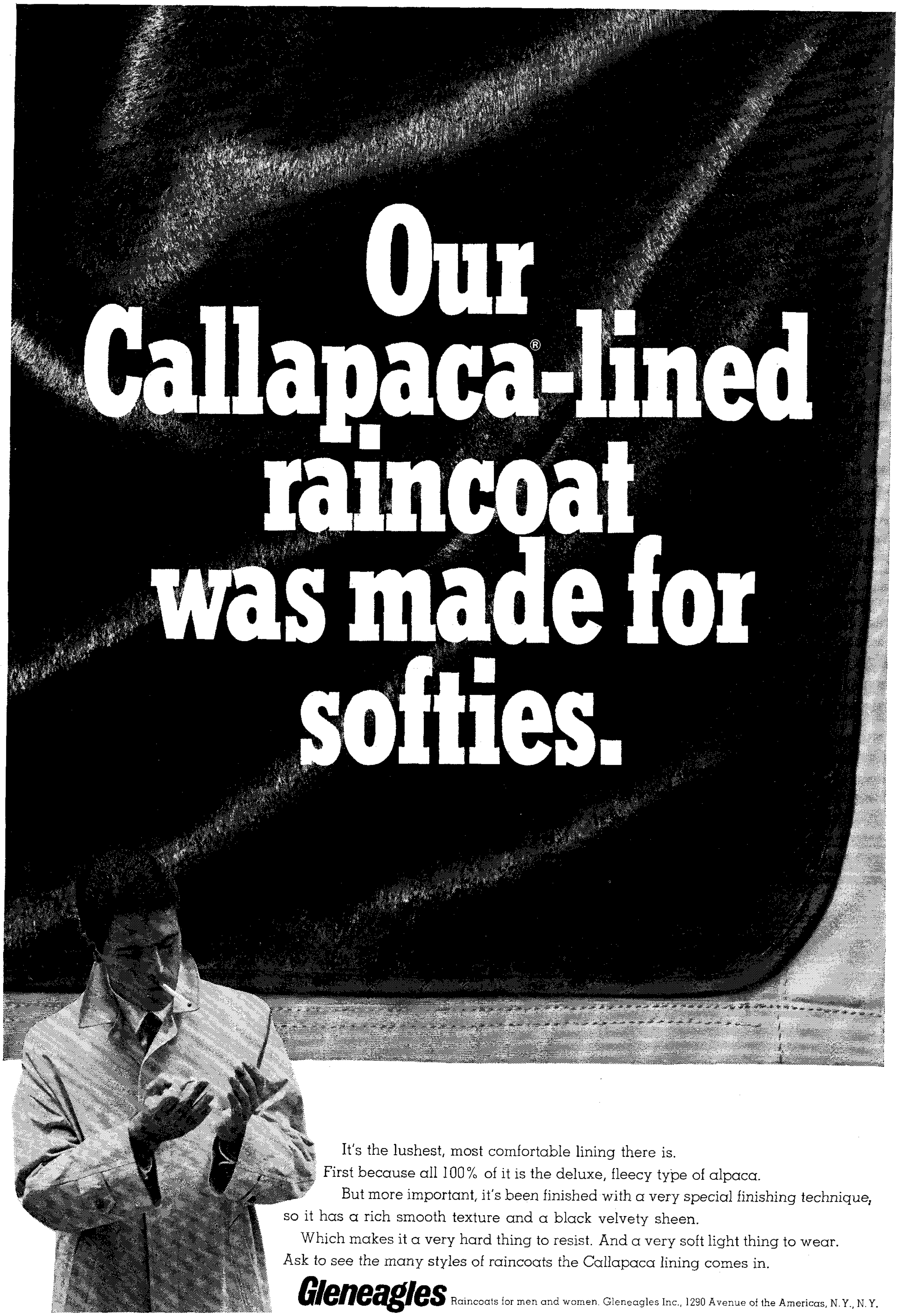
Prices based on 21/14 day round trip jet economy tour basing fares from N.Y.



It's the lushest, most comfortable lining there is.

First because all 100% of it is the deluxe, fleecy type of alpaca.

But more important, it's been finished with a very special finishing technique, so it has a rich smooth texture and a black velvety sheen.

Which makes it a very hard thing to resist. And a very soft light thing to wear.

Ask to see the many styles of raincoats the Callapaca lining comes in.

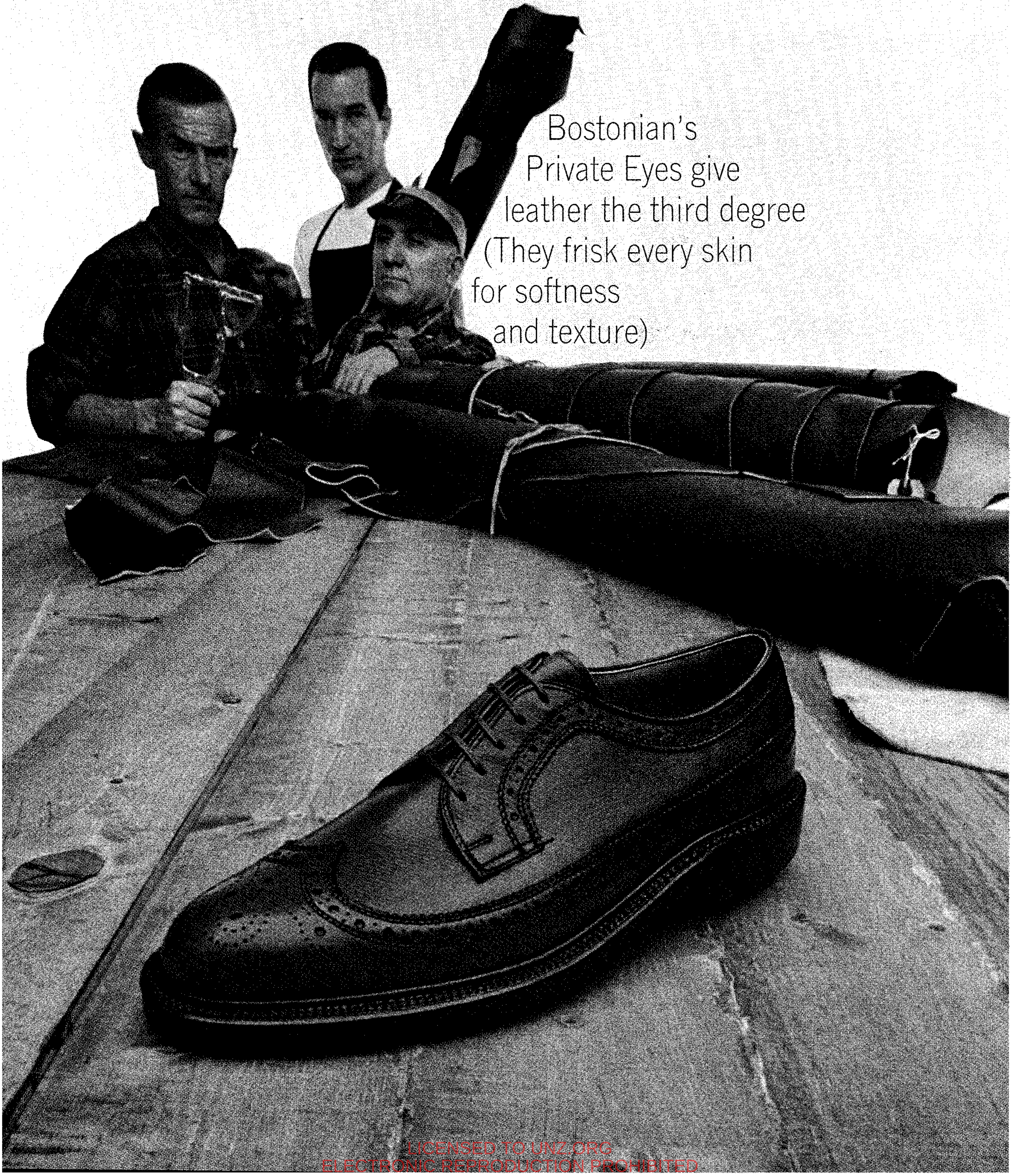
Gleneagles Raincoats for men and women. Gleneagles Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y.

Every fine skin used in the crafting of a Bostonian Flexaire is selected by hand. Pat Ahern's hands. Joe Budne's hands. Greg Bruno's hands. And nothing gets by them...except perfect, supple skins of leather. They grade the texture... match the colors. But most of all...they feel. For softness. For flexibility. For comfort. And when they say out...it's out. No discussion. No argument. No cost accounting. Ever wonder why only Bostonians feel like Bostonians? Our private eyes. They're hard as nails...to make sure Flexaires are soft as butter.

(Featured) 5902, long wing oxford in Hickory Brown Calf. Also in Black. (top left) 5626, slip-on in Brown Calf. Also in Black. (top right) 5630, low seam moccasin oxford in Brown Calf. Also in Black. Most Bostonians $19.95 to $40.00 (slightly higher in the West). Also makers of Mansfields and After Six Formal Footwear. Bostonians now available in Canada. Write for name of nearest Bostonian Dealer, Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

BOSTONIAN FLEXAIRES

Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand



If beauty were all, you'd still choose Baldwin.

That's because a Baldwin piano or organ is more than a great musical instrument.

It's a great piece of furniture, too.

Gifted furniture designers design it. Proud cabinetmakers fashion it from rich woods. Skilled craftsmen hand-finish it.

The parts you don't see are made with the same concern for perfection.

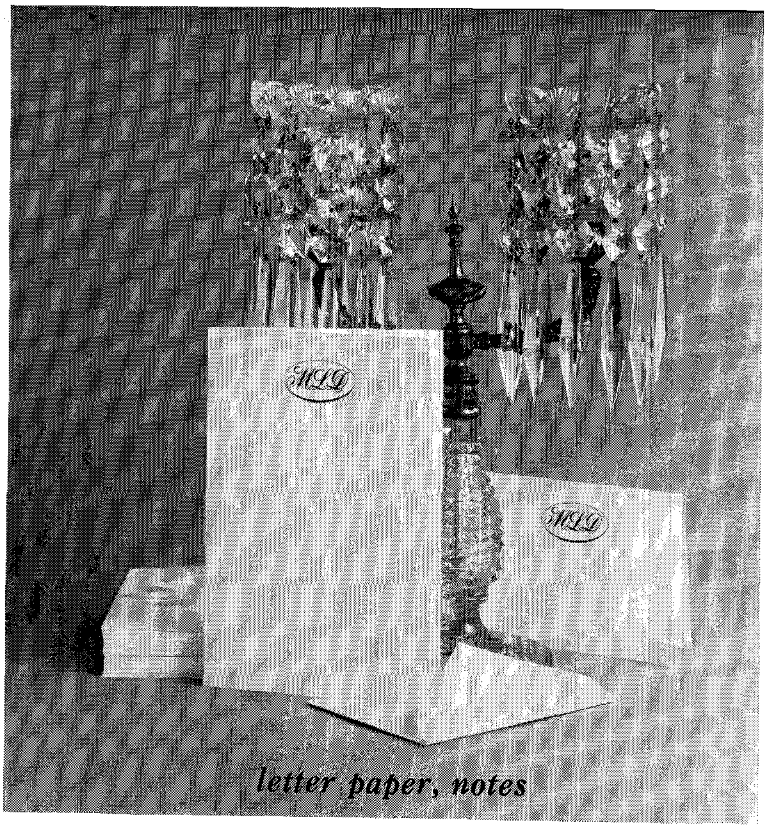
That's why a Baldwin sounds so beautiful, why its response is so gratifying to the musician—expert or beginner.

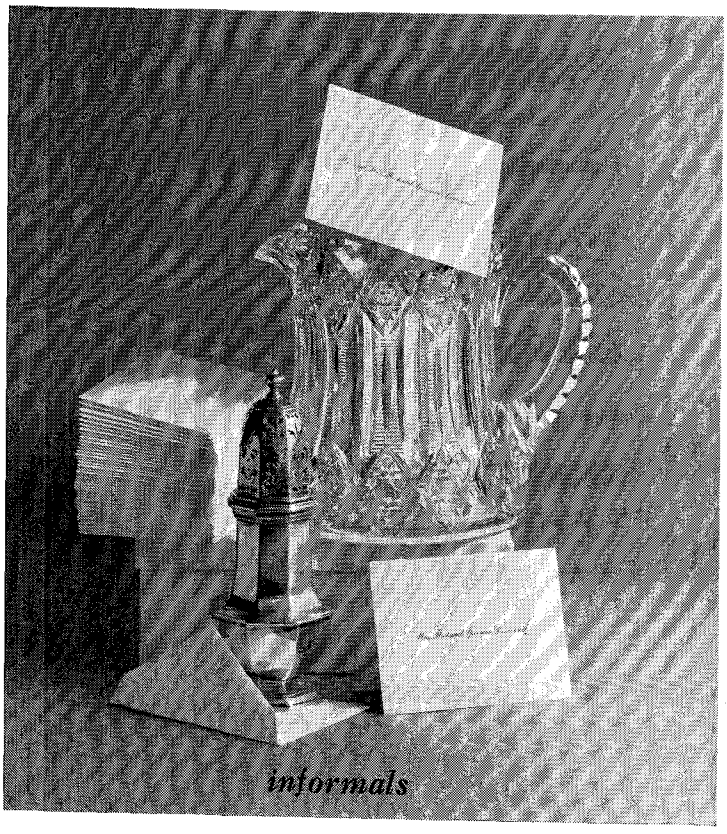
If you'd like color brochures showing all the styles available in Baldwin pianos and organs—from traditional to Early American to contemporary—we'll be glad to send them to you.

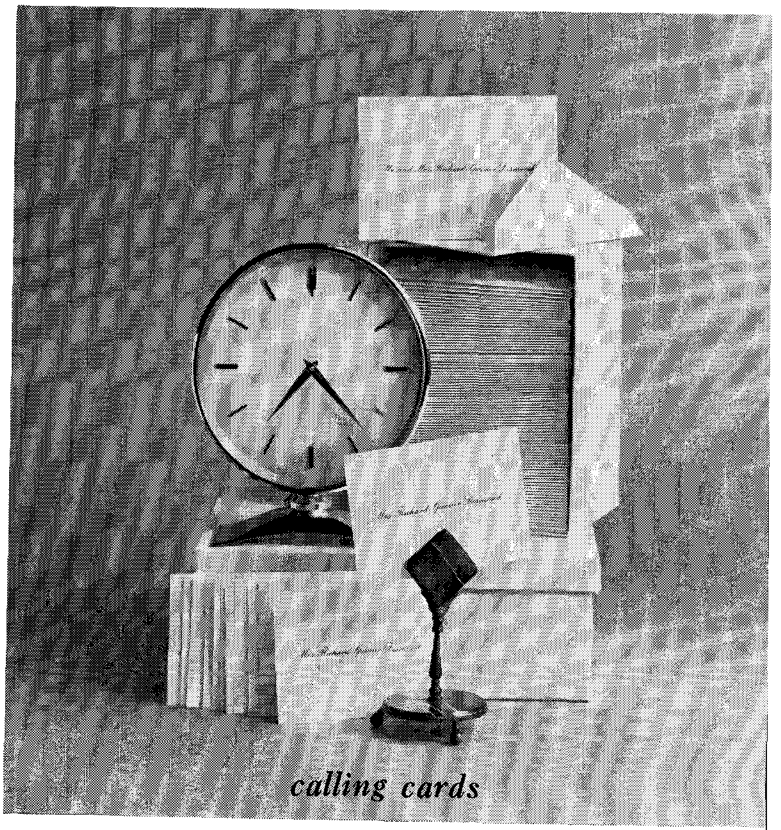
Just write to: Baldwin, Dept. S-66, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

SCULPTURE BY DAVID HOSTETLER, PIANOS AND ORGANS BY BALDWIN

invitations, announcements







Why they all belong in your paper trousseau

Invitations, Announcements—these proclaim the momentous event o relatives and friends. We recommend a superb quality of paper we make none other).

In addition, Crane has created lovely stationery conveniences to elp you succeed, gracefully, in your new role as the social head of the ousehold. We've designed them in a wide variety of styles, colors, veights, weaves and finishes so that you may choose stationery that eflects your taste as it makes known your new name. All have a otable excellence, a luxurious texture achieved by using 100% rag ibers, and each fills a special need.

Letter Paper and Notes. The need for these is immediate, for ou'll want to write your "thank-yous" promptly and graciously on ovely stationery. And, of course, letters and notes with your new onogram or address are rewarding ways of keeping in touch with our family and friends.

Informals. You'll soon be entertaining as husband and wife—and using handsome "informals" for the invitations. You'll use them to reply to similar invitations, too, and for many kinds of notes.

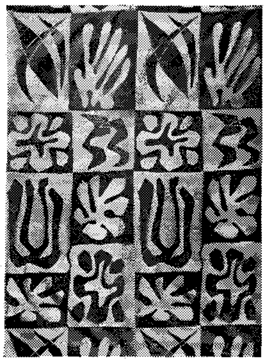
Calling Cards. You'll probably find these the most versatile of your stationery conveniences—for you'll use them in gifts of every kind, for introductions and brief messages.

Your Crane dealer is an authority on paper "etiquette" and engraving. He can be helpful in the selection of the paper and correct form for your invitations and announcements, and explain in greater detail the uses of Crane stationery conveniences. It is important to plan your paper trousseau well ahead, because of the length of time required for engraving and because the invitations should be mailed to arrive at least three weeks before the wedding. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts.

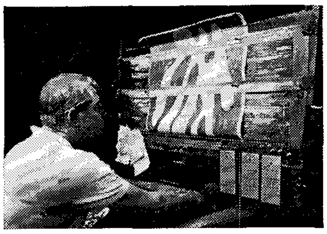
Crane's
FINE PAPERS

The Day of the Hanging

at the new Lincoln Center Metropolitan Opera


The curtain pattern repeats only once every 9 feet.

We did it... and we're proud of it. The hanging took place on Thursday, August 11th, 1966 ... about one month before the official opening of New York's new Metropolitan Opera at Lincoln Center. A hush fell over the widely scattered audience of carpenters, electricians, stonemasons, acoustic engineers, and sundry musicians, spear carriers, throaty coloraturas, tenors and bassi profundi. All eyes turned as one to the proscenium where for many days artisans laboriously erected the scaffolding for the hanging that was to come.

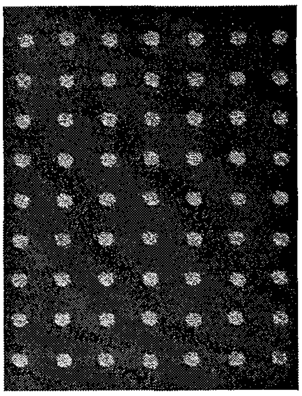

Making Jacquard cards at our Midland Park, N. J. Weaving Mill.

Now the hanging was completed. The scaffolding had been removed and there hung the breathtakingly beautiful curtain of the new Met... masterfully executed by us, F. Schumacher & Co.

Final inspection to catch even a tiny flaw.

It took six challenging months at our Midland Park, New Jersey mill to weave the more than 1,000 yards of silken beauty that grace the stage of this new mecca of the world's devotees of l'opera.

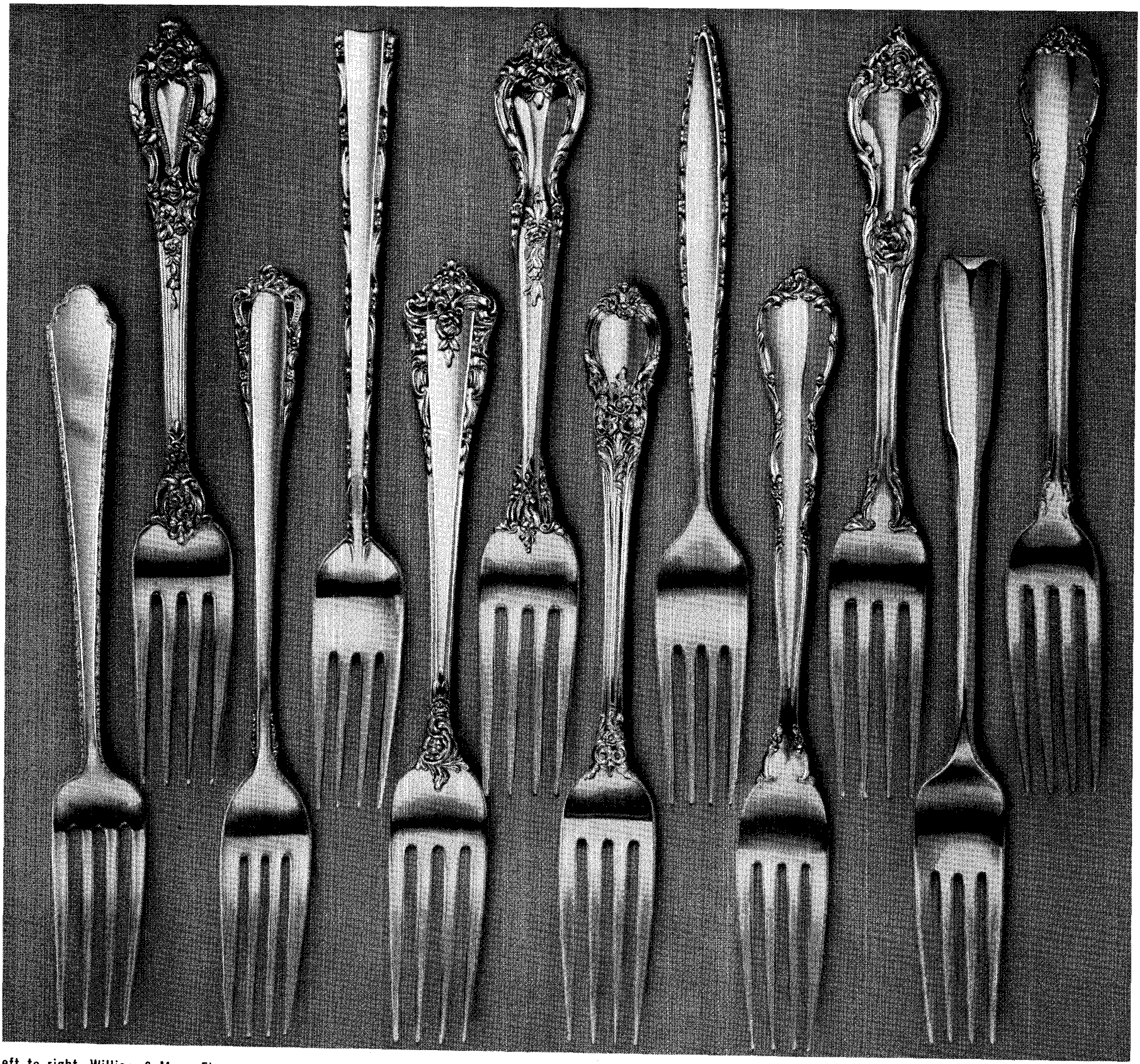
Mr. Frederic Schumacher, who founded our Company in 1895, would be rightly proud of our latest decorative triumph.


The box seats are upholstered in this handsome dot motif.

We would just like to add that you'll be sitting on a Schumacher fabric too, if you're a box seat patron... and you'll observe many other distinctive Schumacher fabrics hither and thither in this spectacular new Opera House. If you're among the mourners of the Old Met, take heart. You'll be more than pleased with its successor in New York's majestic Lincoln Center.

Schumacher's

FABRICS | CARPETS | WALLPAPERS

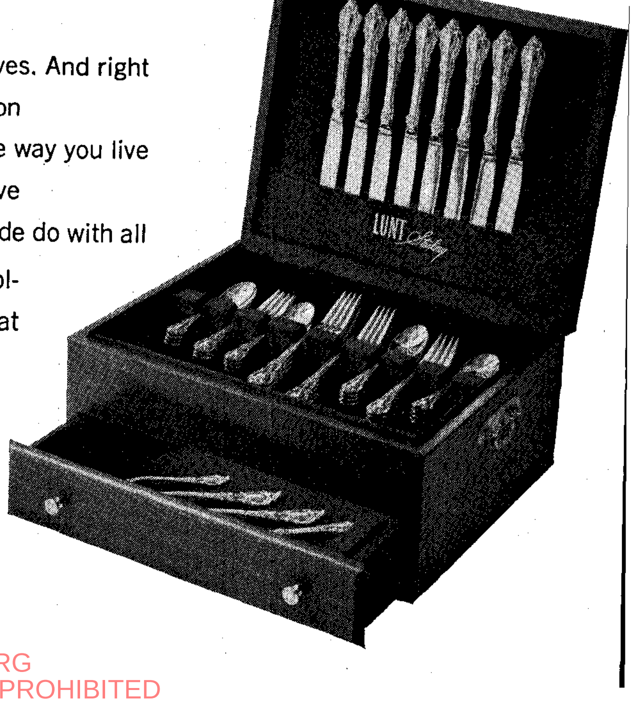


eft to right: William & Mary, Eloquence, Carillon, Madrigal, Rondelay, Delacourt, American Victorian, Lace Point, Mignonette, Alexandra, Colonial Theme, Modern Victoria

Dollars and sense...table talk by Lunt

Forgive us for seeming rude, but a $65 saving is too good to keep to ourselves. And right now, Lunt is offering the lovely sterling service you've had your eye on for so long at this very important reduction. Handsome sterling that suits the way you live today, the kind of entertaining you do, the taste for good living you've developed since you were a bride. Not for you, now, the tableware you've made do with all these years while your pattern of living has evolved, smooth and polished as the Lunt pattern you'd love to own. Isn't it time to take the step that will make Lunt another part of your life?

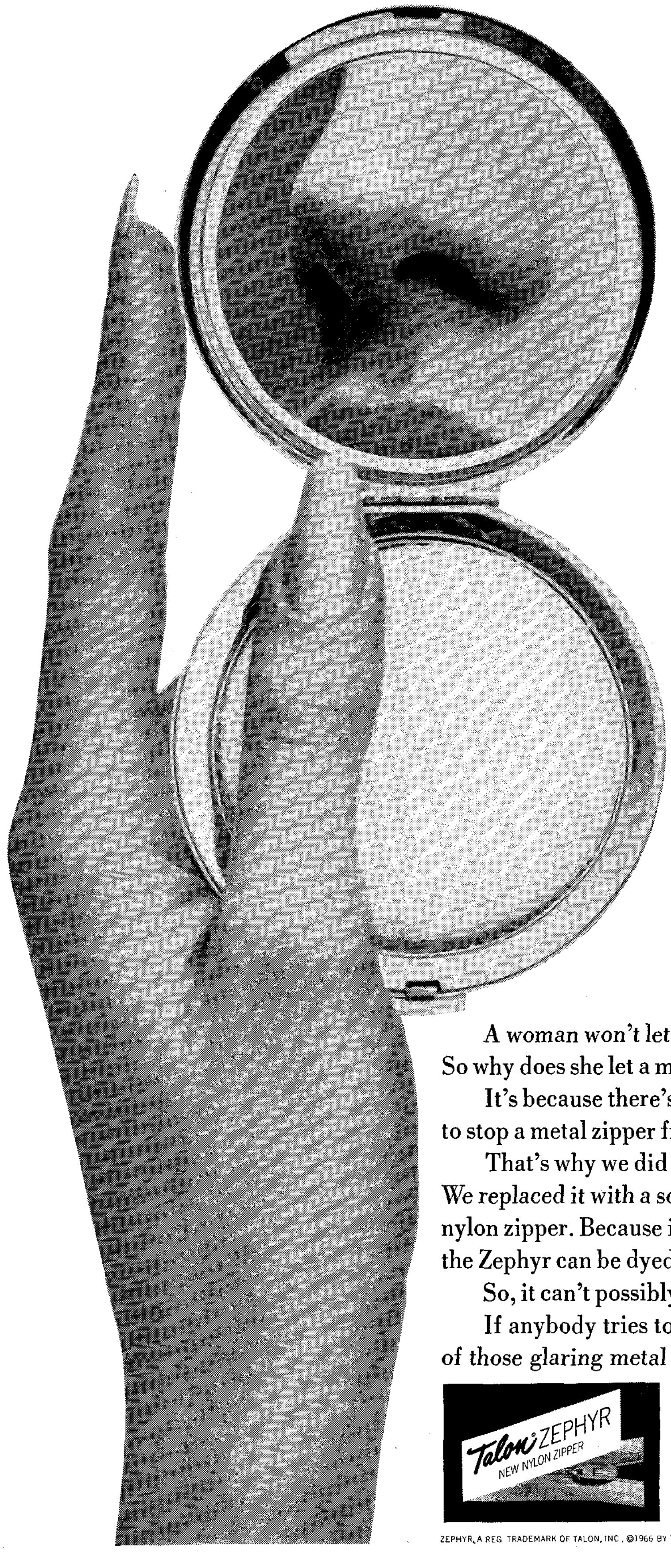
The 44-piece "Service-for-8" includes: 16 teaspoons, 8 place forks, 8 place knives, 8 salad forks, a butter knife, sugar spoon, and 2 tablespoons. Sets from $330.75 to $391.75. Mahogany chest included.



LUNT STERLING

For information and literature write: Lunt Sterling, Dept. Y-2, Greenfield, Massachusetts

Too bad she can't powder her shiny zipper.



A woman won't let her nose shine. So why does she let a metal zipper get away with it?

It's because there's nothing she can do to stop a metal zipper from shining and glaring.

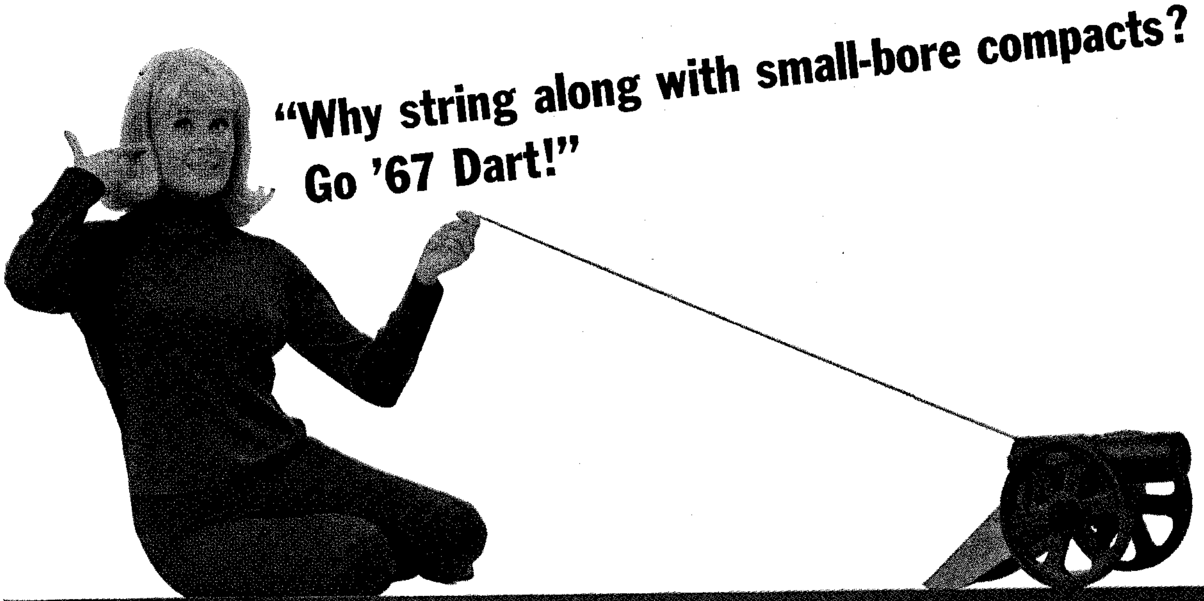
That's why we did something about it. We replaced it with a soft, supple Talon Zephyr® nylon zipper. Because it's nylon, the Zephyr can be dyed to match the dress it's in.

So, it can't possibly shine.

If anybody tries to sell you a dress with any one of those glaring metal zippers, just take a powder.

Talon ZEPHYR
NEW NYLON ZIPPER

ZEPHYR, A REG. TRADEMARK OF TALON, INC., ©1966 BY TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.


"Why string along with small-bore compacts?
Go '67 Dart!"

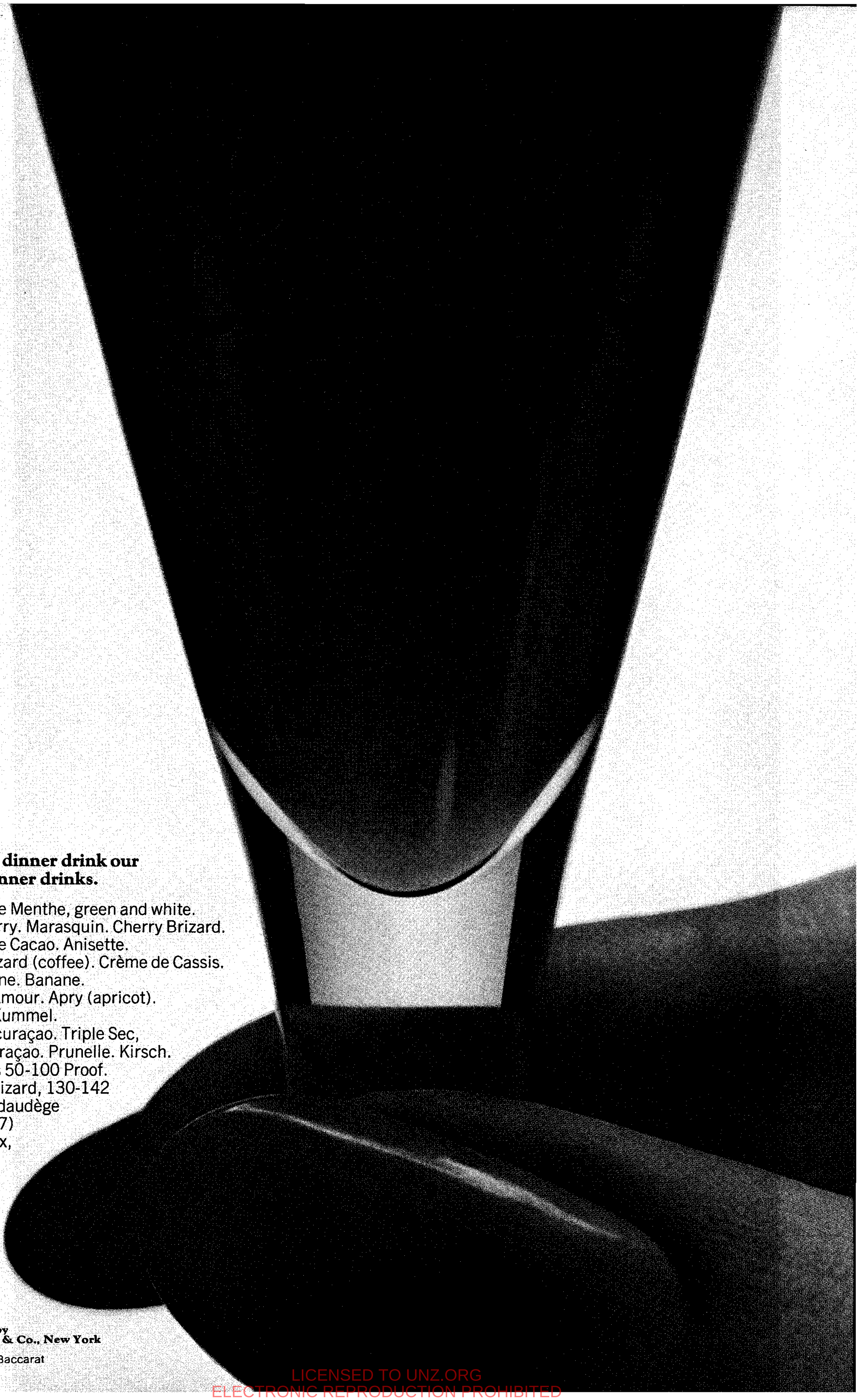
DODGE
REBELLION
OPERATION
'67

Don't let others set the pace; do it yourself. Take the big step forward into bold '67 Dart, the hot all-new one that's a cut above the compact crowd. A beauty that proves you don't have to sacrifice style and sizzle to enjoy compact economy and handling ease. Dart shoots down stodgy ideas of what a compact should be with a barrage of winning features—such ahead-of-the-herd enticements as curved side windows and long, sweeping lines that give Dart a noncompact look of length. Inside, Dart's roominess proves compacts needn't be cramped. And you'll enjoy foam-padded front seats, rich vinyl or cloth-and-vinyl interiors, padded instrument panels, plus front and rear carpeting in Dart 270 and GT models. And you'll appreciate Dart's dozen-plus standard safety features, including a dual braking system, impact-absorbing steering column and wheel, and retractable front lap belts. For power, select a Slant Six or 273-cu.-in. V8. Why not march to your Dodge Dealer's and inspect Dart for '67? The Dodge Rebellion wants you.

'67 Dodge Dart

DODGE DIVISION **CHRYSLER**
MOTORS CORPORATION

Enter the Big Dodge Rebellion "Winner's Choice" Sweepstakes. See your Dodge Dealer for details.

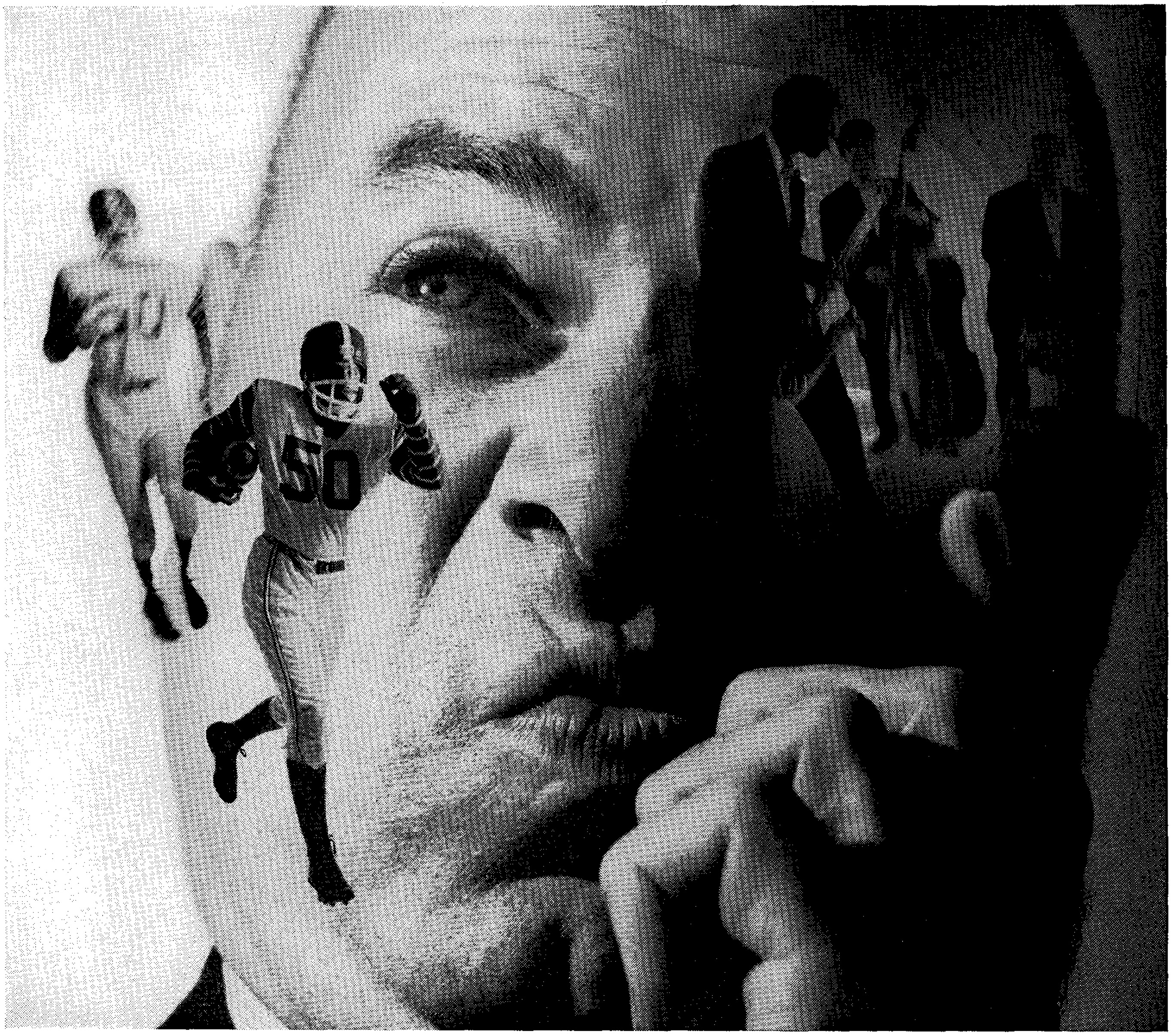


After dinner drink our after dinner drinks.

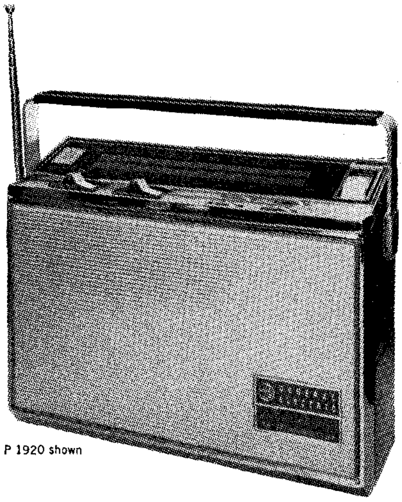
Crème de Menthe, green and white.
Blackberry. Marasquin. Cherry Brizard.
Crème de Cacao. Anisette.
Café Brizard (coffee). Crème de Cassis.
Mandarine. Banane.
Parfait Amour. Apry (apricot).
Peach. Kummel.
Orange curaçao. Triple Sec,
white curaçao. Prunelle. Kirsch.
Liqueurs 50-100 Proof.
Marie Brizard, 130-142
Rue Fondaudège
(B.P. 557)
Bordeaux,
France.

Imported by
Schieffelin & Co., New York

Crystal by Baccarat



A quarterback drifting into a jazz band? Better get an FM radio by G.E. with drift control.



P 1920 shown

Large 6" x 4" speaker for "Musaphonic" sound. Long range circuitry brings you far-away stations loud and clear. Tilted dial panel and controls are always in view. AM band too.

When you tune in your favorite station do you get your favorite station? Or does it drift maddeningly out as another crowds in? Then it's time you switched to an FM radio by GE with Automatic Frequency Control. This "drift control" locks onto a station—makes sure you stay tuned in. That's just one of the many ways GE has improved on FM. Other improvements are yours for the hearing.

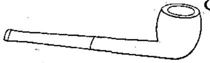
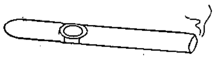
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Radio Receiver Dept., Utica, N.Y.

"Isto é publicidade para Berlitz."

See? You already know some Portuguese. And in a matter of weeks you could be speaking it fluently.

Just as we did here, you start right in speaking. Each lesson is private, and your instructor won't speak a word of English to you.

He starts right in with "Bom dia" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between um cachimbo  e um charuto . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as, "Eu prefiro um cachimbo a um charuto."

With the aid of objects, pictures, and a lot of body English, your instructor will have you speaking fluent Portuguese before you can say João Robinson.

Por exemplo, na fotografia you see um pescador and his bote. O bote is not muito grande. But the waves are grande. Muito grande. Poor pescador. And if you read this once again, you will probably understand every word.

We can have you speaking fluently in five weeks if you can spare your full time, or in three or four months if you can spare only lunch hours. (Or in ten to fifteen days if you have the stamina.*)

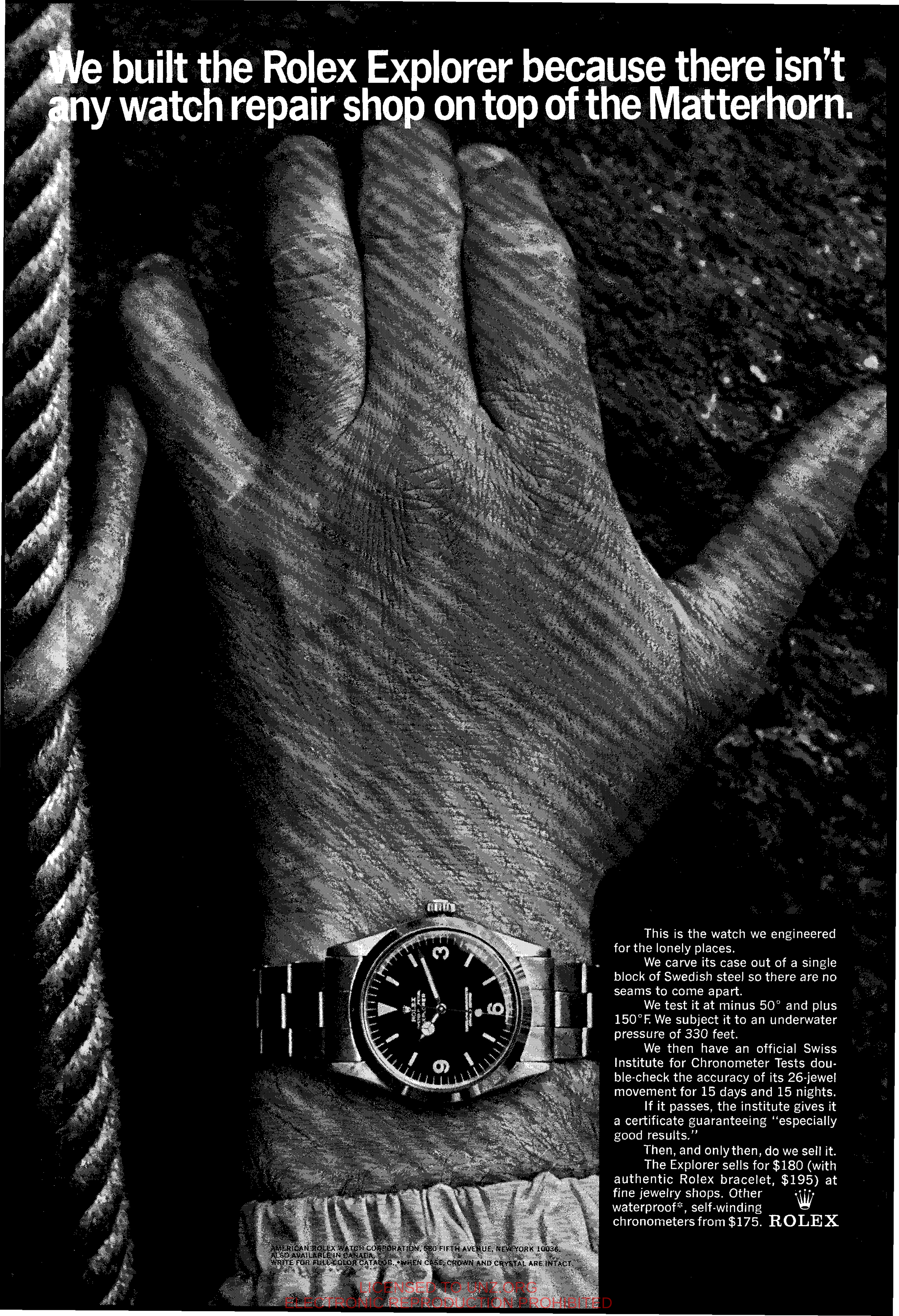
We guarantee our method if you guarantee your diligence.

Now all you need do is telefonar à Escola Berlitz de sua localidade and make an appointment.

You've already started your first lesson.

*The ten to fifteen day program is called Total Immersion and it really works.

Akron, Baltimore, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, East Orange, Forest Hills, Guadalajara, Houston, Los Angeles, Manhasset, Mexico City, Miami, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Montreal, New York (midtown and downtown), Ottawa, Pasadena, Philadelphia, Phoenix, Pittsburgh, Quebec, St. Louis, San Diego, San Francisco, San Juan, Seattle, Stamford, Toronto, Vancouver, B. C., Washington, D.C., White Plains. For other areas write, call, or cable Berlitz Field Director, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020 (212) LT 1-2680.


We built the Rolex Explorer because there isn't any watch repair shop on top of the Matterhorn.

This is the watch we engineered for the lonely places.

We carve its case out of a single block of Swedish steel so there are no seams to come apart.

We test it at minus 50° and plus 150°F. We subject it to an underwater pressure of 330 feet.

We then have an official Swiss Institute for Chronometer Tests double-check the accuracy of its 26-jewel movement for 15 days and 15 nights.

If it passes, the institute gives it a certificate guaranteeing "especially good results."

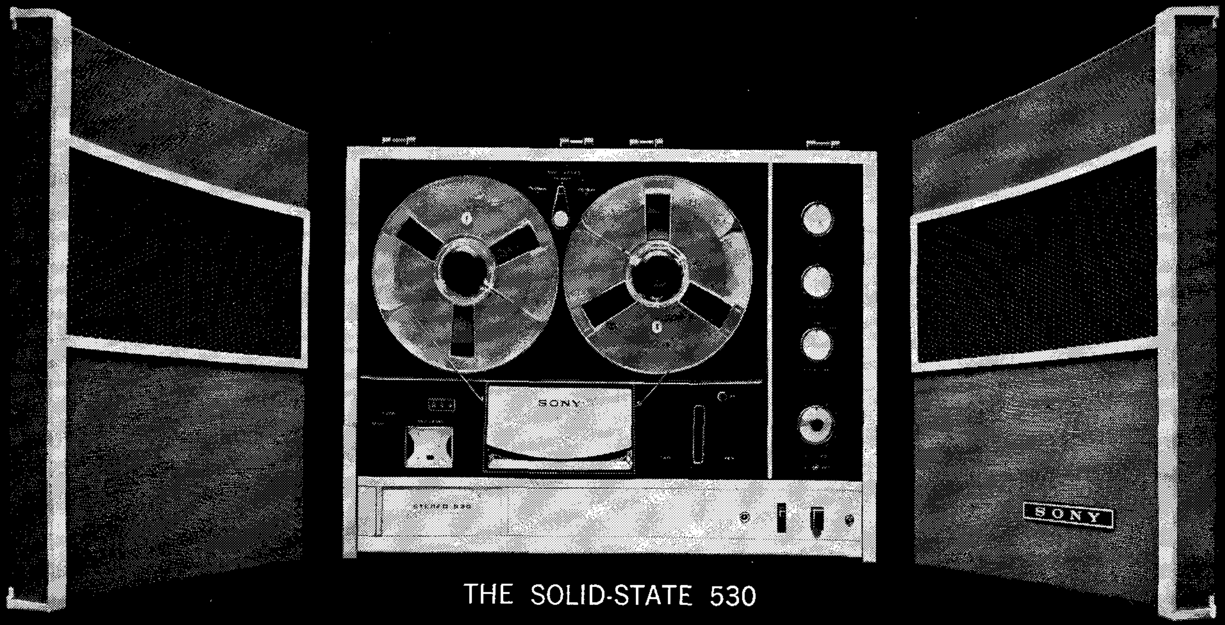
Then, and only then, do we sell it.

The Explorer sells for $180 (with authentic Rolex bracelet, $195) at fine jewelry shops. Other waterproof*, self-winding chronometers from $175.

ROLEX

AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORPORATION, 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10036.
ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.
WRITE FOR FULL-COLOR CATALOG. *WHEN CASE, CROWN AND CRYSTAL ARE INTACT.

Surround Yourself with SONY Sound!



...with XL-4 Quadradial Sound

Imagine yourself at the podium, surrounded by a full symphony orchestra. Hearing everything. Missing nothing. Imagine that, and you will have begun to appreciate the exhilirating experience of the totally enveloping presence of Sony XL-4 Quadradial Sound. And only a speaker system this magnificent could complement a recording and playback instrument as superb as the Sony solid-state model 530 stereo tape system. Sensitive to virtually the entire audible range, the 530 captures exactly what it hears from 40 to 15,000 cps, and dramatically reproduces it with 20 watts of pure music power. Certainly a performance to please the audiophile. Yet the 530 achieves its remarkable performance with a simplicity that will delight the entire family. From Retractomatic Pinch Roller for almost automatic threading to Automatic Sentinel shut-off, Sony designed the 530 to make professional-quality tape recording and playback a marvelously uncomplicated pleasure. The 530's features include 4-track stereo or mono modes, three speeds, separate bass and treble controls, pause control and two famous F-96 dynamic mikes. Truly, the 530 is a complete stereo entertainment system for the home, any home. It's yours to enjoy for under $399.50.

SONY SUPERSCOPE *The Tapeway to Stereo* ®

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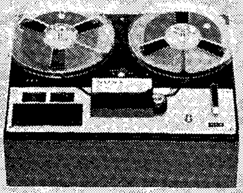
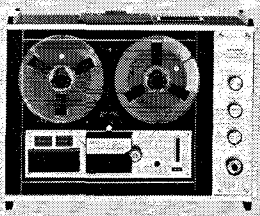
For descriptive literature on the 530 or the rest of the best from Sony, write Superscope, Inc., Sun Valley, California, Dept. H-46.

SONY MAKES THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE LINE OF TAPE RECORDERS, INCLUDING THIS SOLID-STATE STEREO TRIO

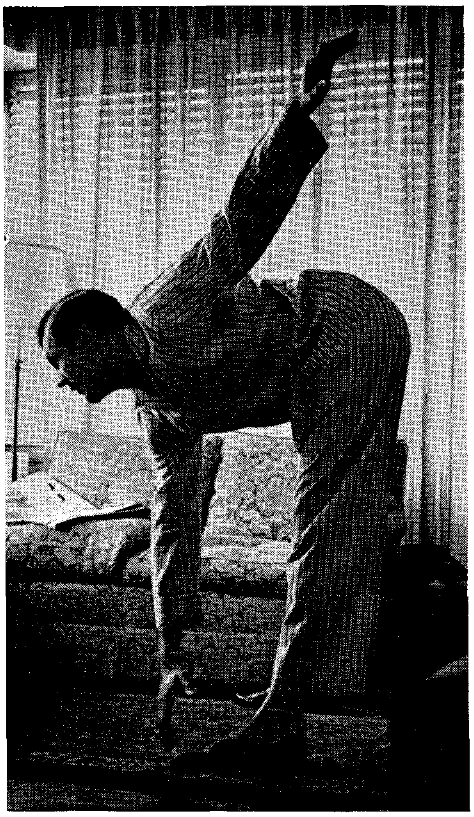


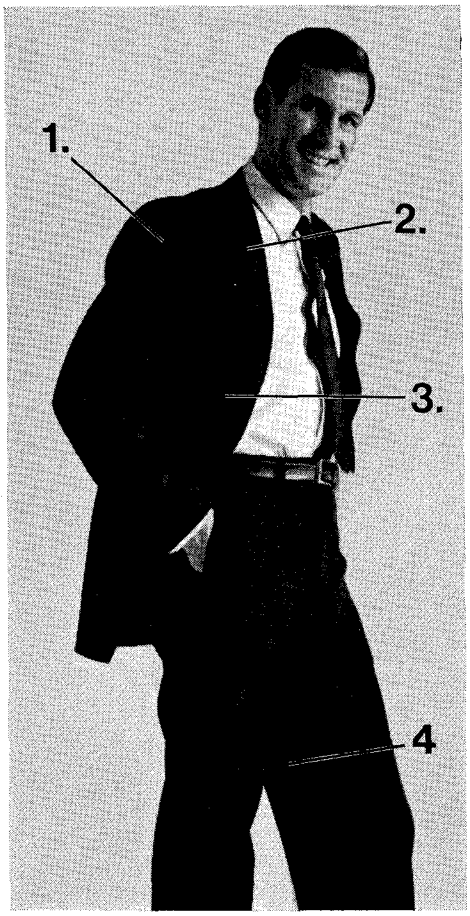
MODEL 250-A PERFECT PLAYMATE STEREO TAPE DECK RECORDER. UNDER $149.50

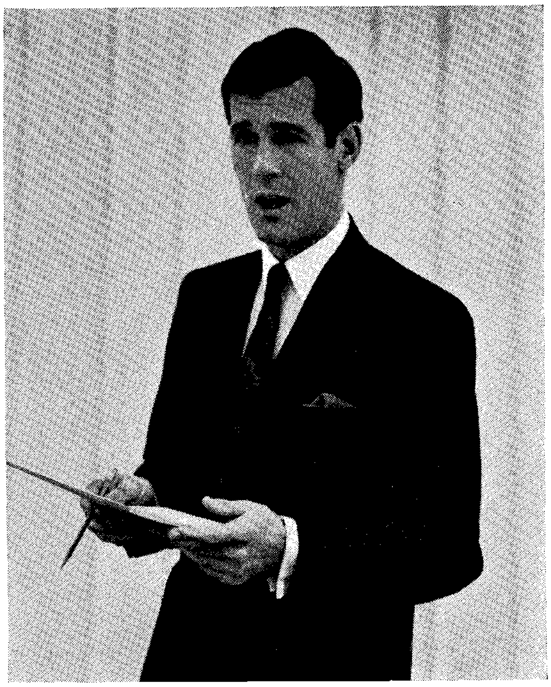
MODEL 660 ESP-REVERSE SOLID-STATE STEREO TAPE SYSTEM. UNDER $575.



MODEL 260 RADIAL SOUND STEREO TAPE SYSTEM. UNDER $249.50

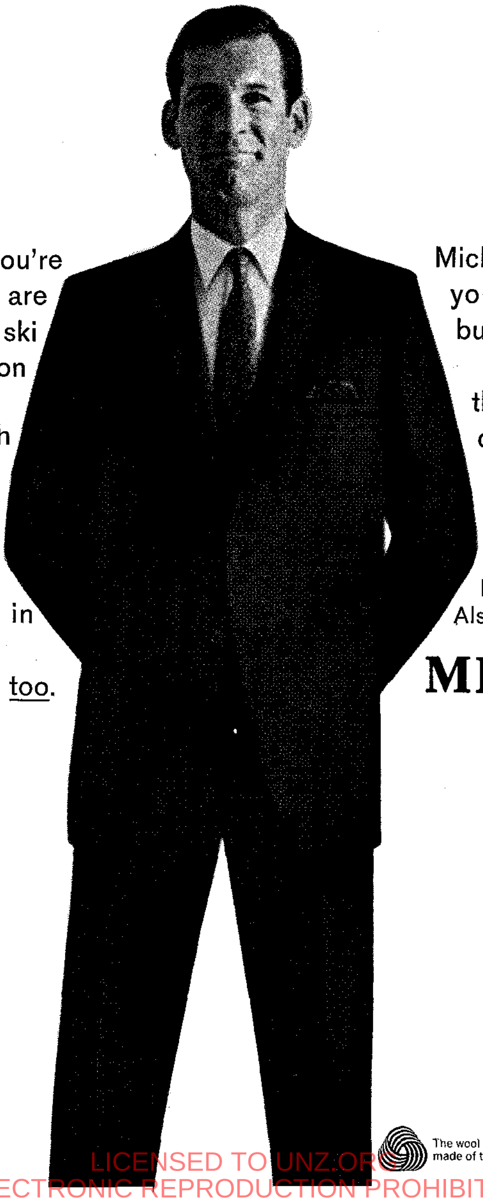






You're not a conservative guy. So why dress the part?
1. This suit with the outdated shoulders may have looked great when you were a trainee—not now.
2. The same goes for these conservative lapels.
3. And this 3-button jacket.
4. Baggy pants don't help your lean, aggressive look either. You deserve something newer, bolder.
See below for transformation.

You are a mesomorph



You are if you love exercise. You are if you're not afraid to disagree with your boss. You are if you always take the expert trails at the ski slopes. You are if you'd prefer to work on commissions instead of a salary.

Why pretend you like nice, safe sackcloth suits, Tiger? Unleash yourself.

Michaels/Stern invented a suit style just for you. The name's Precedo—see right. It's got great dash to it. That jacket's cut to let people know you keep yourself in shape.

Born leaders can be bold about color, too. Michaels/Stern has a whole new batch for you. Pale fire—in bottle-greens, browns, burgundy. Go great with your personality.

Stride in to your men's store soon. Tell them not to waste your time with the same old grey uniforms. You want to see the Precedo suits from Michaels/Stern.

Michaels/Stern suits are priced from $80 to $125. For the names of stores nearest you, write to Michaels/Stern, Dept. 12A, 87 Clinton Avenue North, Rochester, N. Y. 14602.
Also available in Canada and Australia.

MICHAELS/STERN

The wool mark is awarded to quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . Pure Virgin Wool

On this island-hopping holiday you never leave Fort Lauderdale

Most island-hopping ventures have one disenchanting drawback. The farther you hop the more you sacrifice in creature comforts.

On the contrary, you can cruise to countless islands in Fort Lauderdale and return each evening to the indispensable luxuries. A hot bath. A good meal. And no letdown at sundown.

Paradoxically enough, there is more to see along the 165 miles of Lauderdale waterways than on a sail to Samoa. And think of the savings. A few dollars a day rents a power boat like that in our picture.

Promise yourself at least one idyllic voyage on your visit. Glide past island homes that look like tropical arboretums. Sail on to less inhabited shores where alligators snooze. Where stilt-legged birds stalk the shallows. Where wild orchids grow on trees.

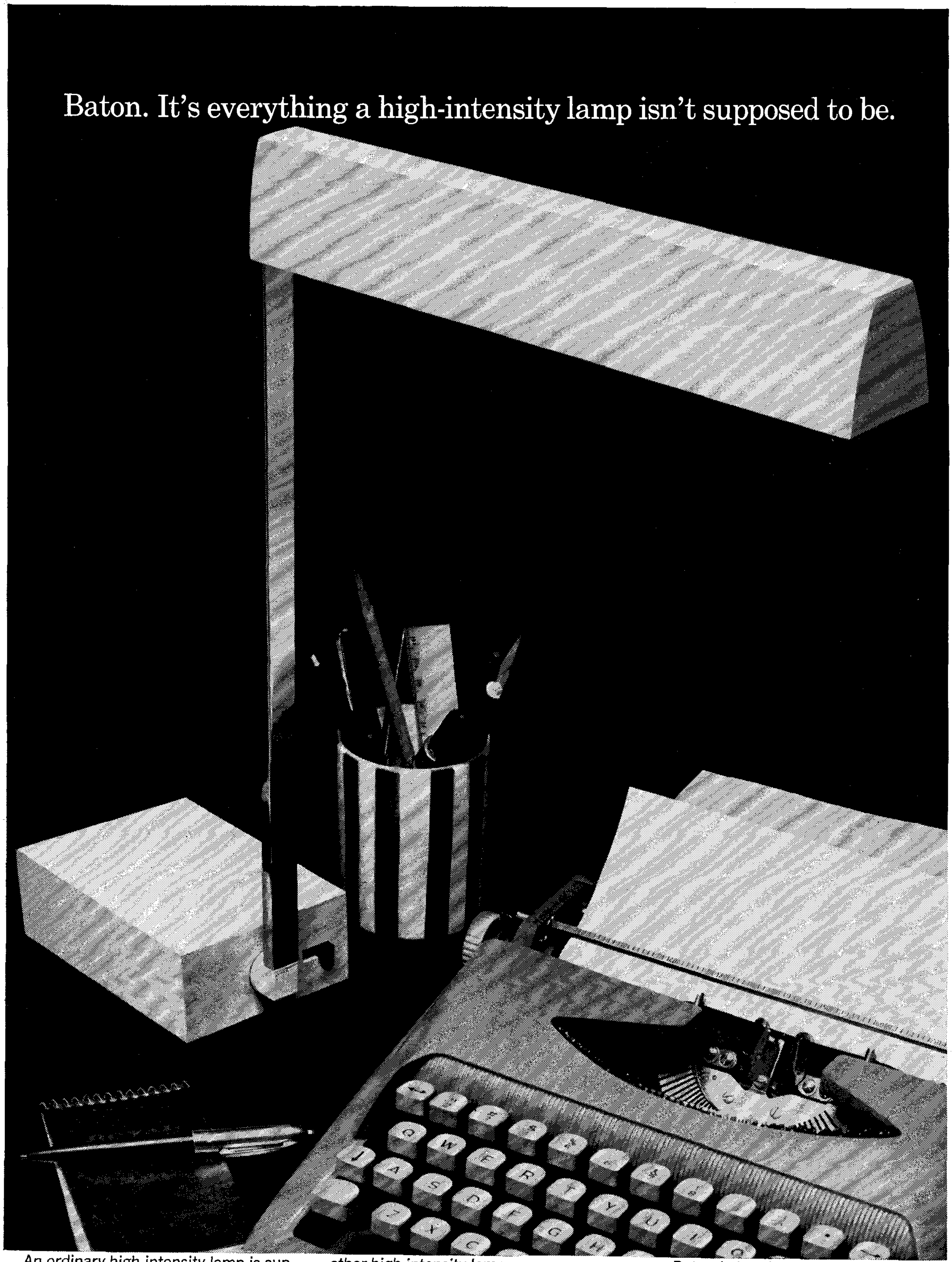
For colorful memories, bring your camera. For tasty pan fish, just drop a line. For a thrill, steer out Port Everglades inlet to the ocean. Sidle up to a lonely beach and dangle your toes in the surf.

Island-hopping where each outing ends with *shore leave* in this gay resort makes delightful sense. Come, satisfy the urge for adventure and never leave the pleasures of . . .

FORT LAUDERDALE

the Place to go in Florida

For FREE full-color booklet and planning aid, write: City Information Dept., P. O. Box 1181-N-37, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33302


Baton. It's everything a high-intensity lamp isn't supposed to be.

An ordinary high-intensity lamp is supposed to be a little gadget with a long neck.

It's supposed to sit on a night table and shine on a best selling novel.

It's supposed to have one bulb and reflect a pure white light over a small area.

That's the high-intensity stereotype. Baton breaks it.

Baton is bigger, more substantial than other high-intensity lamps.

It's a study lamp. It belongs on a desk. Over a typewriter. Or on a piano.

Baton is the first high-intensity lamp with two bulbs. The spread of illumination it gives is *wide*.

Baton is flexible. Extend the shade over or away from the base. Tilt the arm to put the light exactly where you want it.

Baton is handsome. It comes in three contemporary color schemes—at $23.95.

High intensity lamps aren't supposed to be this expensive, but they're not supposed to be this good, either.

INNOVATORS IN THE DESIGN OF LIGHTING

LIGHTOLIER®

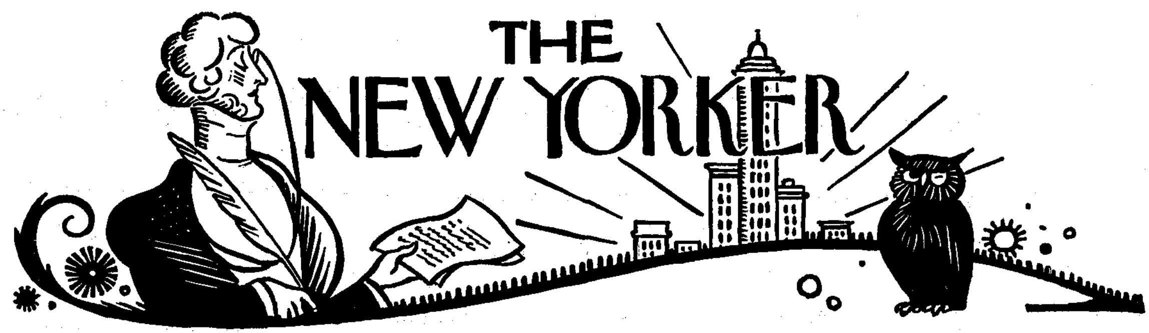
Other distinctive hi-intensity lamps from $17.95.

In New York: Abraham & Straus, Bloomingdale's, Macy's; in Philadelphia: Gimbel Brothers; in Pittsburgh: Joseph Horne Company; in San Francisco: Macy's California.

Night Shades For Night Owls

Germaine Monteil introduces a new kind of radiance...The Night Shades...alive with a maximum amount of Lumium, Monteil's dramatic light reflecting agent. Suddenly your face has a romantic glow by nightlight, your eyes sparkle, your lips are more seductive than ever before. Dare to be beautiful...be a Night Owl.

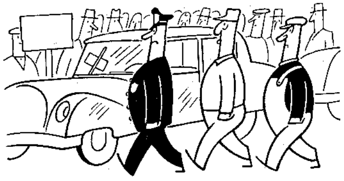
Germaine Monteil



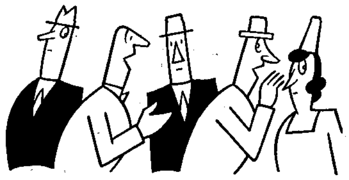
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

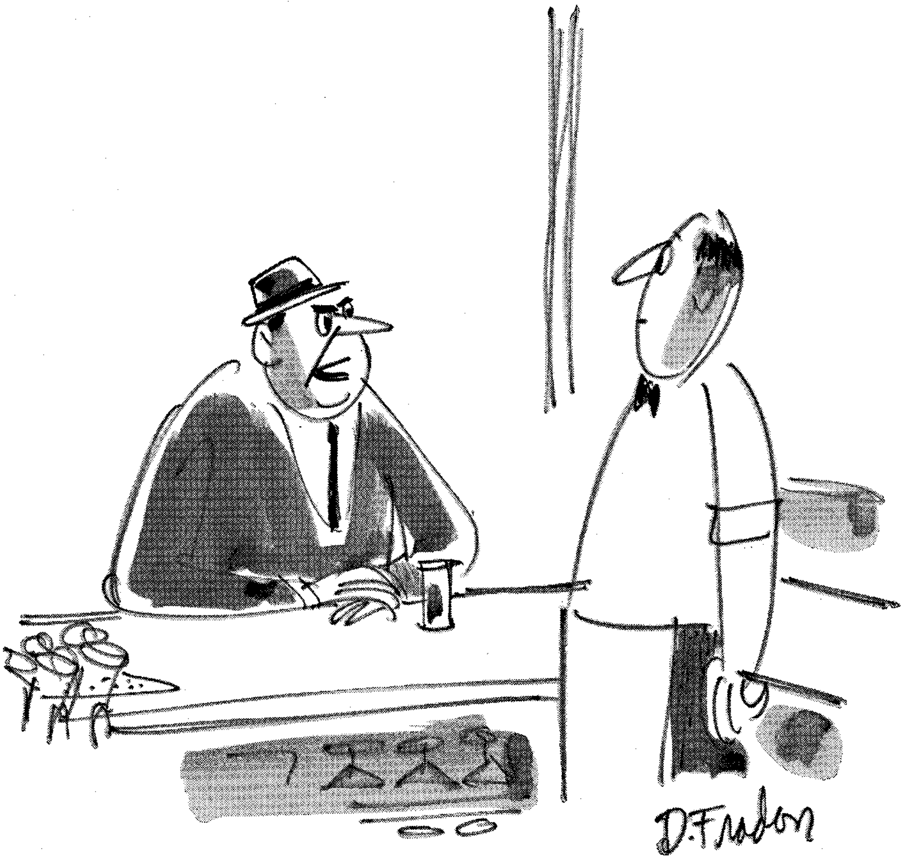
Notes and Comment

THESE are chilling times in midtown, where Mayor Lindsay's vehicular press gangs, mounted in tumbrels painted the color of fear, roam the glum reaches of the West Forties snatching up loiterers and sleepers and bundling them off to the abominable Hudson River docks. Just the other afternoon, we happened on a small sidewalk crowd near Seventh Avenue that had gathered to watch the latest in the recent series of dragoonings. The victim—a grimy, unattended pale-gray Pontiac tudor with New Jersey plates, white-wall tires, and a bright-green parking ticket—didn't have a chance, for it was almost leaning against a curbside stanchion festooned with Police Department signs that collectively shouted "DON'T!" The officers, one in uniform and two in garagemen's plainclothes, had just descended from their lemon-yellow Department of Sanitation tow truck, and they went about their business with the grim efficiency of a midnight boatswain's detail sweeping up foretopmen in a Wapping grogshop. Within minutes, the Ponty was in cuffs and bound for oblivion, his feet dragging, his chin twisted upward, and his useless front wheels waving piteously. The crowd was unmoved. In fact, just as the darbies were being affixed, a passing cabdriver leaned from his window and yelled "'At's a way! 'At's a way! Give it to 'em good, I say!" and the watchers around us grinned wolfishly. We must confess that our own heart has remained similarly unwrung by the bleats of illegal parkers who have returned from their errands to find their cars vanished and replaced by that rarest of anti-matter, moving traffic. Their plight could easily be ours, and yet the cure is at once so painful and so clearly salutary that we can look on them only with a mixture of sympathy and secret satisfaction. The remedy direct, the realization that Something Is Being Done, is such an intoxicating urban experience that we have begun to dream of other miracles from flying squads of civic avengers. We see a giant tow truck suddenly dropping a grapple into an obdurately overparked Con Ed excavation and yanking the whole shabby apparatus off to some municipal hole pound. We see a lemon-yellow tugboat chuffing implacably up the East River to the foot of a street in the East Sixties or Seventies and then pausing there while a crew of river police runs a large cable ashore and makes it fast to the trunk of a plastic palm tree in the lobby of a brand-new white air-conditioned eighteen-story apartment house constructed entirely of saltines and isinglass; the tug's whistle toots, the cable tightens, and the Pinchbeck Arms slowly and majestically floats out to sea, never to be seen again.



RECENTLY, riffling through the London *Sunday Telegraph*, we tripped in delight over a phrase used by Mr. John Osborne, the English playwright, uncharacteristically writing *about* the theatre instead of brusquely getting on with it. In the course of bludgeoning the business of theatre criticism with a blunt pen, he wrote, "Whatever success or reputation I may have earned is due to a few isolated writers on the theatre, the wet noses of news editors, and the blessed alchemy of word of mouth." We'd like to propose and second that last phrase of Mr. Osborne's for inclusion in any dictionary of quotations now being compiled, for we feel it deserves this small immortality. His timing, too, could not be better, for of late we have been hearing steadily of our own country's underground—underground books, underground movies, underground people, underground attitudes—the reputation of which seems to have been established by just what Mr. Osborne was phrasing so neatly. The point is that people do still talk and listen to one another, and so discover a lot more things to do and see and think than the printed word ever recommends to them, and, like Mr. Osborne, we feel nothing but gratitude for this mysterious continuing alchemical process. We used to be assured in our youth that good work found its way to the top by the buoyancy of being good. But so does bad work, by its short weight, and we have acquired not only an innate suspicion of printed superlatives but a feeling that more mute, inglorious Miltons than we care to contemplate may be moldering away out of sight. They, however, are the precise concern of the underground, and, when we think of it, a fair proportion of our enthusiasms—of what we are aware of and keep in our head—have come to us by word of mouth. All of which bears out Mr. Osborne. We might quarrel with his "blessed," for not all that crosses our ears in intimate conversation is sacred, but "alchemy" is the right word for the underground process, and we find ourself considering with a new awe the stray conversations that take place on our street. It may very well be that the bluff pairs of tycoons we pass are saying to one another not "Let's get together for lunch real soon" but, instead, "Have you caught John Hawkes' latest book yet?" or "I hear they're bringing back 'The Coach with the Six Insides.' Let's have another look at it." In fact,





"To me, the choice between Rockefeller, O'Connor, and Roosevelt is like a choice between Tweedledee, Tweedledum, and Tweedle-Something-or-Other."

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Mr. Osborne has inspired us to take up eavesdropping seriously once more, and our ears are ready to tune in on any promising-looking alchemical conversation. These two at the next table, for example. For all we know, they may be in the act of turning something we have not heard of yet into pure verbal gold.

Vernissage

OUR invitation to the opening of the Whitney Museum of American Art read "seven o'clock until twelve," and when we arrived, around nine, in a drizzle, the main cluster of coatracks on the street floor was filled. The racks were circular, with a number (1 through 999) next to every hanger, and a man at our elbow remarked that they revolved electronically when a button was pushed, and could be stopped when the required garment came to the front. Cut off from this marvel, we checked our raincoat in the old-fashioned way at one of two small, temporary, non-electronic racks that had just been set up in a corner of the room, and boarded an elevator. "Down," said the operator, causing several incoming passengers to leave, but we, although our intention (like theirs, perhaps) was to go to the top exhibition floor, the fourth (the fifth is taken up by offices), and work our way down, stayed put—brilliantly, it turned out, since the car picked up so many people on the basement floor, which is given over to sculpture, that it passed our old landing without halting. The show, "Art of the United States: 1670-1966," consists of three hundred and sixty-six paintings and sculptures, most of them on loan; they are hung more or less chronologically, in ascending order. On the fourth floor, we took in Pollocks, Hoppers, Rauschenbergs, Gottliebs, Wyeths, a Motherwell, and so on; chatted briefly with Mrs. Bernard J. Reis, a noted cookbook author and collector; and had a glass of white-wine punch. Large, succulent strawberries were swimming around in the punch bowl. One slipped into our glass as a lady ladled our portion; to our intense disappointment, she scooped it right out and restored it to its mates. We walked down a back staircase to the third floor, took in Homers, Eakinses, Ryders, Blakelocks, Sloans, Demuths, and Prendergasts; chatted briefly with Mr. A. Hyatt Mayor, retired curator of prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and had another glass of punch. This came out berryless, as did one handed to a man behind us. "Please give me a strawberry," he said to the attendant, and she did.

We walked down to the second floor—Copleys, Churches, Peales, Sargents, Stuarts, a Remington, all arranged with excellent visibility, like the others, in spacious galleries—and then regained the entrance floor. This was now—at a quarter to ten—so densely packed that we decided to leave. It took us ten minutes to reach our coatrack; no more clothes were being checked anywhere. We got to the door, fighting black-tied men and sequinned ladies every inch of the way, and who should come in but Mayor Lindsay and his wife, followed by Mrs. John F. Kennedy, on the arm of Mr. André Meyer, the head of Lazard Frères. An army of photographers closed in on them. "Why, he looks absolutely carefree!" a lady in red vinyl overalls said, of the Mayor. "Not a wrinkle!" Mr. Lindsay smiled a carefree smile.

Outside, on Madison Avenue, arrested by the sight of a double line of Rolls-Royces, rented and private Cadillacs, and V.I.P. metered cars disgorging their occupants, we decided to stay and stare. Rewards abounded. Out of a car bearing the license plate VA-3 stepped Mrs. Vincent Astor and Mr. Monroe Wheeler, the director of publications and exhibitions of the Museum of Modern Art, followed by Mr. John Walker, the director of the National Gallery of Art, and his wife, Lady Margaret Walker.

"There's Mrs. Macculloch Miller, the daughter of the Museum's founder, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney! There's Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and his wife! There are the John Hay Whitneys! There's Mrs. Miller's daughter, Mrs. Michael H. Irving, and her husband, consulting architect to Marcel Breuer on the building! There are the Laurance Rockefellers!" a female fellow-starer said to us, at intervals.

"There's Leonard Lyons!" we said.

"There's Huntington Hartford!" Mr. Lyons said to us. "I asked him what he was doing at a rival museum, and he just smiled."

Mrs. John Barry Ryan and Mme. Maurice Couve de Murville, wife of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, got out of a limousine. "There's Mrs. Robert Scull, wife of the taxicab-medallion millionaire!" our scout said a moment later. "I was at a dinner party with her, and she said, 'I have to go home and change my clothes before going to the museum.' Look! She's all in feathers!"

We asked our scout, who was also dressed to kill, what she was doing on the sidewalk.

"I've lost my husband," she said. "We left the dinner party in separate cars, and he hasn't turned up. There's Russell Lynes! He hasn't got a ticket, and he's wild. There's Ted Rousseau, of the Metropolitan Museum! There's René d'Harnoncourt! There's Bowden Broadwater! There are the Skinny Iselins!"

"Eh?" we said.

"Lewis Iselin, the sculptor," she said.

It was now a quarter to eleven, and the crowds both inside and out were so thick that it took Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Liberman (Tatiana du Plessix), whom we clocked, fifteen minutes to get in. They came out five minutes later. "Laurance Rockefeller is still inside," the husbandless lady said.

"No," said Mr. Richard Henry Dana, a David Rockefeller aide, who was among those milling around. "He just left."

We did, too.

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No. 866 United Nations Plaza houses a number of permanent missions to the United Nations and, in Room 4030, the Atomic Exterminating Corporation.

Flowers

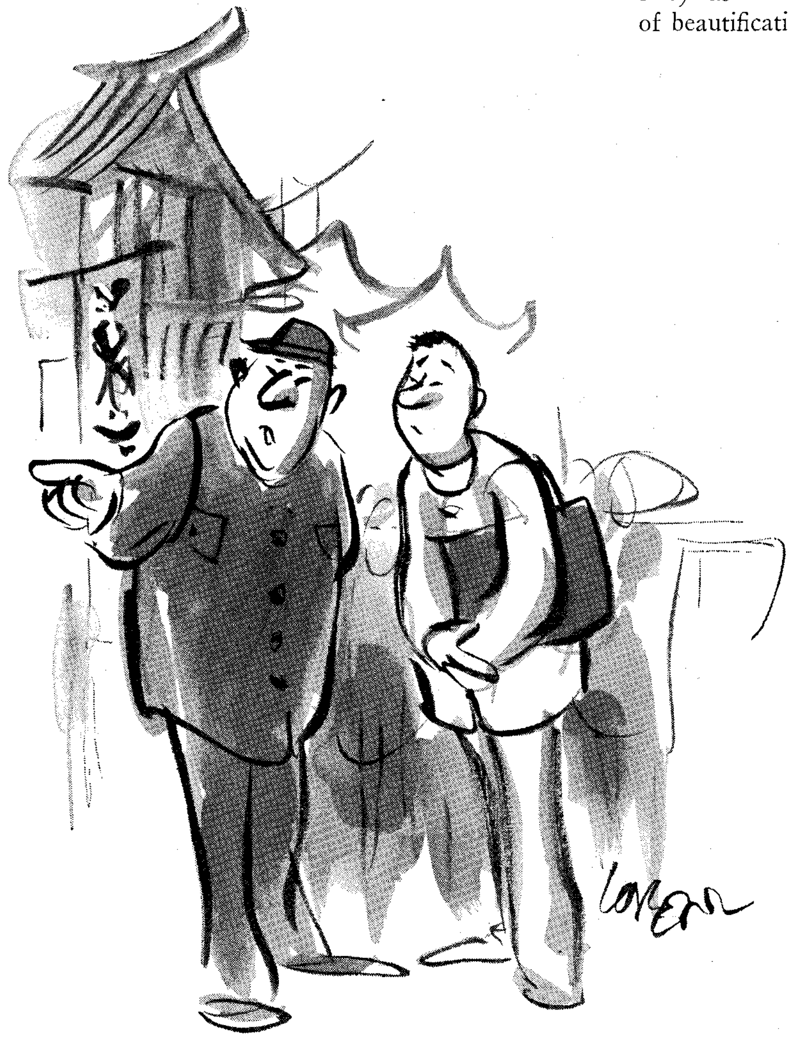
THE New York Botanical Garden recently held a midday reception in the Union Carbide Building to open an exhibit celebrating the publication of the first volume of "Wild Flowers of the United States," a five-volume series, aiming at complete coverage, that is being issued under the Garden's auspices by the McGraw-Hill Book Company. We arrived just as a file of six people—Mr. Charles B. Harding, the Garden's president; Dr. William C. Steere, its director; Mrs. Albert D. Lasker, chairman of the reception committee; Mrs. David Rockefeller (we've had a busy time of it with the Rockefellers lately); Mrs. John Lindsay; and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson—were taking their places on a temporary wooden dais in the great exhibition room on the mezzanine of the building. The ladies wore crisp corsages of various orchids, some of them very small. Peering with some difficulty over the heads and shoulders and through the interstices of the paraphernalia (some of it very large) of twenty-odd agitated photographers, who were concentrating on Mrs. Johnson, we listened as Dr. Steere discussed the importance of plants to human existence not only for food, shelter, clothing, and medicine but "because of their unique ability to transform the energy of sunlight into the food that sustains all life." He then introduced Dr. Harold W. Rickett, the Garden's senior botanist and author of the birthday book, which identifies and describes some seventeen hundred plants of the Northeastern States, twelve hundred being illustrated by color photographs and three hundred and fifty by line drawings.

Dr. R. revealed that the project, which will go on to give similar treatment to the Southeastern, Southwestern, Northwestern, and Central States, was the brainchild of Mr. Diarmuid Russell, the literary agent, who had interested Mrs. Rockefeller—a Garden manager and wild-flower enthusiast—in it; that it proposed to combine popular presentation with scientific accuracy; and that he was being assisted by colleagues all over the country, not to mention his own staff, the Garden's three-million-specimen herbarium, and its great research library. "I couldn't have embarked on this alone," he said. "All together, we will cover ten thousand flowers. Maybe fifteen thousand. It's no small task, as you can see."

"As you can see, Dr. Rickett is a very modest man," Mr. Harding said. He besought Mrs. Lasker, who was wearing a robin's-egg-blue suit, to take a bow; introduced Mrs. Johnson (pink suit) as "the outstanding proponent of beautification in our country;" and asked Mrs. Rockefeller (even pinker suit) to present a copy of Volume I to her.

"It gives me great pleasure to do this today," Mrs. R. said, and did so. The volume, boxed, comes in two parts, weighing an ounce under thirteen pounds. Mrs. Johnson held it up pluckily for several minutes while the photographers took shots, and then, after a moment's hesitation, stashed it away under a lectern. Mrs. Lasker pulled it out and handed it to a Secret Service man, who handed it to another Secret Service man.

"I wish I had had this volume when I made a trip with my husband in Maine and Vermont, and wanted to identify all the flowers we saw," the First Lady said. "There is a thirst and appetite in our country to learn more about wild flowers. We are grateful to Mrs. Rockefeller for making the color plates



"Struggle Against Revisionism Street? Let's see—that used to be Street of Contending Thoughts. It's just a block past Our Beloved Leader Road, which used to be Strive for People's Unity Road."

possible. My advice to you all is to go out in the countryside and walk and walk and look at the autumn flowers."

Mrs. Lindsay (red suit), having been invited by Mr. Harding to take a bow, got up and tossed her head like a colt, and, in the welcome company of waiters passing trays of champagne, we toured the exhibit, which consisted principally of fifty enlarged transparencies of the book's illustrations, among them a seven-foot one of an oxeye daisy (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*). From a window facing Park Avenue, we watched Mrs. Johnson, arm in arm with Mrs. Lasker, walking toward a maroon car at the curb; she got in and drove off while a crowd of gapers gaped. "Come to a lunch we're giving in the Peacock Room of the Waldorf," said Mr. Gorton Carruth, a McGraw-Hill editor. We accepted, and, on our way out, followed Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, president of Rockefeller University, past a reception desk, where he ordered a copy of the book for his university's library.

During lunch, Mr. Carruth, who was seated at our left, said, "We like to think of the series as the Audubon of Wild Flowers. Its total cost will be more than two and a half million dollars. The color work, which requires up to seven printings, is being done by W. S. Cowell, Ltd., of Ipswich, England, and the black-and-white is being done here. The pictures concentrate on the identification of the plant as a whole, so in some cases the flower is unimportant—the leaf and the stem may be the significant features. We plan to issue the four remaining volumes in the next four years."

"Impossible," said Mr. Thomas H. Everett, the Garden's assistant director in charge of horticulture, who was at our right.

Mr. Carruth frowned.

"You need to go to England to see American wild flowers being grown far better than here," said Mr. Everett, who got his training at Kew. "The English, who have never seen American plants growing in the wild, don't make the mistake of trying to grow them under natural conditions, which are often adverse. Many plants in nature grow where they do because they have to—the stronger species push the others out. Horticulture should *not* try to duplicate nature. Just take the plant and find where it grows best. Trillium does better in England and Scotland than it does here. Many orchids grown under absolutely artificial conditions, by men who have never seen an orchid in the wild, bloom and are much more splendid than those in the wild. The same thing is true of animals. I'll bet you the lions in the Bronx Zoo are better than the lions in Africa—unless, of course, the Zoo lions happen to be depressed." He took a bite of roast beef and added, "Where could you find better orchids than those worn by Mrs. Johnson and the other ladies today? Their corsages were made by Bob Russo, the foreman of our propagating range."

Higher Ed.

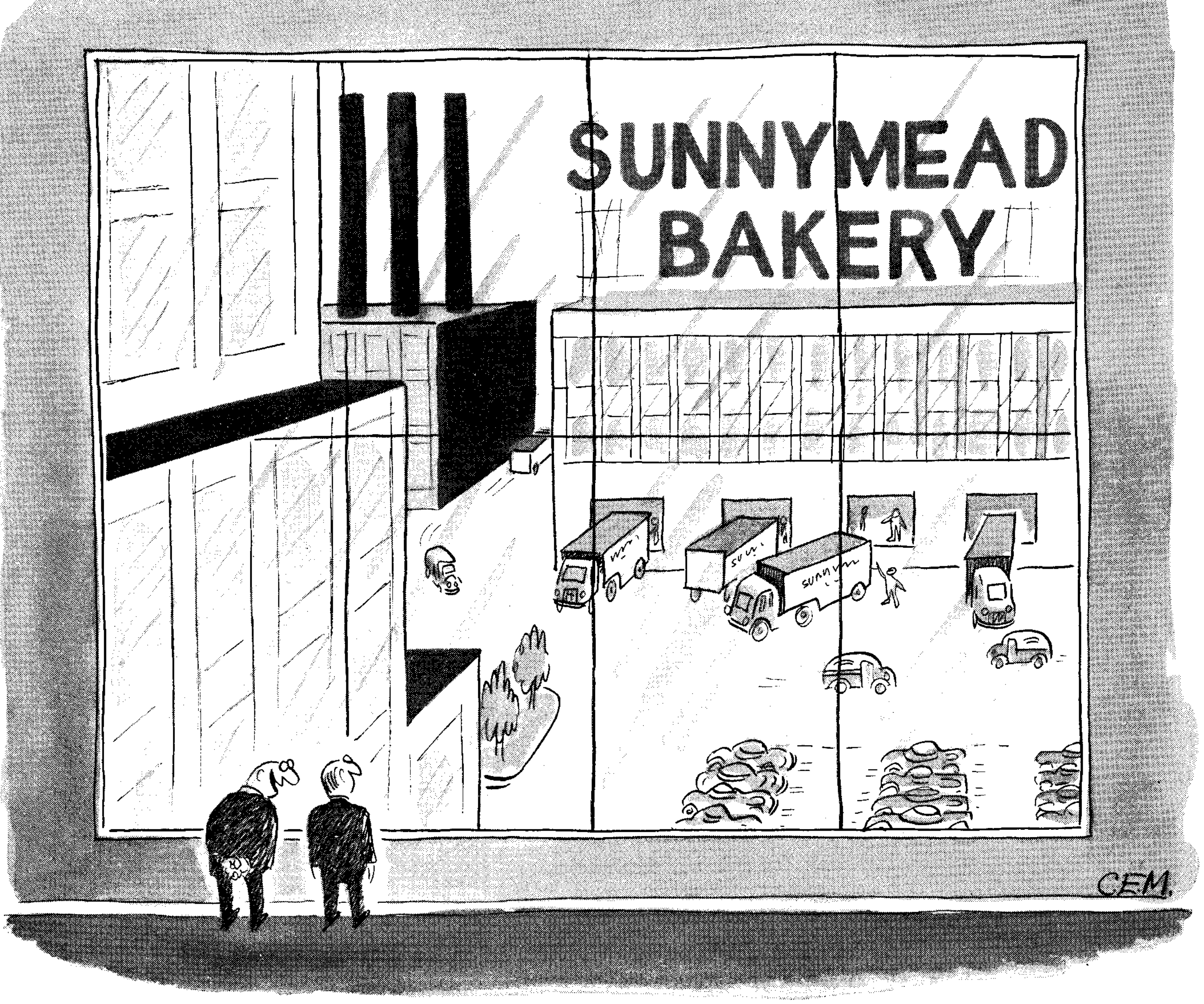
OVERHEARD in a lunchroom near 116th Street, one Barnard girl to another: "Never, never take a course with *that* man. When he doesn't understand something, he spends a term explaining it."

Off-Season

WE were suffering end-of-summer pangs last week, so one dark afternoon toward dusk we went driving out past Jones Beach and over the bridge to Robert Moses State Park, on Fire Island, for a final look at a beach. The vast parking lots were almost entirely empty, with just a solitary car here and there; low crowds of dirty-looking seagulls had taken over, standing in loose formations among the white-painted parking lines. As we got out of our car near the restaurant and slammed the door, the sound echoed back to us off the building. Through the windows of the restaurant we could see the tables and chairs sitting ready for spring. We walked toward the ocean (the only sound now was the surf), past a sign saying "KEEP THIS LANE FREE," between two low white structures ("REFRESHMENTS," said one, and "UMBRELLAS AND CHAIRS," said the other, and both were closed), and we stepped over a knee-high snow fence of red slats onto the soft sand. Overhead, the seagulls pleaded and screeched. We walked past empty wire trash baskets, tilted and bent, and we saw in the sand a pink comb, two yellow straws, the rusted head of a hammer, a beer can, a root-beer can, a seagull feather, a peach pit, and an empty Beech-Nut Baby Food jar. The sand was a rich cream color, turning to lavender in places, and sandpipers skittered along the shiny, wet edge. The water was deep green, with breakers riding in, unfurling. A white powerboat rumbled by, just past the surf. To the east and west, the smooth sand stretched away uninterrupted until it faded into mist. Two hundred yards to the west, some men were surf-casting; as we watched, one of them—a man in waders and carrying his rod—walked fishless from the shore and plodded up toward the low green bluff of beach grass by the parking lot. Suddenly, he stopped and turned around, looking back at the others, who were still casting. He seemed undecided, and hesitated for several moments, then walked on and disappeared over the bluff. We walked westward and came to a rusty oil drum, half buried in the sand, that had a patina of blazing reds, oranges, and yellows. "TEXACO . . . OIL . . . HEAVY DUTY" was all we could make out. There were tracks of birds all over the sand, and neat heaps of seaweed—some olive-green, some black. We passed a tall, sombre-looking man in a heavy coat, a cap, and waders; his casting rod was stuck in the sand, and he stood with his hands clasped behind his back, a cigar in his mouth, gazing at the sea. Farther down the beach, we came to a younger man in gray shorts, bare feet, and a black ski jacket, who was casting vigorously.

ARKING
IN
REAR
DRUGS

Twenty yards away stood a small boy in pale-blue pants, bare feet, a denim coat, and a white sailor hat with an emblem. We stopped, and the boy greeted us cheerfully. "I'm five," he said. "I go to kindergarten. I have Miss Pepper." He showed us a pile of small mackerel-like fish. "My daddy caught them," he said. "You can't eat those kind. Some kinds don't have any bones or any meat. I caught two blowfish once. I don't like the blowfish. I like the bass. Bass is so *good!* Daddy caught three bass. Daddy and me ate



"If only man could live by bread alone, eh, Bentley?"

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the big one, and my baby ate the little one."

"Who's your baby?" we asked.

"Judy," he said. "She's two. My mother ate spaghetti, because there wasn't enough."

The boy told us his name was Danny, and then he showed us a Band-Aid wrapped around the tip of one finger. "I can't fish today, because I cut my fingernail," he said. "I cut it on a shell." He stepped away and picked up a shell and showed it to us. "This shell," he said. "I tore my fingernail down to here." He indicated the general area. "If I tore it *all* the way down, I'd be dead. Wouldn't I? And my daddy would have to leave me. Wouldn't he?" He peered at us happily from under the brim of his sailor hat. "I'd be dead. I know I would!"

His father walked up from the water's edge and said hello. "Day before yesterday, I caught fourteen stripers," he remarked. "And today nothing." He lit a cigarette. "Danny and I come here almost every afternoon from mid-April to mid-October. We live in North Babylon. Danny always comes with me; he loves to fish. I cast for him and then hand him the rod." He pointed to the west. "I used to carry him on my shoulders all the way down to Point Democrat there; it's a forty-minute walk. Now he can walk himself. It was funny—we were down here last year in the fog, and you could only see about ten or fifteen feet. I cast out, and then I gave the rod to Danny; I put this belt around him, with a holder for the rod, like the belts they use in parades to carry flags. 'If you feel a pull, just reel in,' I told him. Then I walked away, back to where I had my bait box, into the fog. While I was gone, he got a hit and started to reel in. Just then, three fishermen came walking along, and they saw him—this little kid standing there all alone in the fog, reeling in like crazy with this huge rod. I heard one of them say, 'I see it, but I don't believe it! I won't believe it until I see him cast out again!'" He laughed. "There's a regular bunch that comes out here all year round. All weather. They'll come for six months and not catch a thing. They're a breed of their own."

The older man in the cap, coat, and waders walked by just then, still smoking his cigar.

"See something breaking?" asked Danny's father.

The older man nodded, and continued down the beach.

"I've seen *him* ten or fifteen times," said Danny's father. "But this is the first time I've spoken to him."

YES, BUT CAN THE STEAM ENGINE DO THIS?

I WAS leafing through a magazine while waiting for Joseph K., my beagle, to emerge from his regular Tuesday fifty-minute hour with a Park Avenue therapist—a Jungian veterinarian who, for fifty dollars per session, labors valiantly to convince him that jowls are not a social drawback—when I came across a sentence at the bottom of the page that caught my eye like an overdraft notice. It was just another item in one of those boilerplate specials with a title like "Historagrams" or "Betcha Didn't Know," but its magnitude shook me with the power of the opening strains of Beethoven's Ninth. "The sandwich," it read, "was invented by the Earl of Sandwich." Stunned by the news, I read it again and broke into an involuntary tremble. My mind whirled as it began to conjure with the immense dreams, the hopes and obstacles, that must have gone into the invention of the first sandwich. My eyes became moist as I looked out the window at the shimmering towers of the city, and I experienced a sense of eternity, marvelling at man's ineradicable place in the universe. Man the inventor! Da Vinci's notebooks loomed before me—brave blueprints for the highest aspirations of the human race. I thought of Aristotle, Dante, Shakespeare. The First Folio. Newton. Handel's "Messiah." Monet. Impressionism. Edison. Cubism. Stravinsky. $E=mc^2$ . . .

Holding firmly to a mental picture of the first sandwich lying encased at the British Museum, I spent the ensuing three months working up a brief biography of its great inventor, his nibs the Earl. Though my grasp of history is a bit shaky, and though my capacity for romanticizing easily dwarfs that of the average acidhead, I hope I have captured at least the essence of this unappreciated genius, and that these sparse notes will inspire a true historian to take it from here.

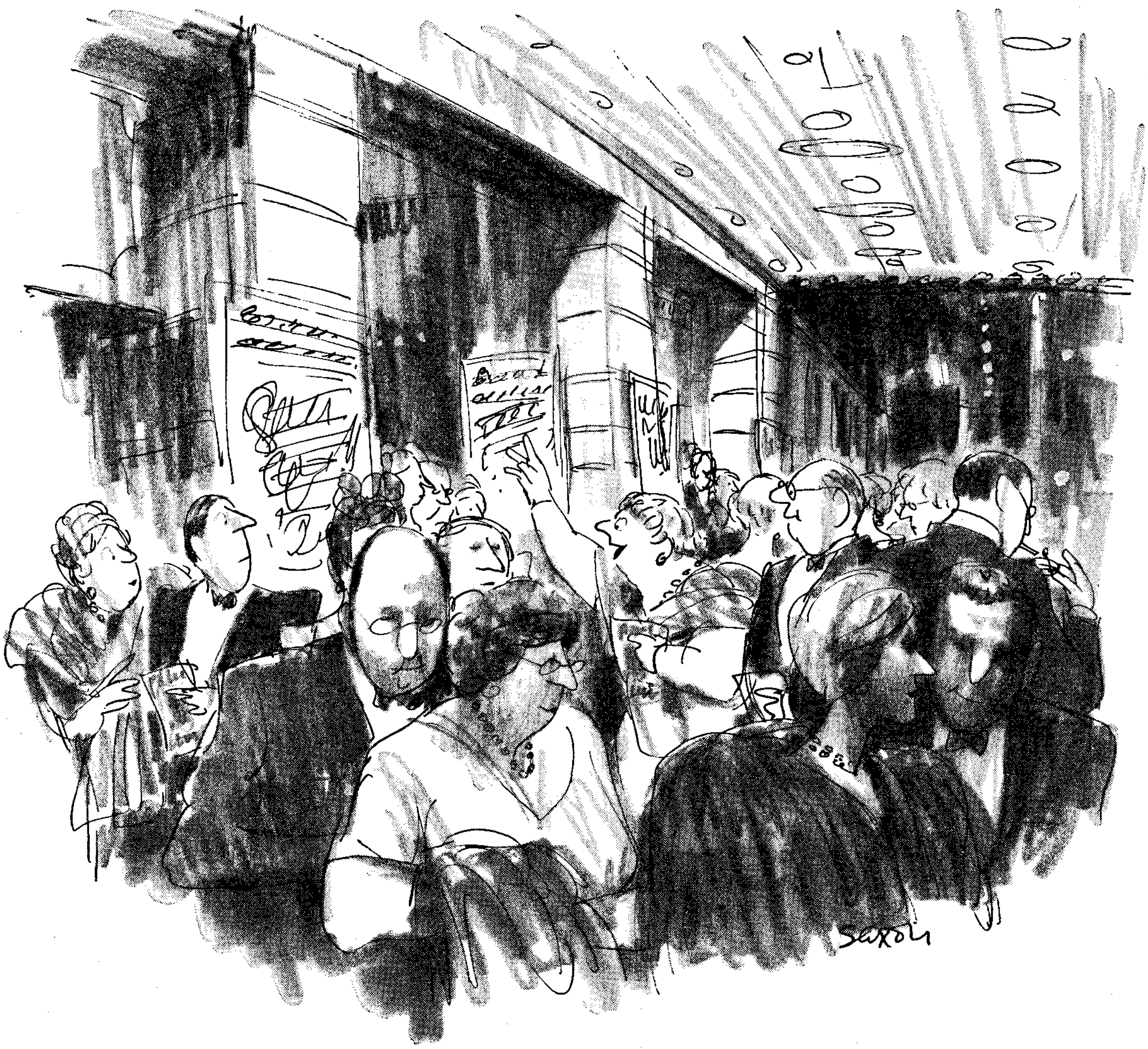
1718: Birth of the Earl of Sandwich to upper-class parents. Father is delighted at being appointed chief farrier to His Majesty the King—a position he will enjoy for several years, until he discovers he is a blacksmith and resigns embittered. Mother is a simple *Hausfrau* of German extraction, whose uneventful menu consists essentially of lard and gruel, although she does show some flair for culinary imagination in her ability to concoct a passable sillabub.

1725-35: Attends school, where he is taught horseback riding and Latin. At school he comes in contact with cold cuts for the first time and displays an unusual interest in thinly sliced strips of roast beef and ham. By graduation this has become an obsession, and although his paper on "The Analysis and Attendant Phenomena of Snacks" arouses interest among the faculty, his classmates regard him as odd.

1736: Enters Cambridge University, at his parents' behest, to pursue studies in rhetoric and metaphysics, but displays little enthusiasm for either. In constant revolt against everything academic, he is charged with stealing loaves of bread and performing unnatural experiments with them. Accusations of heresy result in his expulsion.

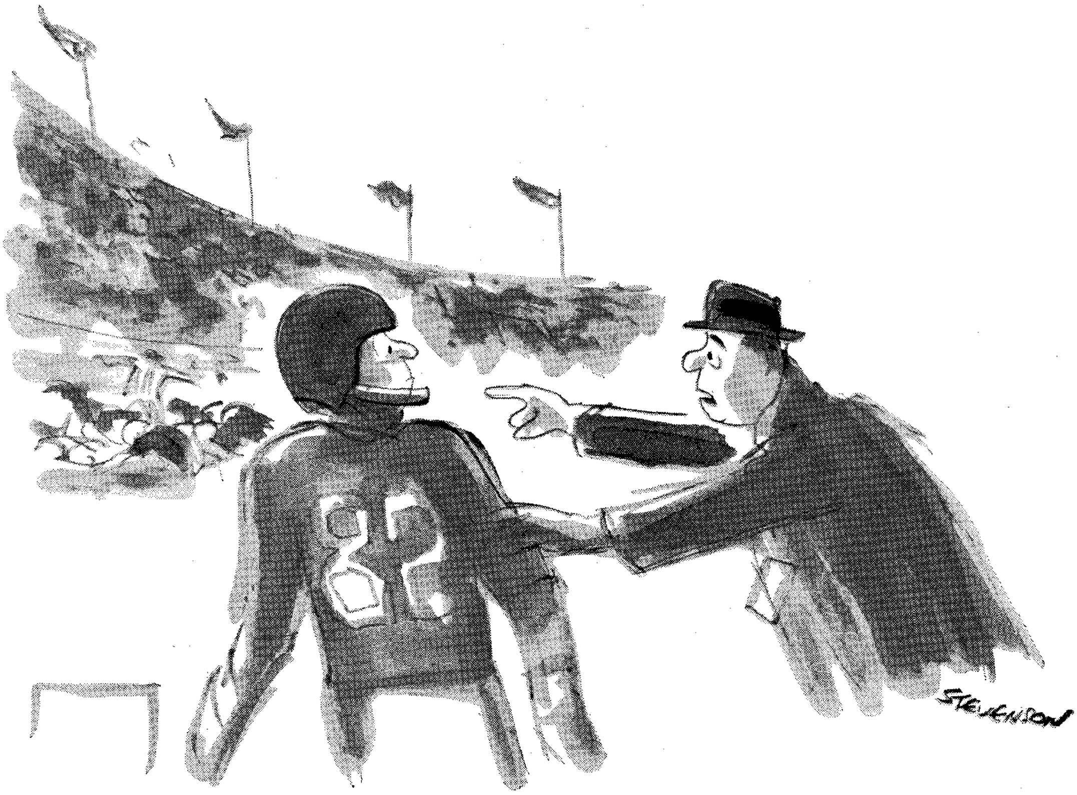
1738: Disowned, he sets out for the Scandinavian countries, where he spends three years in intensive research on cheese. He is much taken with the many varieties of sardines he encounters and writes in his notebook, "I am convinced that there is an enduring reality, beyond anything man has yet attained, in the juxtaposition of foodstuffs. Simplify, simplify." Upon his return to England, he meets Nell Smallbore, a greengrocer's daughter, and they marry. She is to teach him all he will ever know about lettuce.

1741: Living in the country on a small inheritance, he works day and night, often skimping on meals to save money for food. His first completed work—a slice of bread, a slice of bread on top of that, and a slice of



"Yoo-hoo! Fergusons! Remember us? Camelback Inn—six no trump doubled."

turkey on top of both—fails miserably. Bitterly disappointed, he returns to his studio and begins again.



"Quick, Bartlett! Instill them with hope!"

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1745: After four years of frenzied labor, he is convinced he is on the threshold of success. He exhibits before his peers two slices of turkey with a slice of bread in the middle. His work is rejected by all but David Hume, who senses the imminence of something great and encourages him. Heartened by the philosopher's friendship, he returns to work with renewed vigor.

1747: Destitute, he can no longer afford to work in roast beef or turkey and switches to ham, which is cheaper.

1750: In the spring, he exhibits and demonstrates three consecutive slices of ham stacked on one another; this arouses some interest, mostly in intellectual circles, but the general public remains unmoved. Three slices of bread on top of one another add to his reputation, and while a mature style is not yet evident, he is sent for by Voltaire.

1751: Journeys to France, where the dramatist-philosopher has achieved some interesting results with bread and mayonnaise. The two men become friendly and begin a correspondence that is to end abruptly when Voltaire runs out of stamps.

1758: His growing acceptance by opinion-makers wins him a commission by the Queen to fix "something special" for a luncheon with the Spanish ambassador. He works day and night, tearing up hundreds of blueprints, but finally—at 4:17 A.M., April 27, 1758—he creates a work consisting of several strips of ham enclosed, top and bottom, by two slices of rye bread. In a burst of inspiration, he garnishes the work with mustard. It is an immediate sensation, and he is commissioned to prepare all Saturday luncheons for the remainder of the year.

1760: He follows one success with another, creating "sandwiches," as they are called in his honor, out of roast beef, chicken, tongue, and nearly every conceivable cold cut. Not content to repeat tried formulas, he seeks out new ideas and devises the combination sandwich, for which he receives the Order of the Garter.

1769: Living on a country estate, he is visited by the greatest men of his century; Haydn, Kant, Rousseau, and Ben Franklin stop at his home, some enjoying his remarkable creations at table, others ordering to go.

1778: Though aging physically, he still strives for new forms and writes in his diary, "I work long into the cold nights and am toasting everything now in an effort to keep warm." Later that year, his open hot roast-beef sandwich creates a scandal with its frankness.

1783: To celebrate his sixty-fifth birthday, he invents the hamburger and tours the great capitals of the world personally, making burgers at concert halls before large and appreciative audiences. In Germany, Goethe suggests serving them on buns—an idea that delights the Earl, and of the author of "Faust" he says, "This Goethe, he is some fellow." The remark delights Goethe, although the following year they break intellectually over the concept of rare, medium, and well done.

1790: At a retrospective exhibition of his works in London, he is suddenly taken ill with chest pains and is thought to be dying, but recovers sufficiently to supervise the construction of a hero sandwich by a group of talented followers. Its unveiling in Italy causes a riot, and it remains misunderstood by all but a few critics.

1792: He develops a genu varum, which he fails to treat in time, and succumbs in his sleep. He is laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, and thousands mourn his passing. At his funeral, the great German poet Hölderlin sums up his achievements with undisguised reverence: "He freed mankind from the hot lunch. We owe him so much."

—WOODY ALLEN

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THE DESERTED NATION

(In fifty-three eagles' nests examined in Maine in 1965, only four eaglets were found. Charles M. Brookfield, ornithologist, ascribes the depletion of the eagle crop to sterility of one or both parent birds. Undeveloped eagles' eggs were examined and found to contain DDT, DDE, and other poisons.)

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, along with spray.
Chemists and farmers flourish at their peril:
The bird of freedom, thanks to them, is sterile.
And a Bald Eagle, still its country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

—E. B. WHITE

BECH IN RUMANIA

HENRY BECH, the moderately well-known American author, was travelling in the countries of Eastern Europe, as a cultural delegate. Deplaning in Bucharest wearing an astrakhan hat purchased in Moscow, he was not recognized by the United States Embassy personnel sent to greet him, and, rather than identify himself, sat sullenly on a bench, glowering like a Ukrainian machinery exporter, while these young men ran back and forth conversing with each other in dismayed English and shouting at the customs officials in what Bech took to be pidgin Rumanian. At last, one of these young men, the smallest and cleverest, Princeton '51 or so, noticing the rounded toes of Bech's American shoes, ventured suspiciously, "I beg your pardon, *pazhalusta*, but are you—?"

"You've got me," Bech said. After five weeks of consorting with Communists, he felt himself increasingly tempted to evade, confuse, and mock his compatriots. Further, after attuning himself to the platitudinous jog of translatorese, he found rapid English idiom exhausting. So it was with some relief that he passed, in the next hours, from the conspiratorial company of the Americans into the care of a monarchial Rumanian hotel and a smiling Party underling called Athanase Petrescu.

Petrescu, whose oval face was adorned by constant sunglasses and several round sticking plasters placed upon a fresh blue shave, had translated into Rumanian "Typee," "Pierre," "Life on the Mississippi," "Sister Carrie," "Winesburg, Ohio," "Across the River and Into the Trees," and "On the Road." He knew Bech's work well and said, "Although it was 'Travel Light' that made your name illustrious, yet in my heart I detect a very soft spot for 'Brother Pig,' which your critics did not so much applaud."

Bech recognized in Petrescu, behind the blue jaw and sinister glasses, a man humbly in love with books, a fool for literature. As, that afternoon, they strolled through a strange Bucharest park containing bronze busts of Goethe and Pushkin and Victor Hugo, beside a lake wherein the greenish sunset was coated with silver, the translator talked excitedly of a dozen things, sharing thoughts he had not been able to share while descending, alone at his desk, into the luminous abysses and profound crudities of American literature. "With Hemingway, the difficulty of translating—and I speak to an extent of Anderson also—is to prevent the simplicity from seeming simple-minded. For we do not have here such a tradition of belle-lettrist fancifulness against which the style of Hemingway was a rebel. Do you follow the difficulty?"

"Yes. How did you get around it?"

Petrescu did not seem to understand. "Get around, how? Circumvent?"

"How did you translate the simple language without seeming simple-minded?"

"Oh. By being extremely subtle."

"Oh. I should tell you, some people in my country think Hemingway *was* simple-minded. It is actively debated."

Petrescu absorbed this with a nod, and said, "I know for a fact, his Italian is not always correct."

When Bech got back to his hotel—situated on a square rimmed with buildings made, it seemed, of dusty pink candy—a message had been left for him to call Phillips at the U.S. Embassy. Phillips was Princeton '51. He asked, "What have they got mapped out for you?"

Bech's schedule had hardly been discussed. "Petrescu mentioned a production of 'Desire Under the Elms' I might see. And he wants to take me to Braşov. Where is Braşov?"

"In Transylvania, way the hell off. It's where Dracula hung out. Listen, can we talk frankly?"

"We can try."

"I know damn well this line is bugged, but here goes. This country is hot. Anti-Socialism is busting out all over. My inkling is they want to get you out of Bucharest, away from all the liberal writers who are dying to meet you."

"Are you sure they're not dying to meet Arthur Miller?"

"Kidding aside, Bech, there's a lot of ferment in this country, and we want to plug you in. Now, when are you meeting Taru?"

"Knock knock. Taru. Taru Who?"

"Jesus, he's the head of the Writers' Union—hasn't Petrescu even set up an appointment? Boy, they're putting you right around the old mulberry bush. I gave Petrescu a list of writers for you to latch on to. Suppose I call him and wave the big stick and ring you back. Got it?"

"Got it, tiger." Bech hung up sadly; one of the reasons he had accepted the State Department's invitation was that he thought it would be an escape from agents.

Within ten minutes his phone rasped, in that dead rattly way it has behind the Iron Curtain, and it was Phillips, breathless, victorious. "Congratulate me," he said. "I've been making like a thug and got their thugs to give you an appointment with Taru tonight."

"This very night?"

Phillips sounded hurt. "You're only here four nights, you know. Petrescu will pick you up. His excuse was he thought you might want some rest."

"He's extremely subtle."

"What was that?"

"Never mind, *pazhalusta*."

Petrescu came for Bech in a black car driven by a hunched silhouette. The Writers' Union was housed on the other side of town, in a kind of castle, a turreted mansion with a flaring stone staircase and an oak-vaulted library whose shelves were twenty feet high and solid with leather spines. The stairs and chambers seemed deserted. Petrescu tapped on a tall panelled door of blackish oak, strap-hinged in the sombre Spanish style. The door soundlessly opened, revealing a narrow high room hung with tapestries, pale brown and blue, whose subject involved masses of attenuated soldiery unfathomably engaged. Behind a huge polished desk quite bare of furnishings sat an immaculate miniature man with a pink face and hair as white as a dandelion poll. His rosy hands, perfectly finished down to each fingernail, were folded on the shiny desk, reflected like water flowers; and his face wore a smiling expression that was also, in each neat crease, beyond improvement. This was Taru.

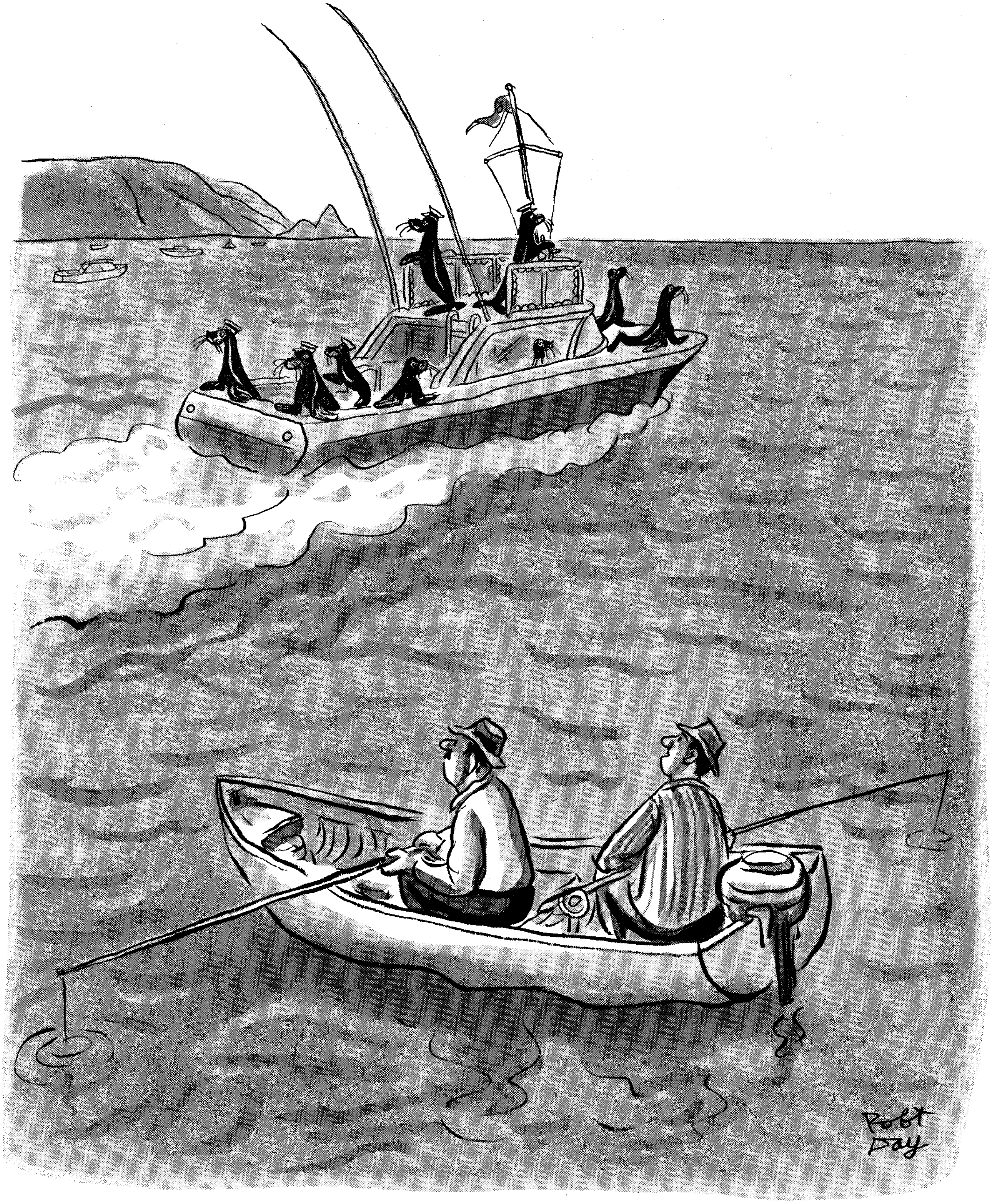
He spoke with magical suddenness, like a music box. Petrescu translated his words to Bech as "You are a literary man. Do you know the works of our Mihail Sadoveanu, of our noble Mihai Beniuc, or perhaps that most wonderful spokesman for the people, Tudor Arghezi?"

Bech said, "No, I'm afraid the only Rumanian writer I know at all is Ionesco."

The exquisite white-haired man nodded eagerly and emitted a length of tinkling sounds that was translated to Bech as simply "And who is he?"

Petrescu, who certainly knew all about Ionesco, stared at Bech with blank expectance. Even in this innermost sanctum he had kept his sunglasses on. Bech said, irritated, "A playwright. Lives in Paris. Theatre of the Absurd. Wrote 'Rhinoceros,'" and he crooked a forefinger beside his heavy Jewish nose, to represent a horn.

Taru emitted a dainty sneeze of laughter. Petrescu translated, listened, and told Bech, "He is very sorry he has not heard of this man. Western



"Then it's true! They have found oil on Seal Rock."

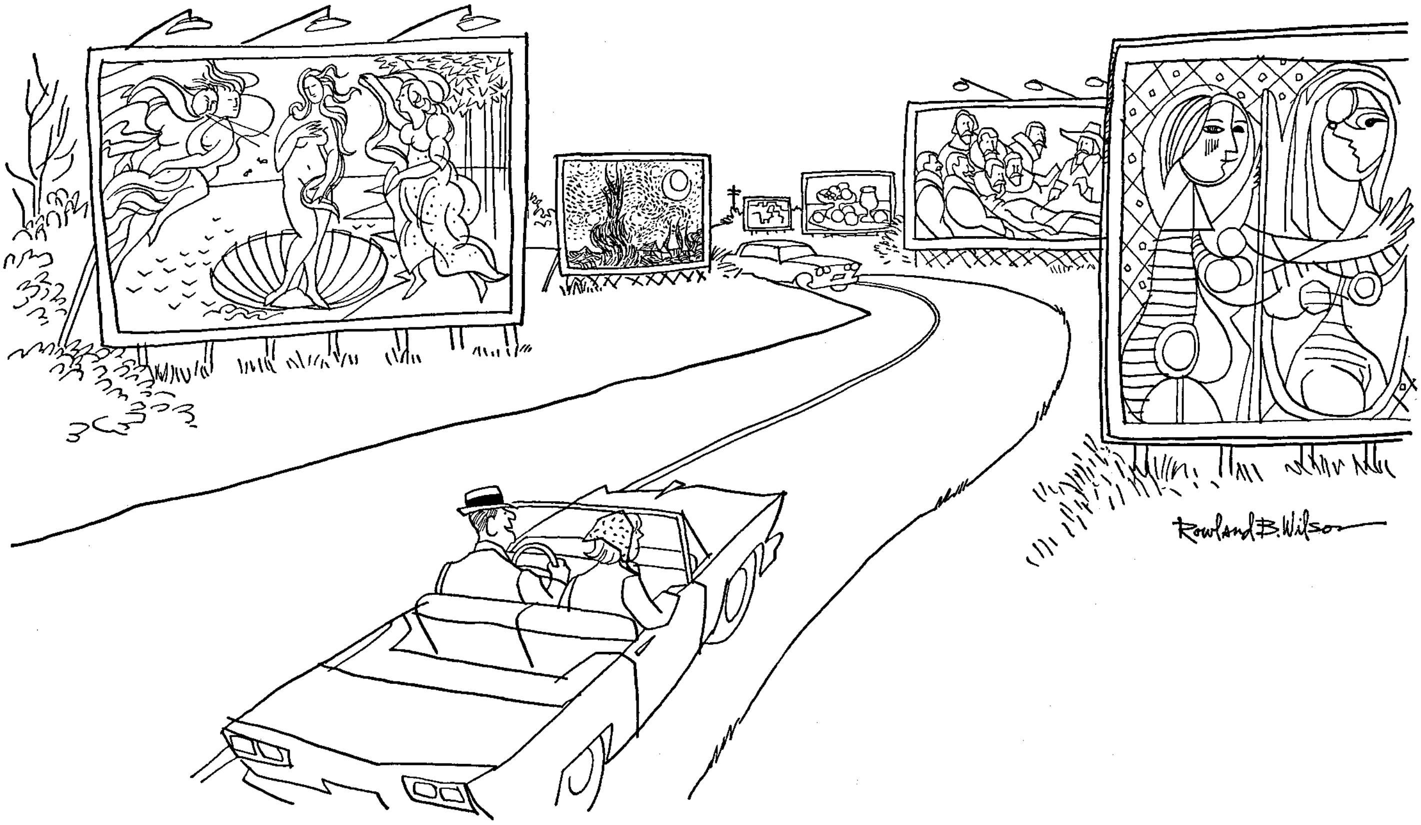
• •

books are a luxury here, so we are not able to follow each new nihilist movement. Comrade Taru asks what you plan to do while in the People's Republic of Rumania."

"I am told," Bech said, "that there are some writers interested in exchanging ideas with an American colleague. I believe my embassy has suggested a list to you."

The musical voice went on and on. Petrescu listened with a cocked ear and relayed, "Comrade Taru sincerely wishes that this may be the case and regrets that, because of the lateness of the hour and the haste of this meeting urged by your embassy, no secretaries are present to locate this list. He furthermore regrets that at this time of the year so many of our fine writers are bathing at the Black Sea. However, he points out that there is an excellent production of 'Desire Under the Elms' in Bucharest, and that our Carpathian city of Braşov is indeed worthy of a visit. Comrade Taru himself retains many pleasant youthful memories concerning Braşov."

Taru rose to his feet—an intensely dramatic event within the reduced



"Now, this _is_ *Highway Beautification!"*

* *

scale he had established around himself. He spoke, thumped his small square chest resoundingly, spoke again, and smiled. Petrescu said, "He wishes you to know that in his youth he published many books of poetry, both epic and lyric in manner. He adds, 'A fire ignited here' "—and here Petrescu struck his own chest in flaccid mimicry—" 'can never be quenched.' "

Bech stood and responded, "In my country we also ignite fires here." He touched his head. His remark was not translated and, after an efflorescent display of courtesy from the brilliant-haired little man, Bech and Petrescu made their way through the empty mansion down to the waiting car, which drove them, rather jerkily, back to the hotel.

"And how did you like Mr. Taru?" Petrescu asked on the way.

"He's a doll," Bech said.

"You mean—a puppet?"

Bech turned curiously but saw nothing in Petrescu's face that betrayed more than a puzzlement over meaning. Bech said, "I'm sure you have a better eye for the strings than I do."

Since neither had eaten, they dined together at the hotel; they discussed Faulkner and Hawthorne while waiters brought them soup and veal a continent removed from the cabbagy cuisine of Russia. A lithe young woman on awkwardly high heels stalked among the tables singing popular songs from Italy and France. The trailing microphone wire now and then became entangled in her feet, and Bech admired the sly savagery with which she would, while not altering an iota her enamelled smile, kick herself free. Bech had been a long time without a woman. He looked forward to three more nights sitting at this table, surrounded by travelling salesmen from East Germany and Hungary, feasting on the sight of this lithe chanteuse. Though her motions were angular and her smile was inflexible, her high round bosom looked soft as a soufflé.

But tomorrow, Petrescu explained, smiling sweetly beneath his sad-eyed sunglasses, they would go to Braşov.

Bech knew little about Rumania. From his official briefing he knew it was "a Latin island in a Slavic sea," that during World War II its anti-Semitism had been the most ferocious in Europe, that now it was seeking economic independence of the Soviet bloc. The ferocity especially interested him, since of the many human conditions it was his business to imagine, murderousness was among the most difficult. He was a Jew, and, though he could be irritable and even vengeful, obstinate savagery was excluded from his budget of emotions.

Petrescu met him in the hotel lobby at nine and, taking his suitcase from his hand, led him to the hired car. By daylight, the driver was a short man the color of ashes—white ash for the face, gray cigarette ash for his close-trimmed smudge of a mustache, and the darker residue of a tougher substance for his eyes and hair. His manner was nervous and remote and fussy; Bech's impression was of a stupidity so severe that the mind is tensed to sustain the simplest tasks. As they drove from the city, the driver constantly tapped his horn to warn pedestrians and cyclists of his approach. They passed the prewar stucco suburbs, suggestive of southern California; the postwar Moscow-style apartment buildings, rectilinear and airless; the heretical all-glass exposition hall the Rumanians had built to celebrate twenty years of industrial progress under Socialism. It was shaped like a huge sailor's cap, and before it stood a tall Brancusi column cast in aluminum.

"Brancusi," Bech said. "I didn't know you acknowledged him."

"Oh, much," Petrescu said. "His village is a shrine. I can show you many early works in our national museum."

"And Ionesco? Is he really a non-person?"

Petrescu smiled. "The eminent head of our Writers' Union," he said, "makes little jokes. He is known here but not much produced as yet. Students in their rooms perhaps read aloud a play like 'The Singer Without Hair.' "

Bech was distracted from the conversation by the driver's incessant mutter of tooting. They were in the country now, driving along a straight, slightly rising road lined with trees whose trunks were painted white. On the shoulder of the road walked bundle-shaped old women carrying knotted bundles, little boys tapping donkeys forward, men in French-blue work clothes sauntering empty-handed. At all of them the driver sounded his horn. His stubby, gray-nailed hand fluttered on the contact rim, producing an agitated stammer beginning perhaps a hundred yards in advance and continuing until the person, who usually moved only to turn and scowl, had been passed. Since the road was well travelled, the noise was practically uninterrupted, and after the first half hour nagged Bech like a toothache. He asked Petrescu, "Must he do that?"

"Oh, yes. He is a conscientious man."

"What good does it do?"

Petrescu, who had been developing an exciting thought on Mark Twain's infatuation with the apparatus of capitalism, which had undermined his bucolic genius, indulgently explained, "The bureau from which we hire cars provides the driver. They have been precisely trained for this profession."

Bech realized that Petrescu himself did not drive. He reposed in the oblivious trust of an airplane passenger, legs crossed, sunglasses in place, issuing smoother and smoother phrases, while Bech leaned forward desperately, braking on the empty floor, twitching a wheel that was not there, trying to wrench the car's control away from this atrociously unrhythmic and brutal driver. When they went through a village, the driver would speed up and intensify the mutter of his honking; clusters of peasants and geese exploded in disbelief, and Bech felt as if gears, the gears that space and engage the mind, were clashing. As they ascended into the mountains, the driver demonstrated his technique with curves: he approached each like an enemy, accelerating, and at the last moment stepped on the brake as if crushing something underfoot. In the jerking and swaying, Petrescu grew pale. His blue jaw acquired a moist sheen and issued phrases less smoothly. Bech said to him, "This driver should be locked up. He is sick and dangerous."

"No, no, he is a good man. These roads, they are difficult."

"At least please ask him to stop twiddling the horn. It's torture."

Petrescu's eyebrows arched, but he leaned forward and spoke in Rumanian.

The driver answered; the language clattered in his mouth, though his voice was soft.

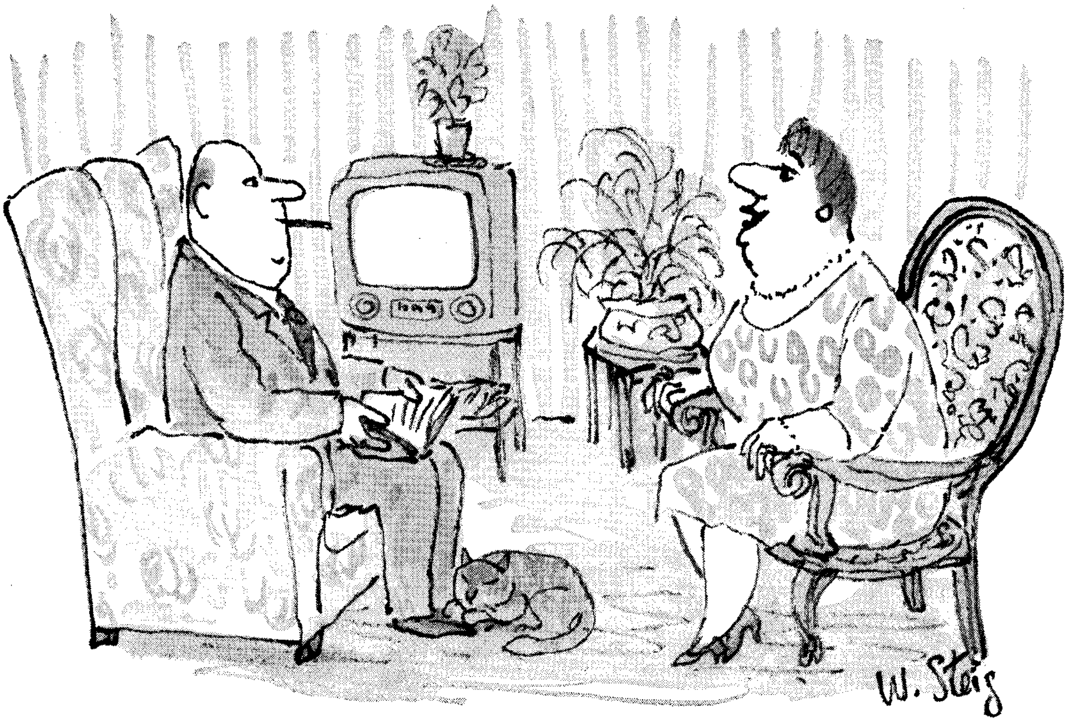
Petrescu told Bech, "He says it is a safety precaution."

"Oh, for Christ's sake!"

Petrescu was truly puzzled. He asked, "In the States, you drive your own car?"

"Of course, everybody does," Bech said, and then worried that he had hurt the feelings of this Socialist, who must submit to the aristocratic discomfort of being driven. For the remainder of the trip, he held silent about the driver. The muddy lowland fields with Mediterranean farmhouses had yielded to fir-dark hills bearing Germanic chalets. At the highest point, the old boundary of Austria-Hungary, fresh snow had fallen, and the car, pressed ruthlessly through the ruts, brushed within inches of some children dragging sleds. It was a short downhill distance from there to Braşov. They stopped before a newly built pistachio hotel. The jarring ride had left Bech with a headache. Petrescu stepped carefully from the car, licking his lips; the tip of his tongue showed purple in his drained face. The driver, as composed as raked ashes no touch of wind has stirred, changed out of his gray driving coat, checked the oil and water, and removed his lunch from the trunk. Bech examined him for some sign of satisfaction, some betraying trace of malice, but there was nothing. His eyes were living smudges, and his mouth was the mouth of the boy in the class who, being neither strong nor intelligent, has developed insignificance into a positive character trait that does him some credit. He glanced at Bech without feeling; yet Bech suddenly wondered if the man did not understand a little English.

IN Braşov the American writer and his escort passed the time in harmless sightseeing. The local museum contained peasant costumes. The local castle contained armor. The Lutheran cathedral was surprising; Gothic lines and scale had been wedded to clear glass and an austerity of decoration, noble and mournful, that left one, Bech felt, much too alone with God. He felt the Reformation here as a desolating wind, four hundred years ago. From the hotel roof, the view looked sepia, and there was an empty swimming pool, and wet snow on the lacy metal chairs. Petrescu shivered and went down to his room. Bech changed neckties and went down to the bar. Chubby Checker bubbled from the walls. The bartender understood what a Martini was, though he used equal parts of gin and vermouth. The clientele was young, and many spoke Hungarian, for Transylvania had



"George, suppose you had just one wish."

TWO HAPPENINGS IN BOSTON

I. A DISAPPEARANCE IN WEST CEDAR STREET

Did Shriner die or make it to New York?
In his side room, across the hall from mine,
Wide windows air bare ticking. On a line
Outside, clean sheets flap. Samples of his work

Litter the closet: a barbed, wiry nude
In his hirsute pen line; a sketch of me
In ink and wash; a torn gouache of three
Pears on a windowsill. A cache of food—

Saltines, Velveeta Cheese, dried apricots—
Hid in a cairn of bags is now laid bare.
Also a bathrobe belt, a sock, a pair
Of sneakers with frayed laces tied in knots,

A paperback "Candide." Did Shriner die
While I was on the Cape? Did his cough stop
Dead in the welfare ward? Did a blue cop
Wheel Shriner out under the summer sky?

Or did he make it to New York? Did his
Ship dock at last at Fifty-seventh Street?
Did angels, agents, and collectors meet
His price for life? Is that where Shriner is?

Does he sit down now in Minetta's late
With mistresses and models on each hand?
And is his name an icon in the land
Of mind and matter southward of Hell Gate?

Gray curtains flutter. A tall smell of pork
Ascends the stairs. The landlady below
Tells me in broken English she don't know.
Did Shriner die or make it to New York?

II. A READING IN HUNTINGTON AVENUE

Hernando Milton, scion of the gray
Daylight that realizes all the stale
Unprofitable flats of the Fenway,
Halftone from head to foot, beyond the pale

Of ordinary people, reads his play
Aloud in the Alliance of the Arts,
Heard out by the dried flower of the Back Bay,
In moulting foxes, as he takes all parts.

That phalanx of once-marbled womanhood,
Whose forties closed their minds and shut their hearts,
Adores to hear the son of the late good
Nan Makepeace, sadly laid low by the darts

Of two degenerative diseases, lewd
Behavior by her disappearing husband (missed
Alone by whisperers), extremely rude
News of her son, and one obituarist.

Hernando Makepeace Milton, known as Nan
(Just like his mother) to a little list
Of boys on Beacon Hill, reads with élan
To the foxed ladies who will miss the gist,

With luck, of his verse play, entitled "Pan
And Hemp," and wholly dedicated to
The keen sensations of a happy man
(Himself) while smoking hashish. No one who

Savors the sound of words like a devotee
Of the Alliance of the Arts dares do
More than lie back and let a lurid sea
Of tone colors ravish her hairdo.

The baby-blue spot points to the last dance
Spun out by Milton, whose whole face is blue
With that light and the onset of a trance
Of *cannabis indica*. The play comes true.

—L. E. SISSMAN

• •

been taken from Hungary after the war. One plausible youth, working with Bech's reluctant French, elicited from him that he was *un écrivain*, and asked for his autograph. But this turned out to be the prelude to a proposed exchange of pens, in which Bech lost a sentimentally cherished Esterbrook and gained a nameless ball-point that wrote red. Bech wrote three and a half postcards (to his mistress, his mother, his publisher, and a half to his editor at *Commentary*) before the red pen went dry. Petrescu, who neither drank nor smoked, finally appeared. Bech said, "My hero, where have you been? I've had four Martinis and been swindled in your absence."

Petrescu was embarrassed. "I've been shaving."

"Shaving!"

"Yes, it is humiliating. I must spend each day one hour shaving, and even yet it does not look as if I have shaved, my beard is so obdurate."

"Are you putting blades in the razor?"

"Oh, yes, I buy the best and use two upon each occasion."

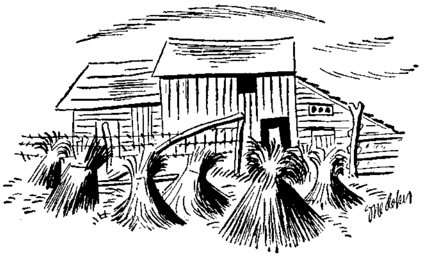
"This is the saddest story I've ever heard. Let me send you some decent blades when I get home."

"Please, do not. There are no blades better than the blades I use. It is merely that my beard is phenomenal."

"When you die," Bech said, "you can leave it to Rumanian science."

"You are ironical."

In the restaurant, there was dancing—the Tveest, the Hully Gullee, and chain formations that involved a lot of droll hopping. American dances had become here innocently birdlike. Now and then a young man, slender and with hair combed into a parrot's peak, would leap into the air and seem to hover, emitting a shrill palatal cry. The men in Rumania appeared lighter and more fanciful than the women, who moved, in their bell-skirted cocktail dresses, with a wooden stateliness perhaps inherited from their peasant grandmothers. Each girl who passed near their table was described by Petrescu, not humorously at first, as a "typical Rumanian beauty."



"And this one, with the orange lips and eyelashes?"

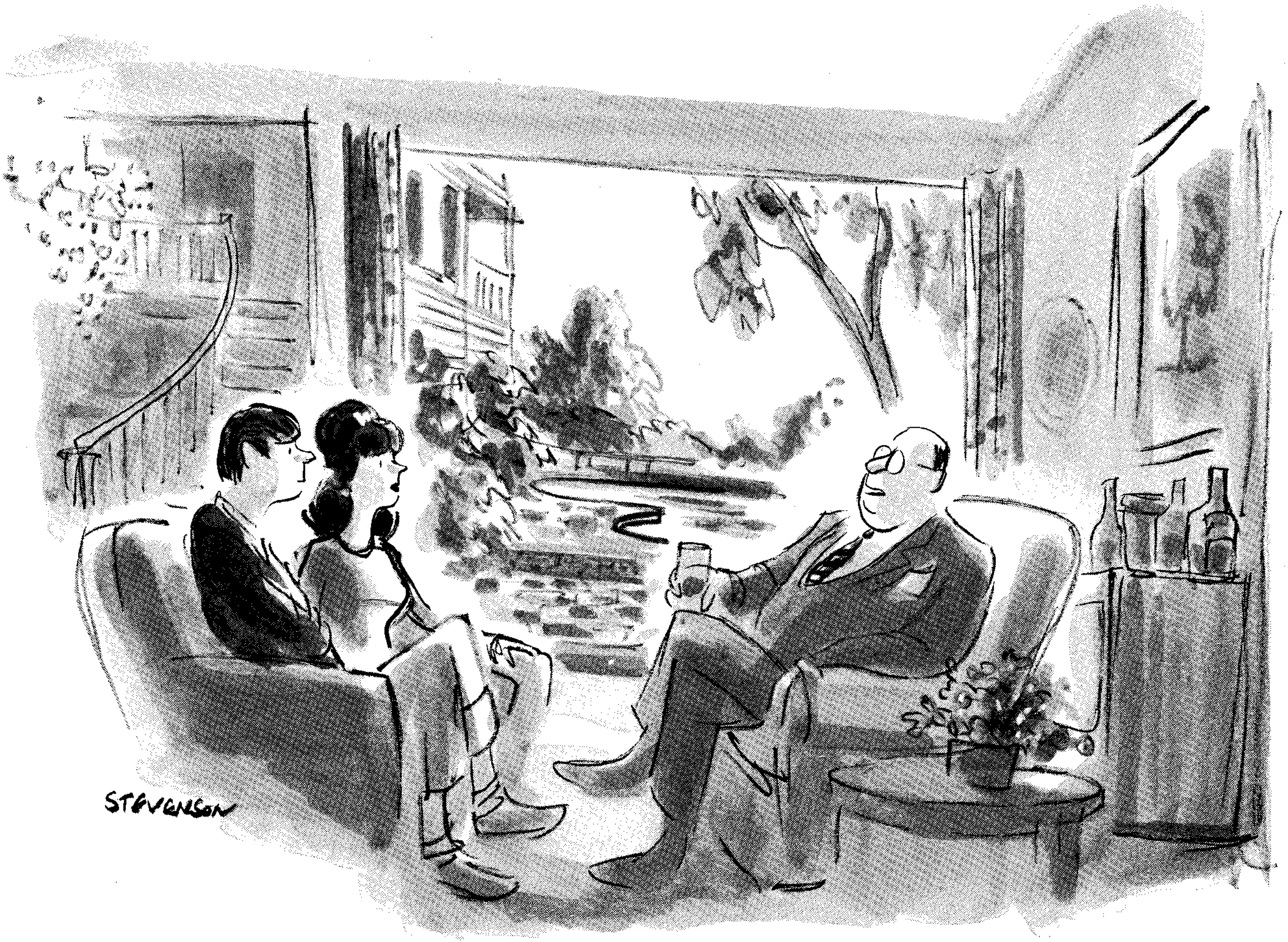
"A typical Rumanian beauty. The cheekbones are very classical."

"And the blonde behind her? The small plump one?"

"Also typical."

"But they are so different. Which is more typical?"

"They are equally. We are a perfect



"I don't disapprove of dissent, young man. I just don't happen to know a heck of a lot about it."

• •

democracy." Between spates of dancing, a young chanteuse, more talented than the one in the Bucharest hotel, with curlier hair and a bouncier manner, took the floor with a microphone. She had learned, probably from free-world films, that terrible mannerism of strenuousness whereby every note, no matter how accessibly placed and how flatly attacked, is given a facial aura of immense accomplishment. Her smile, at the close of each number, triumphantly combined a conspiratorial twinkle, a sublime humility, and the dazed self-congratulation of post-coital euphoria. Yet, beneath the artifice, the girl had life. Bech was enchanted by a number, in Italian, that involved animated pouting and finger-scolding and placing of the fists on the hips. Petrescu explained that the song was the plaint of a young wife whose husband was always attending soccer matches and never stayed home with her. Bech asked, "Is she also a typical Rumanian beauty?"

"I think," Petrescu said, with a purr Bech had not heard before, "she is a typical little Jewess."

The drive, late the next afternoon, back to Bucharest was worse than the one out, for it took place partly in the dark. The driver met the challenge with increased speed and redoubled honking. In a rare intermittence of danger, a straight road near Ploeşti where only the oil rigs relieved the flatness, Bech asked, "Seriously, do you not feel the insanity in this man?" Five minutes before, the driver had turned to the back seat and, showing even gray teeth in a tight tic of a smile, had remarked about a dog lying dead beside the road. Bech suspected that most of the remark had not been translated.

Petrescu said, crossing his legs in the effete and weary way that had begun to exasperate Bech, "No, he is a good man, an extremely kind man, who takes his work too seriously. In that he is like the beautiful Jewess whom you so much admired."

"In my country," Bech said, " 'Jewess' is a kind of fighting word."

"Here," Petrescu said, "it is merely descriptive. Let us talk about Herman Melville. Is it possible to you that 'Pierre' is a yet greater work than 'The White Whale'?"

"No, I think it is yet not so great, possibly."

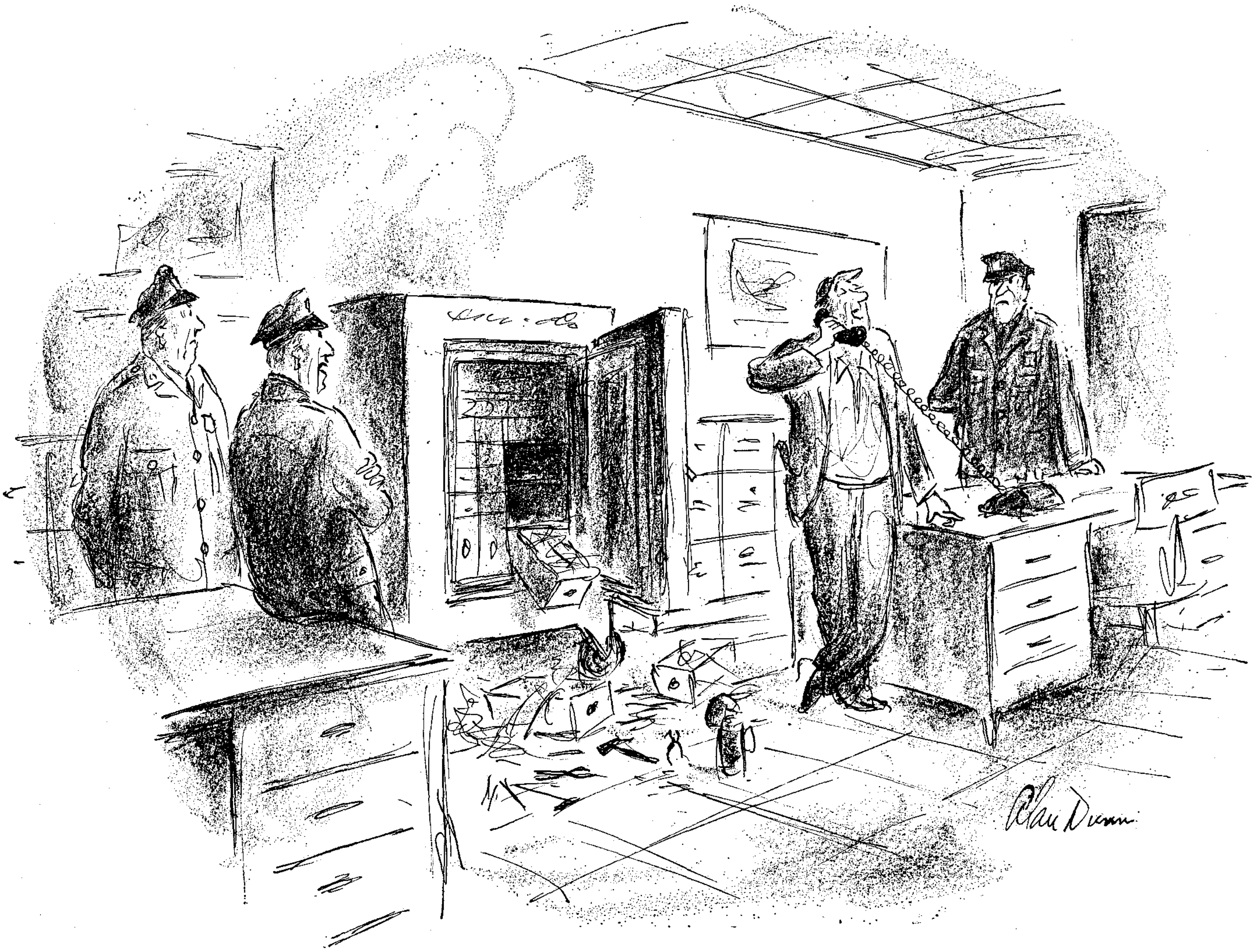
"You are ironical about my English. Please excuse it. Being prone to motion sickness has discollected my thoughts."

"Our driver would discollect anybody's thoughts. Is it possible that he is the late Adolf Hitler, kept alive by Count Dracula?"

"I think not. Our people's uprising in 1944 fortunately exterminated the Fascists."

"That is fortunate. Have you ever read, speaking of Melville, 'Omoo'?"

Melville, it happened, was Bech's favorite American author, in whom he felt united the strengths that were later to go the separate ways of Dreiser and James. Throughout dinner, back at the hotel, he lectured Petrescu about him. "No one," Bech said—he had ordered a full bottle of white Rumanian wine, and his tongue felt agile as a butterfly—"more courageously faced our native terror. He went for it right between its wide-set little pig eyes, and it shattered his genius like a lance." He poured himself more wine. The hotel



"Remember the good old days, when all we had to do was say, 'Fess up'?"

• •

chanteuse, who Bech now noticed had buck teeth as well as gawky legs, stalked to their table, untangled her feet from the microphone wire, and favored them with a French version of "Some Enchanted Evening."

"You do not consider," Petrescu said, "that Hawthorne also went between the eyes? And the laconic Ambrose Bierce?"

"*Quelque soir enchanté*," the girl sang, her eyes and teeth and earrings glittering like the facets of a chandelier.

"Hawthorne blinked," Bech said, "and Bierce squinted."

"*Vous verrez l'étranger . . .*"

"I worry about you, Petrescu," Bech continued. "Don't you ever have to go home? Isn't there a Frau Petrescu, Madame, or whatever, a typical Rumanian, never mind." Abruptly he felt steeply lonely.

In bed, when his room had stopped the gentle swaying motion with which it had greeted his entrance, he remembered the driver, and the man's neatly combed death-gray face seemed the face of everything foul, stale, stupid, and uncontrollable in the world. He had seen that tight tic of a smile before. Where? He remembered. West Eighty-sixth Street, coming back from Riverside Park, a childhood playmate, with whom he always argued, and was always right, and always lost. Their ugliest quarrel had concerned comic strips, whether or not the artist—Segar, say, who drew Popeye, or Harold Gray of Little Orphan Annie—whether or not the artist, in duplicating the faces from panel to panel, day after day, traced them. Bech had maintained, obviously, not. The other boy had insisted that some mechanical process was used. Bech tried to explain that it was not such a difficult feat, that just as one's handwriting is always the same, so— The other boy, his face clouding, said it wasn't possible. Bech explained, what he felt so clearly, that everything was possible for human beings, with a little training and talent, that the ease and variation of each panel proved— The other face had become totally closed, with a density quite inhuman, as it steadily shook "No, no, no," and Bech, becoming frightened and furious, tried to behead the other boy with his fists, and the boy in turn pinned him and pressed his face into the bitter grits of pebble and glass that coated the cement passageway between two apartment buildings. These unswept jagged bits, a kind of city topsoil, had enlarged under his eyes, and this experience, the magnification amidst pain of those negligible mineral flecks, had formed, perhaps, a vision. At any rate, it seemed to Bech, as he skidded into sleep, that his artistic gifts had been squandered in the attempt to recapture that moment of abrasive precision.

THE next day, his last full day in Rumania, Petrescu took him to an art museum where, amid many ethnic posters posing as paintings, a few sketches and sculpted heads by the young Brancusi smelled like saints' bones. The two men went on to the twenty years' industrial exhibit and admired rows of brightly painted machinery, like counters in some large international game. They visited shops, and everywhere Bech felt a desiccated pinkish elegance groping, out of eclipse, through the murky hardware of Sovietism, toward a rebirth of style. Yet there had been a tough and heroic naïveté in Russia that he missed here, where something shrugging and effete seemed to leave room for a vein of energetic evil. In the evening, they went to "*Patima de Sub Ulmi*."

Their driver, bringing them to the very door of the theatre, pressed his car forward through bodies, up an arc of driveway crowded with pedestrians. The people caught in the headlights were astonished; Bech slammed his foot on a phantom brake and Petrescu grunted and strained backward in his seat. The driver continually tapped his horn—a demented, persistent muttering—and slowly the crowd gave way around the car. Bech and Petrescu stepped, at the door, into the humid atmosphere of a riot. As the chauffeur, his childish small-nosed profile impassive, pressed his car back through the crowd to the street, fists thumped on the fenders.

Safe in the theatre lobby, Petrescu took off his sunglasses to wipe his face. His eyes were a tender bulging blue, with jaundiced whites; a scholar's tremor pulsed in his left lower lid. "You know," he confided to Bech, "that man our driver. Not all is well with him."

"You're kidding," Bech said.

O'Neill's starveling New England farmers were played as Russian muzhiks; they wore broad-belted coats and high black boots and kept walloping each other on the back. Abbie Cabot had become a typical Rumanian beauty, ten years past prime, with a beauty spot on one cheek and artful bare arms as supple as a swan's neck. Since their seats were in the center of the second row, Bech had a good if infrequent view down the front of her dress, and thus, ignorant of when the plot would turn her his way, he contentedly manufactured suspense for himself. But Petrescu, his loyalty to American letters affronted beyond endurance, insisted that they leave after the first act. "Wrong, wrong," he complained. "Even the pitchforks were wrong."

"I'll have the State Department send them an authentic American pitchfork," Bech promised.

"And the girl—the girl is not like that, not a coquette. She is a religious innocent, under economic stress."

"Well, scratch an innocent, find a coquette."

"It is your good nature to joke, but I am ashamed you saw such a travesty. Now our driver is not here. We are undone."

The street outside the theatre, so recently jammed, was empty and dark. A solitary couple walked slowly toward them. With surrealist abruptness, Petrescu fell into the arms of the man, walloping his back, and then kissed the calmly proffered hand of the woman. The couple was introduced to Bech as "a most brilliant young writer and his notably ravishing wife." The man, stolid and forbidding, wore rimless glasses and a bulky checked topcoat. The woman was scrawny; her face, potentially handsome, had been worn to its bones by the nervous burden of intelligence. She had a cold and a command, quick but limited, of English. "Are you having a liking for this?" she asked.

Bech understood her gesture to include all Rumania. "Very much," he answered. "After Russia, it seems very civilized."

"And who isn't?" she said. "What are you liking most?"

Petrescu roguishly interposed, "He has a passion for night-club singers."

The wife translated this to her husband; he took his hands from his overcoat pockets and clapped them. He was wearing leather gloves, so the noise was loud on the deserted street. He spoke, and Petrescu translated, "He says we should therefore, as hosts, escort you to the most celebrated night club in Bucharest, where you will see many singers, each more glorious than the preceding."

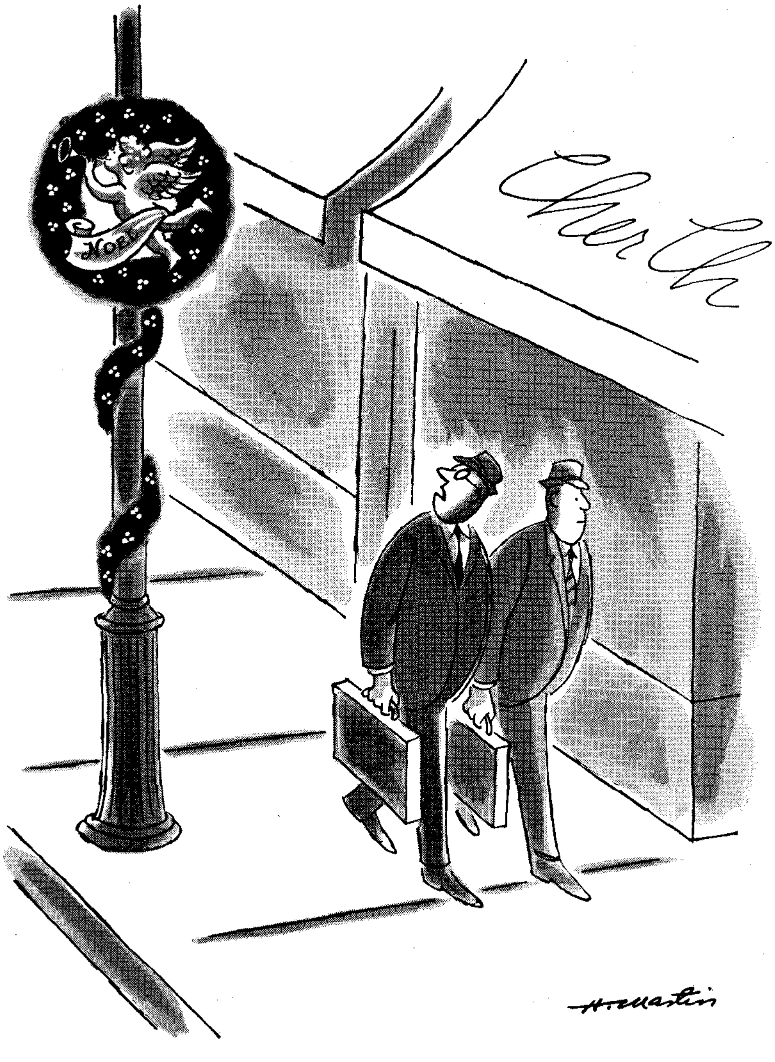
"But," Bech said, "weren't they going somewhere? Shouldn't they go home?" It worried him that Communists never seemed to go home.

"For why?" the wife cried.

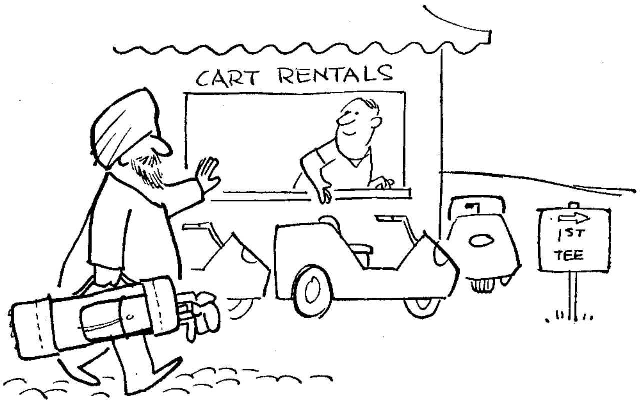
"You have a cold," Bech told her. Her eyes didn't comprehend. He touched his own nose, so much larger than hers. "*Un rhume.*"

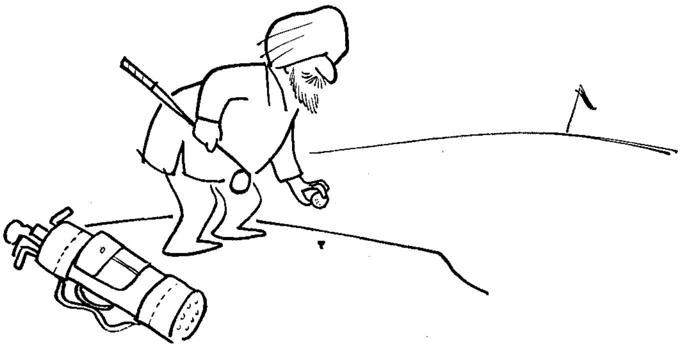
"Poh!" she said. "Itself takes care of tomorrow."

The writer owned a car, and he drove them, with the gentleness of a pedal boat, through a maze of alleys overhung by cornices suggestive of cake frosting, of waves breaking, of seashells, lion paws, unicorn horns, and cumulus clouds. They parked across the street from a blue sign, and went into a green doorway, and down a yellow set of stairs. Music approached them from one direction and a coat-check girl in net tights from the other. It was to Bech as if he were dreaming of an American night club, giving it the strange spaciousness of dreams. The main room had been conjured out of several basements—a cave hollowed from the underside of jeweller's



"It's hard to believe it's October already."





shops and vegetable marts. Tables were set in shadowy tiers arranged around a central square floor. Here a man with a red wig and mascaraed eyes was talking into a microphone, mincingly. Then he sang, in the voice of a choirboy castrated too late. A waiter materialized. Bech ordered Scotch, the other writer ordered vodka. The wife asked for cognac and Petrescu for mineral water. Three girls dressed as rather naked bicyclists appeared with a dwarf on a unicycle and did some unsmiling gyrations to music while he pedalled among them, tugging bows and displacing straps. "Typical Polish beauties," Petrescu explained in Bech's ear. He and the writer's wife were seated on the tier behind Bech. Two women, one a girl in her teens and the other a heavy old blonde, perhaps her mother, both dressed identically in sequined silver, did a hypnotic, languorous act with tinted pigeons, throwing them up in the air, watching them wheel through the shadows of the night club, and holding out their wrists for their return. They juggled with the pigeons, passed them between their legs, and for a climax the elderly blonde fed an aquamarine pigeon with seeds held in her mouth and fetched, one by one, onto her lips. "Czechs," Petrescu explained. The master of ceremonies reappeared in a blue wig and a toreador's jacket, and did a comic act with the dwarf, who had been fitted with papier-mâché horns. An East German girl, flaxen-haired and apple-cheeked, with the smooth columnar legs of the very young, came to the microphone dressed in a brief parody of a cowgirl outfit and sang, in English, "Dip in the Hot of Texas" and "Allo Cindy Lou, Gootbye Hot." She pulled guns from her hips and received much pro-American applause, but Bech was on his third Scotch and needed his hands to hold cigarettes. The Rumanian writer sat at the table beside him, a carafe of vodka at his elbow, staring stolidly at the floor show. He looked like the young Theodore Roosevelt, or perhaps McGeorge Bundy. His wife leaned forward and said in Bech's ear, "Is just like home, hey? Texas is ringing bells?" He decided she was being sarcastic. A fat man in a baggy maroon tuxedo set up a long table and kept eight tin plates twirling on the ends of flexible sticks. Bech thought it was miraculous, but the man was booed. A touching black-haired girl from Bulgaria hesitantly sang three atonal folk songs into a chastened silence. Three women behind Bech began to chatter hissingly. Bech turned to rebuke them and was stunned by the size of their wristwatches, which were man-sized, as in Russia. Also, in turning he had surprised Petrescu and the writer's wife holding hands. Though it was after midnight, the customers were still coming in, and the floor show refused to stop. The Polish girls returned dressed as ponies and jumped through hoops the dwarf held for them. The master of ceremonies reappeared in a striped bathing suit and black wig and did an act with the dwarf involving a stepladder and a bucket of water. A black dancer from Ghana twirled firebrands in the dark while slapping the floor with her bare feet. Four Latvian tumblers performed on a trampoline and a seesaw. The Czech mother and daughter came back in different costumes, spangled gold, but performed the identical act, the pigeons whirring, circling, returning, eating from the mother's lips. Then five Chinese girls from Outer Mongolia—

"My God," Bech said, "isn't this ever going to be over?"

The writer's wife told him, "For your money, you really gets."

Petrescu and she conferred and decided it was time to go. One of the big wristwatches behind Bech said two o'clock. In leaving, they had to pass around the Chinese girls, who, each clad in a snug beige bikini, were concealing and revealing their bodies amid a weave of rippling colored flags. One of the girls glanced sideways at Bech, and he blew her a pert kiss, as if from a train window. Their yellow bodies looked fragile to him; he felt that their bones, like the bones of birds, had evolved hollow, to save weight. At the mouth of the cave, the effeminate master of ceremonies, wearing a parrot headdress, was conferring with the hat-check girl. His intent was plainly heterosexual; Bech's head reeled at such duplicity. Though they added the weight of his coat to him, he rose like a balloon up the yellow stairs, bumped out through the green door, and stood beneath the blue light inhaling volumes of the cool Rumanian night.

He felt duty-bound to confront the other writer. They stood, the two of them, on the cobbled pavement, as if on opposite sides of a transparent wall one side of which was coated with Scotch and the other with vodka. The other's rimless glasses were misted and the resemblance to Teddy Roosevelt had been dissipated. Bech asked him, "What do you write about?"

The wife, patting her nose with a handkerchief and struggling not to cough, translated the question, and the answer, which was brief. "Peasants," she told Bech. "He wants to know, what do *you* write about?"

Bech spoke to him directly. "*La bourgeoisie*," he said; and that completed the cultural exchange. Gently bumping and rocking, the writer's car took Bech back to his hotel, where he fell into the deep, unapologetic sleep of the sated.

THE plane to Sofia left Bucharest the next morning. Petrescu and the ashen-faced driver came into the tall *fin de siècle* dining room for Bech while he was still eating breakfast—a finely seasoned omelette. Petrescu explained that the driver had gone back to the theatre, and waited until the ushers and the managers left, after midnight. But the driver did not seem resentful, and gave Bech, in the sallow morning light, a fractional smile, a *risus*

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sardonicus, in which his eyes did not participate. On the way to the airport, he scattered a flock of chickens an old woman was coaxing across the road, and forced a military transport truck onto the shoulder, while its load of soldiers gestured and jeered. Bech's stomach grovelled, bathing his breakfast in acid. The ceaseless tapping of the horn seemed a gnawing on all of his nerve ends. Petrescu made a fastidious mouth and sighed through his nostrils. "I regret," he said, "that we did not make more occasion to discuss your exciting contemporaries."

"I never read them. They're too exciting," Bech said, as a line of uniformed schoolchildren was narrowly missed, and a fieldworker with a wheelbarrow shuffled to safety, spilling potatoes. The day was overcast above the loamy sunken fields and the roadside trees in their skirts of white paint. "Why," he asked, not having meant to be rude, "are all these tree trunks painted?"

"So they are," Petrescu said. "I have not noticed this before, in all my years. Presumably it is a measure to defeat the insects."

The driver spoke in Rumanian, and Petrescu told Bech, "He says it is for the car headlights, at night. Always he is thinking about his job."

At the airport, all the Americans were there who had tried to meet Bech four days ago. Petrescu immediately delivered to Phillips, like a bribe, the name of the writer they had met last night, and Phillips said to Bech, "You spent the evening with *him*? That's fabulous. He's the top of the list, man. We've never laid a finger on him before; he's been inaccessible."

"Stocky guy with glasses?" Bech asked, shielding his eyes. Phillips was so pleased it was like a bright light too early in the day.

"That's the boy. For our money he's the hottest Red writer this side of Yevtushenko. He's *waaay* out. Stream of consciousness, no punctuation, everything. There's even some sex."

"You might say he's Red hot," Bech said.

"Huh? Yeah, that's good. Seriously, what did he say to you?"

"He said he'll defect to the West as soon as his shirts come back from the laundry."

"And we went," Petrescu said, "to La Caverne Bleue."

"Say," Phillips said, "you really went underground."

"I think of myself," Bech said modestly, "as a sort of low-flying U-2."

"All kidding aside, Henry"—and here Phillips took Bech by the arms and squeezed—"it sounds as if you've done a sensational job for us. Sensational. Thanks, friend."

Bech hugged everyone in parting—Phillips, the chargé d'affaires, the junior chargé d'affaires, the ambassador's twelve-year-old nephew, who was taking archery lessons near the airport and had to be dropped off. Bech saved Petrescu for last, and walloped his back, for the man had led him to remember, what he was tempted to forget in America, that reading can be the best part of a man's life.

"I'll send you razor blades," he promised, for in the embrace Petrescu's beard had scratched.

"No, no, I already buy the best. Send me books, any books!"

The plane was roaring to go, and only when safely, or fatally, sealed inside did Bech remember the driver. In the flurry of formalities and baggage handling there had been no goodbye. Worse, there had been no tip. The leu notes Bech had set aside were still folded in his wallet, and his start of guilt gave way, as the runways and dark fields tilted and dwindled under him, to a vengeful satisfaction and glad sense of release. Clouds blotted out the country. He realized that for four days he had been afraid. The man next to him, a portly Slav whose bald brow was beaded with apprehensive sweat, turned and confided something unintelligible, and Bech said, "*Pardon, je ne comprends pas. Je suis Américain.*"

—JOHN UPDIKE

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POPULAR STAMPS

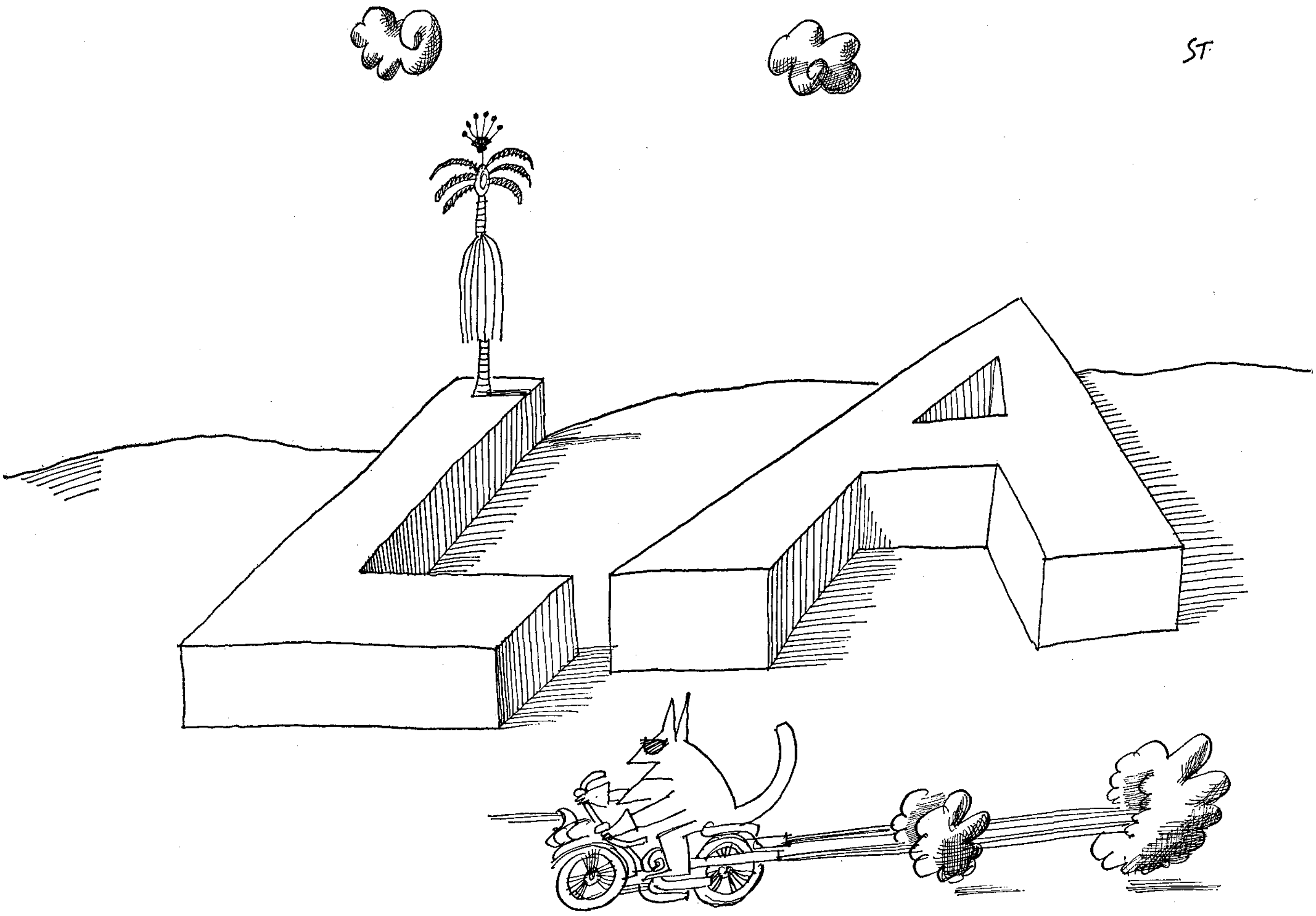
Before the rate change, the three-cent stamp was by far the Postal Department's best seller.—*Boston Globe.*

It was so *pretty*.

PROFILES

THE ULTIMATE CITY

II—THE MANAGEMENT OF INNOVATION



LOS ANGELES is forever being compared to San Francisco in one way or another, and particularly with regard to culture—both High Culture, in the form of community patronage of the arts, and the lowercase culture that means simply the people's way of life. During the past few years, much has been heard in Los Angeles about High Culture especially, for the city has been putting on a burst of High Cultural activity. Less than two years ago, an ambitious new Music Center was opened in the old downtown section of L.A.—as this enormous urban complex is generally called—and then last year a new art museum was opened on Wilshire Boulevard, the city's main axis. These developments have been hailed in the press, in speeches, and in conversation, and one feels that the local mood must be rather like that of New York in the heyday of Ward McAllister and the Astors and the Vanderbilts. Huge amounts of money are coming into town, and civic leaders are striving to convert it into something not crass but praiseworthy. There is a defensiveness in their efforts, reflecting the years during which L.A. has been scorned by other cities as a hick town. San Francisco is one of those other cities, and this fact enters into the present rivalry.

The two places have remarkably different histories. San Francisco has a superb harbor, and, for more than a century, has done a profitable business as a commercial, banking, and managerial center. The Gold Rush of '49 gave it a good start. The gold was actually mined or panned a hundred miles inland from San Francisco, but it came out through the city, and along the way it was often detached from its owners by the city's merchants, saloonkeepers, and lawyers. San Francisco changed from a frontier settlement to a capitalist center almost overnight. The process was given another boost by the riches of the Comstock Lode, in Nevada, in the eighteen-sixties. The Comstock, a silver bonanza, was two hundred miles inland, but it, too, gave its all, or almost all, to the building up of San Francisco; the new Comstock mines were developed mainly by San Francisco capital, and in cases where some lucky non-capitalist struck it rich, he generally moved to San Francisco and added his winnings to the general stake. From that time on, the place had a regional near monopoly of mining money and mining know-how. With some Eastern help, San Francisco leadership opened up other Western mines—copper, nickel, and so on—and went on to develop much of the Western lumbering and farming businesses. The city grew richer and richer, almost without direct effort, and certainly without anything as squalid as a big local industry. As a port, San Francisco had been cosmopolitan from the outset, and the spending of its rich men made it more so. Well back in the nineteenth century, French chefs and European musicians were being imported, and San Francisco families were making international marriages. Perhaps these things were done gaudily at first, but they took place more quietly as the decades passed, and by the nineteen-thirties, when I lived in San Francisco for a while, the process had become mellow and seemly. The city then had a good symphony orchestra, three good museums, a reputable population of writers and artists, many good restaurants, a couple of excellent universities in its suburbs, and an upper class consisting of bankers, lawyers, refined merchants, and other sedentary people steeped in the cultivated life. "San Francisco is to Los Angeles in the twentieth century exactly as Boston was to New York in the nineteenth," a student of California has told me. This statement may oversimplify things, but it does convey the general idea.

Not until well along in this century did Los Angeles get started as a city, and its first big money-making activities were very flashy; one was the movie industry, and another was the digging of oil wells in the midst of human settlements. The place became a laughingstock in the eyes of other cities, San Francisco included. Much of San Francisco's early population, which came largely by sea, had its origins on the East Coast or abroad. By contrast, Los Angeles built up its population from overland arrivals, which meant Midwesterners and, secondarily, Southeasterners. Even today, Midwesterners dominate L.A.'s immigration stream. A survey based on the 1960 census shows that most of the newcomers of the nineteen-fifties were born in Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, the Dakotas, Nebraska, or Kansas, though they tended to have come to L.A. via Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, or Wisconsin. In any case, they were Midwesterners, a people stereotyped in American folklore—for instance, as being derived mainly from Low Church Protestant stock, as having been, to start with, puritan and materialistic, as having an aversion to the colorful, as having been tellingly portrayed by Sinclair Lewis, and as being squares.

Midwesterners have been moving to Los Angeles for many decades now, and some are better acclimated than others. One summer day, I saw a crowd of the newer ones when I went to an Iowa reunion picnic in the L.A. subcommunity of Long Beach. (L.A. has many subcommunities within its borders as well as suburbs outside them.) Long Beach is a favorite haven for Midwestern immigrants, and Midwest state picnics are held in its Recreation Park on Saturdays throughout the summer. On this particular Saturday, I reached the park late in the morning and found scores of family groups already picnicking in the shade of big eucalyptus trees. The area was lovely, with cool green grass and deeper, cooler pools of eucalyptus shade. A few of the groups had mere sandwiches, but most had brought repasts suggesting Midwest paintings of the thirties by Grant Wood, Thomas Hart Benton, or John Steuart Curry. I saw ham, chicken, and other meats, baked beans, potato salad, sliced tomatoes, potato chips, melons, bananas, coffee, bottled pop, and pies. Placards bearing the names of Iowa counties had been fixed to the mottled eucalyptus trunks, each placard having a space beneath the name where emigrants from that county could enter their signatures. The trees were designated alphabetically—"CLINTON," "CRAWFORD," "DICKINSON," "DUBUQUE" in one line, and "MAHASKA," "MARION," "MARSHALL," "MILLS" in another. The county with the most signers appeared to be "POTTAWATTAMIE." Under the trees, old-timers were chatting. All in all, there were plenty of old people on the scene, but they didn't dominate it; the crowd was of all ages, with young people, children, and baby carriages much in evidence. The crowd looked rural to me, like the one at a county fair or trotting track—perhaps little different from a crowd back in Iowa, except that it was enjoying certain things, such as the eucalyptus and the sure good weather, that had not been available back there. I remembered what John Dos Passos had written, in his biography of Henry Ford in "U.S.A.," about the Midwestern weariness with farm life—with the cold, with the milking, with getting up early to do the chores. Some of the old-timers here must have known that weariness, I imagined.

Angelenos dislike comments on their old folks, and I have learned that they have reason to. Old people *are* attracted to L.A., by the climate and by liberal old-age benefits, and in certain parts of town they forgather in great numbers. Their main concentration is in the old downtown city, rather moribund at the moment, which one local writer has called a "geriatric ghetto." This area, which was the site of the city's original settlement, is situated about fifteen miles from the Pacific, at the junction of the main Negro ghetto, which extends for about ten miles south of the old city center (and of which the recently notorious Watts section is a small part), and the main Mexican ghetto, which extends to the east. A smaller concentration of old folks can be found in the section known as Sawtelle in the subcommunity of West Los Angeles, near a big veterans' hospital—a neigh-

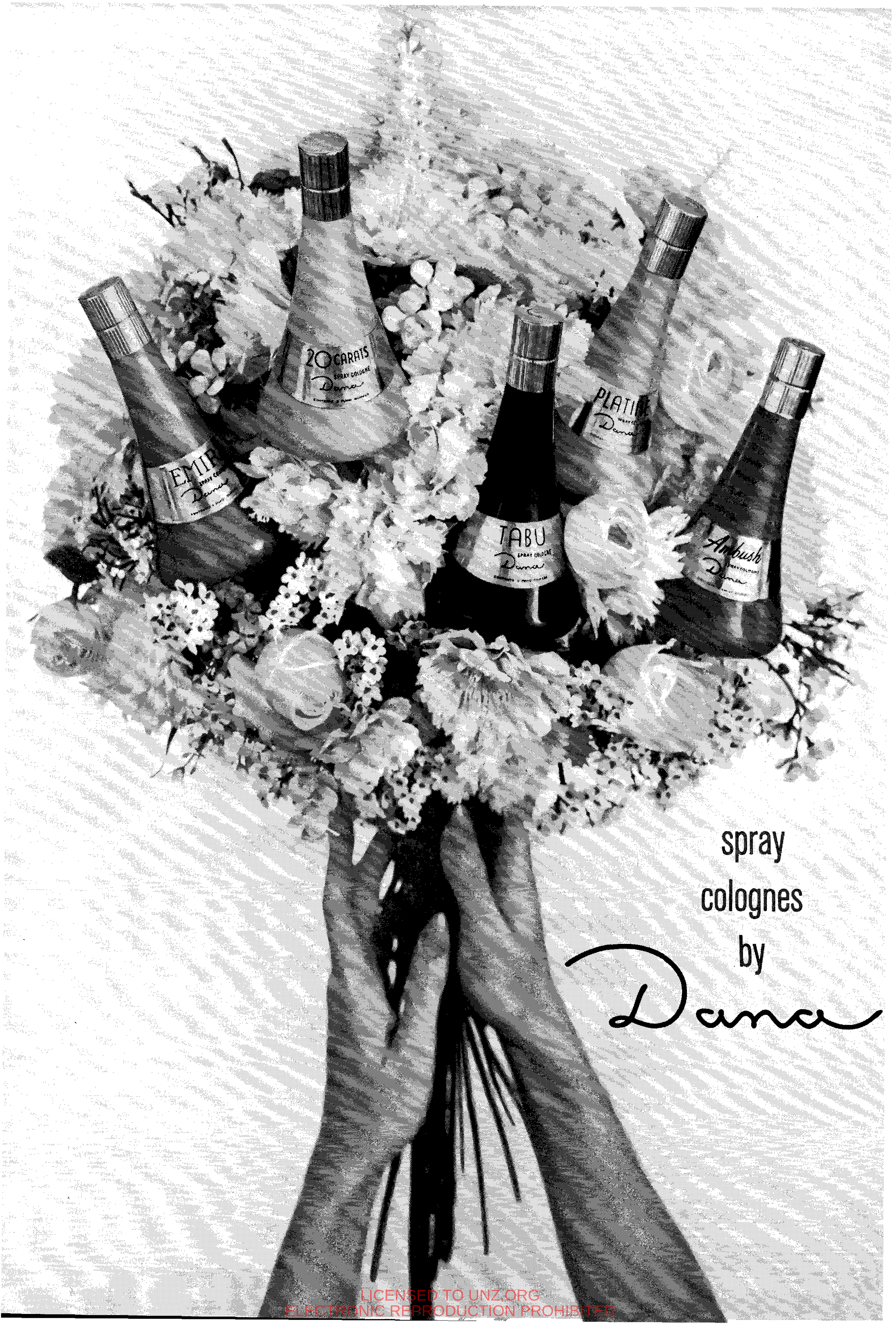
"Money's tight, and so am I!"

borhood otherwise largely populated by Mexicans, Japanese, and U.C.L.A. students—and a third concentration is in the subcommunity of Venice, a run-down beach resort, which the elderly share with Mexicans, beatniks, and Negroes. In these and other geriatric ghettos, the senior citizens find cheap rooms, cheap shops, cheap bars, and cheap eating houses, all within easy walking distance. When the Los Angeles population is assayed as a whole, the geriatric pockets prove to be no larger or more numerous than some that appear to be their exact opposite—communities, usually suburban, that are made up predominantly of married couples in their twenties or early thirties with perhaps two children each. Such young families are particularly numerous in L.A. Actually, the concentrations of old people and those of young adults both seem to be part of a single larger phenomenon—that of the American fragmented, or nuclear, family. Talcott Parsons, the Harvard sociologist, gives the nuclear family the credit for a great deal of our industrial efficiency, on the ground that it allows individuals to move with comparative freedom from place to place and from social class to social class, adapting themselves easily to new jobs and thus giving flexibility to the labor force. But Parsons and others also point out that the nuclear family makes for loneliness and malaise. They contrast it with the opposite concept—that of the "extended" family, which groups the "nucleus" with grandparents, aunts, cousins, and so on in the same household (a concept that happens to be well exemplified in L.A.'s Mexican community). In general, the members of an extended family are more stringently inhibited from engaging in geographical or social movement by their mutual interlinkings, but they give each other psychological reinforcement that is denied alike to the nuclear family's cast-off old folks and to its faring-forth, adventurous younger ones.

"What time do they change you?"

One Los Angeles psychiatrist told me that on most counts the city's mental health is better than outsiders believe—that essentially L.A. is no less healthy psychologically than other urban sections of America. "But it is a city of loneliness," he added. "The isolation of the old people here is tragic. The communities for the elderly now being built in southern California are cruel. To the extent that family breakdown is truly a feature of Los Angeles, it is bound to have far-reaching consequences. If you want to destroy a people, you must first destroy its family structure, and that will destroy its culture. This is what was done to the Negro slaves in America." He felt strongly about the weaknesses of the fragmented family, I gathered, but he didn't want to denigrate Los Angeles. In any event, evidences of the effects of loneliness can be found throughout L.A.; the popularity of radio is one, and so, in particular, is the popularity of radio "conversation" programs, during which listeners simply telephone in, one after another for hours, to discuss trivialities with the announcer.

IN coming to L.A., the puritan Midwesterner, young or old—but especially young—courts the ruin of his old values. The sun smiles, the waves break on the beaches, and a nearly effortless existence is possible; southern California has hordes of "beach bums," who do almost no gainful work but devote their time to loafing and improving their physiques. So the change from Iowa to L.A. can imply a change from austerity to hedonism, which oddly parallels the change that our whole nation has been going through over the past few generations. Religious faith made the Puritans who settled America austere. In their descendants, the faith often grew dim while the austerity lingered, if only in business prudence of the Poor Richard sort. And still later, with the prudence paying off—as it has so often done so spectacularly in our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economy—the austerity might be abandoned, in the Scott Fitzgerald manner, in favor of other interests. This process can be viewed as occurring in time (from the Reformation to now) and in space (from northern Europe across the Atlantic and then westward across America). In Los Angeles, hedonism is just about mandatory, and it has a technological side, which is most evident in throngs of sports cars and other expensive automobiles. Sports cars are everywhere on the freeways and boulevards, and to drive one is considered a proper exploitation of L.A.'s benefits; in the summer you often see youths stripped to the waist driving sports cars in the sunshine. L.A. is perhaps the world's greatest market for luxury cars of all kinds, and also its greatest center for the "customizing" of cars—the rebuilding of them into fancy racing jobs and other freak types. It is the greatest center for trailers, too; in fact, the whole trailer concept has probably been carried farther in southern California than anywhere else. A couple of years ago, two-story trailers made their appearance, and I saw pictures in the Los Angeles *Times* of a trailer whose insides had been designed by a licensed interior decorator (mainly in cool blues and greens). "Trailer" is really a misnomer in these cases; the vehicles are more commonly called mobile homes. They move infrequently, and then not behind their owners' cars but behind special trucks hired for the occasion. The mobile homes can have rooms as spacious as those of a modest house, and inevitably they come to have conventional home furnishings. Often they have small flower gardens outside, too. They make acceptable homes for many of the retired couples and other immigrants to L.A., and trailer parks are dotted through and around the city; I know a couple of parks on bluffs over the L.A. beaches, for instance, that offer really de-luxe housing on a compact scale.

Gadget love is a general American trait, of course; Los Angeles is special only in carrying it farther than other parts of the country do. A conspicuous example is the love of plumbing, which has been so famous a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant attribute through the periods of American and British affluence. (One might even say it was a Wasp attribute before Wasps, as such, existed, for surely the old Romans were the white Anglo-Saxon Protestants of their day.) In L.A., anyway, the tendency has reached its quintessence, with some houses having more bathrooms than bedrooms. I didn't

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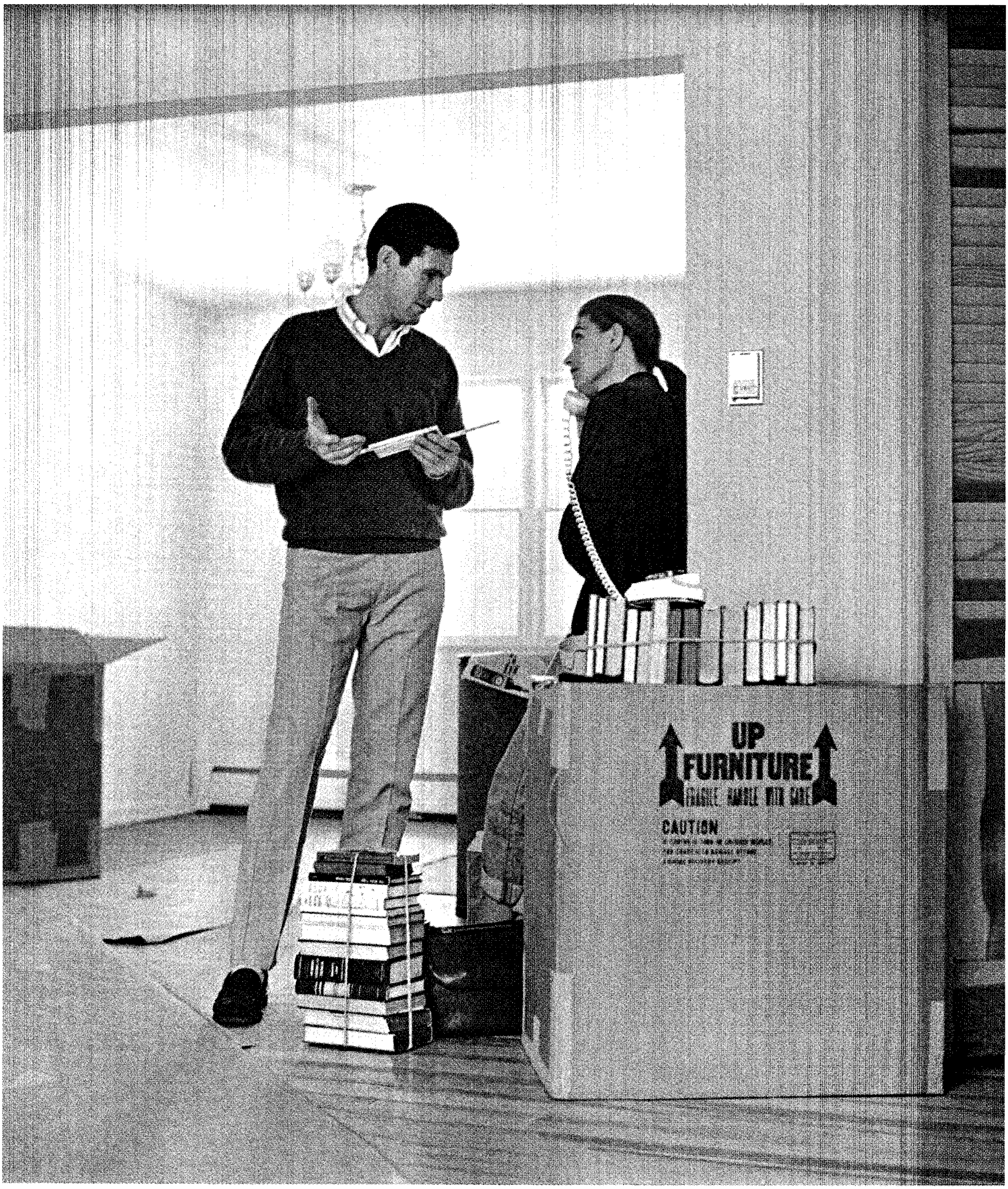
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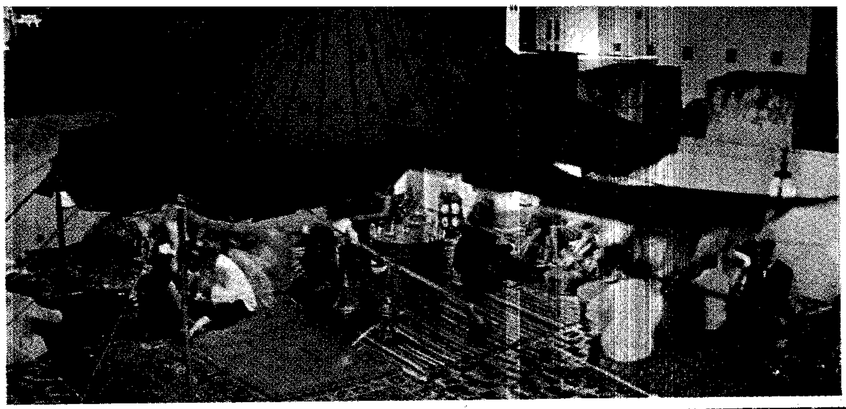

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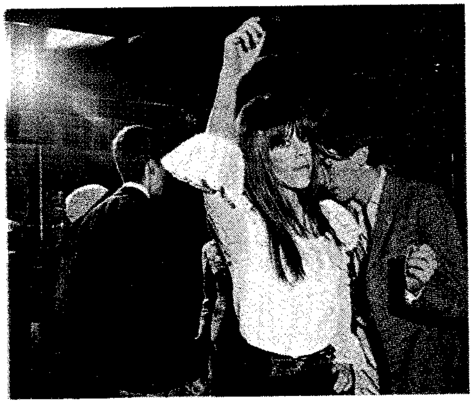

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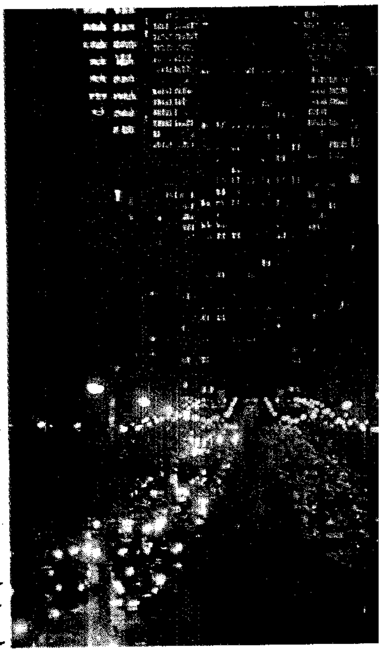

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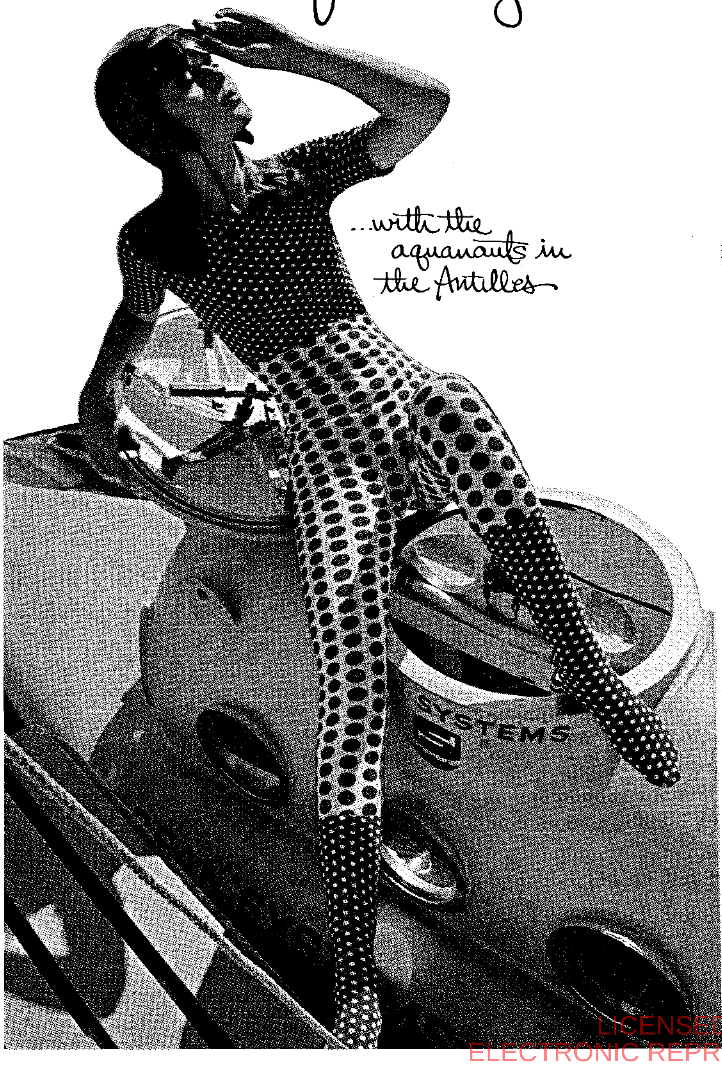

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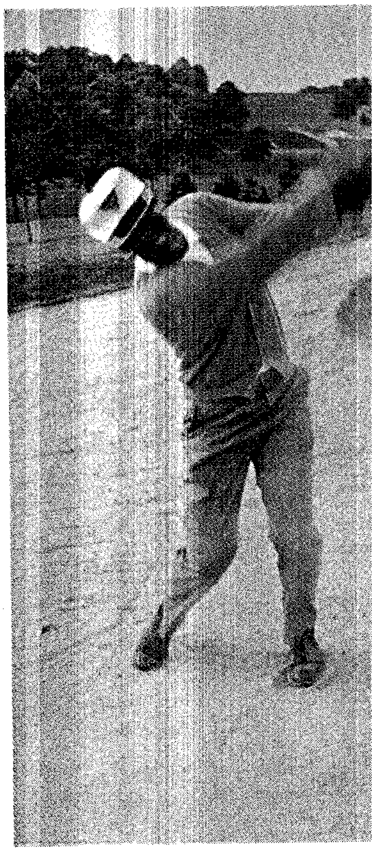

...with smooth swingers

believe this statistic when I first heard it, from a Los Angeles woman. She spoke of seeing a real-estate sign on a house that advertised "four bedrooms, five bathrooms, and pool." (Later, I myself saw a sign advertising a dwelling with "one bedroom and 1½ bathrooms.") The woman explained, "I wasn't really aware of this emphasis on plumbing until my husband and I visited Herculaneum and saw how the rich Romans had lived. Herculaneum was just like Los Angeles, I felt; there was no essential difference. Here in L.A., the bathroom is the whole thing. In the real-estate business, the bathroom is what sells the house."

More often, I suspect, the swimming pool is what sells the house. The role of the pool in the life of L.A. is somewhat like the role of the hearth in Western life from Homer on. It is what the guests and the family gather around. Poolside dining, poolside games, and poolside conversation all play a part in the social process here, and it may well be that the L.A. swimming pool, like the American TV set, is one of those odd factors in modern life that work to keep families together. Pools with views are desirable, but indoor pools are also good, and there are many of those in L.A. There are many half-indoor pools as well, and pools in patios, with pleasure domes or statuary or fountains or interesting masonry or tropical gardens around them. The art of the pool is coming into its own with L.A.'s prosperity, and no doubt much more will be heard of it.

Technology plays a part in L.A.'s juvenile delinquency, which in a number of ways has a distinctive local character. Elsewhere in America, juvenile delinquency is nearly always closely linked with minority groups and with slums, and although the riots in Watts conformed to this pattern, in the rest of L.A. it has often been overshadowed, at least in the newspapers, by the activities of young non-minority hoodlums drawn from white-collar families. These hoods form groups centered on sports like motorcycling, parachute jumping, and surfing, and they have arcane rituals, jargons, and ways of dressing that can be described as chivalric in a degraded way; they call to mind the latter-day, thuglike Japanese *ronin*, who followed a degraded form of an earlier chivalric ideal.

The most bloodcurdling expression of young gangsterism is probably the motorcycle cult. This cult is California-wide, but the biggest motorcycle gang, called Hell's Angels, originated in Fontana, in the L.A. hinterland, and the

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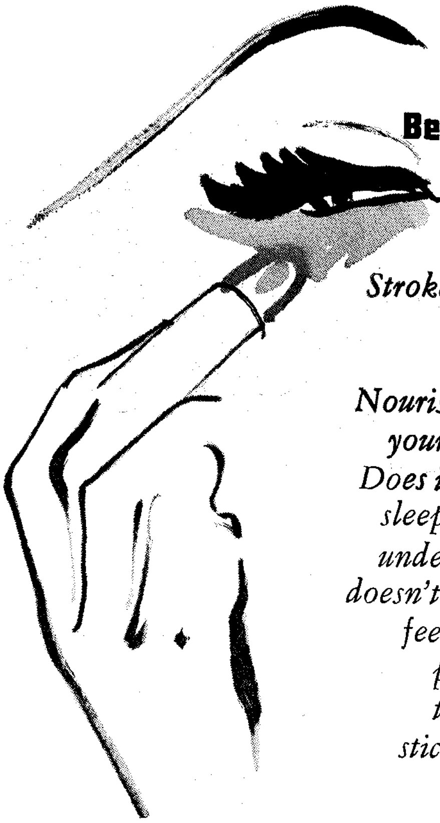
whole movement belongs as much to L.A. as to any other one place. The motorcycle hoods have been sketched perceptively in the Marlon Brando movie "The Wild One" and later in the underground movie "Scorpio Rising," which was made in 1963 and subsequently had some trouble with censorship because it was too specific about homosexual rites in the brotherhood. There has also been a good deal of news about the cult in the press. Over the 1964 Labor Day weekend, members of Hell's Angels invaded the Monterey Peninsula, on the central coast of California, in force. They terrorized the whole area (they were reported to have gang-raped two teenage girls) before a hastily assembled group of police expelled them. Later, Thomas C. Lynch, California's Attorney General, made a study of Hell's Angels at the request of the state senator from Monterey, Fred Farr. Lynch's report, issued last year, said that 466 members of Hell's Angels had records—among them, of 874 felony arrests, 300 felony convictions, 1,682 misdemeanor arrests, and 1,023 misdemeanor convictions. "Members have been observed wearing various types of Luftwaffe insignia and reproductions of German Iron Crosses," the report noted. "Many affect beards, and their hair is usually long and unkempt. Some wear a single earring in a pierced earlobe. Frequently they have been observed to wear metal belts made of a length of polished motorcycle drive chain, which can be unhooked and used as a flexible bludgeon." The report went on to list the acts of violence committed by the Angels, and also to comment on the "general filthy condition" of both the members and the girl friends who go along on their forays.

The violent acts are only one lurid side of the motorcycle cult, however. There are many motorcycle clubs besides Hell's Angels, and they all spend part of the time in relatively wholesome activities like country jaunts and hill climbing. The other outdoor cults likewise seem to mix wholesomeness and violence. Some time ago, I went to a parachute-jumping festival near Santa Barbara. I thought the young jumpers looked pretty tough, and later on I heard that after I had left they beat up a reporter who was trying to cover an accident that killed one of their number. I can only assume that rowdyism goes along with the daredevilry of their avocation.

The great local pastime of surfing, which has spread rapidly from L.A. to other parts of the country, is prac-



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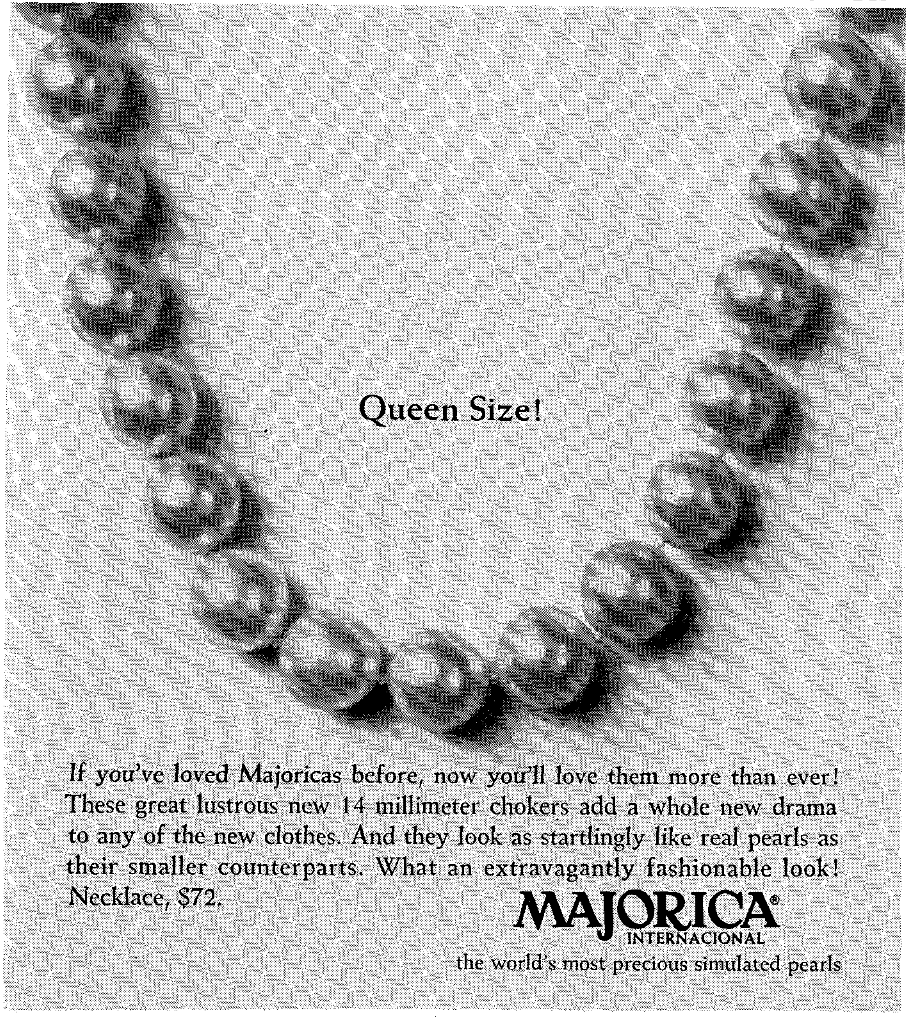

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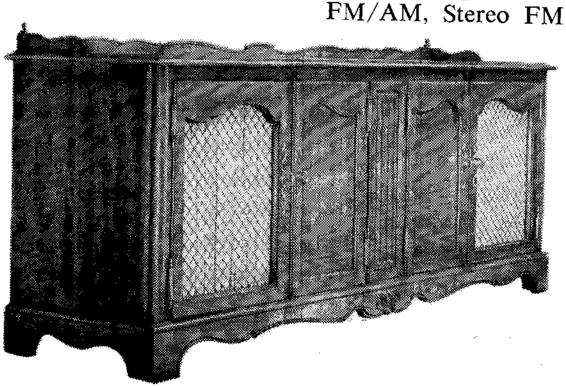

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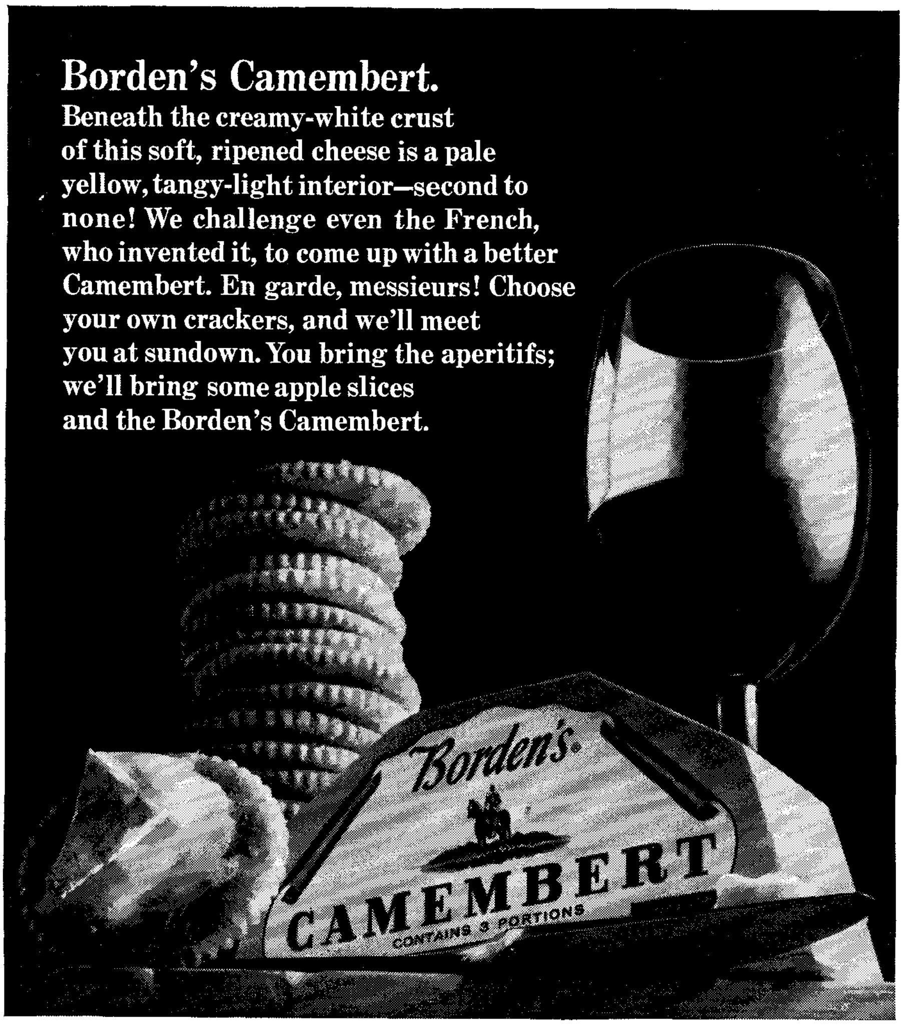

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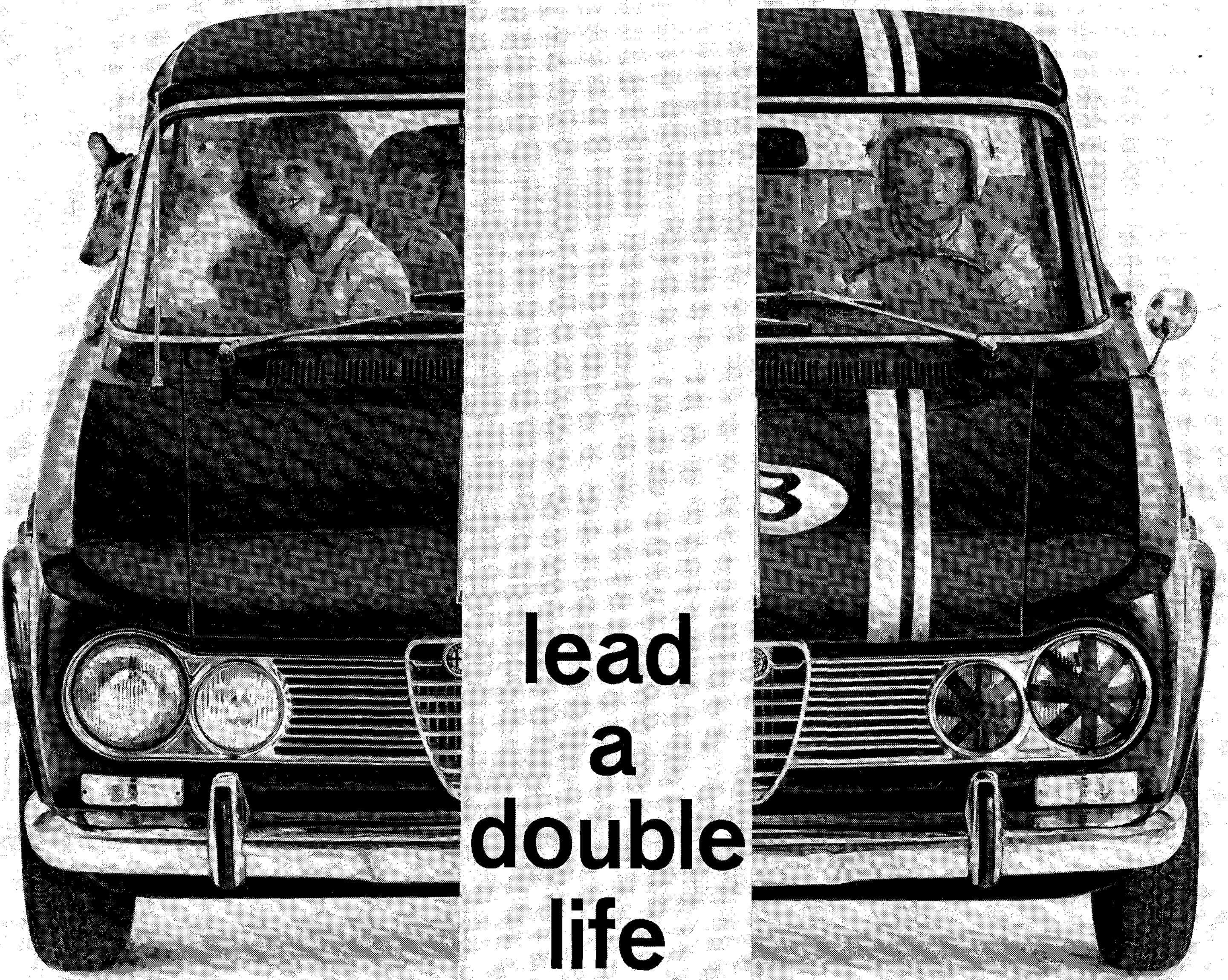
ticed on innumerable beaches of the megalopolis, from Santa Barbara down to Mexico. It is a younger sport than the other youth-cult ones, and is cheaper and, of course, less mechanized. A boy can take it up in his early teens—as soon as he is big enough to handle a board—and long before that he can start preparing for it on a skateboard. There is some violence in the surfing cult, often taking the form of mob scenes on the beaches in which the youths commit vandalism and try to terrorize lifeguards and other adults; at one beach riot recently the boys used walkie-talkie radios to warn each other about the movements of the police. But for most of its thousands of devotees surfing seems to be mainly an innocent, graceful sport. It is closely tied in with other parts of the youth culture. There are, of course, surfing songs of the rock-'n'-roll school, surfing dances of the Frug variety, and surfing magazines that carry literature allied to Beat writing.

ARCHITECTURALLY, Los Angeles still reveals a strong Spanish influence. There was a low period, a few decades ago, when this showed itself mainly in pompous and superficial imitations; typical of that phase were many badly designed movie houses and many residences of frame construction with red tiles on their roofs and walls covered with white stucco showing carefully obvious trowel strokes. (This was known in the trade as "Spanish plaster.") But the real Spanish influence goes deeper. For one thing, the California-style ranch house is directly descended from the old Spanish adobe; I have been told this by Los Angeles architects, and a look at the remaining old adobes—among them a charming one on Olvera Street, the Mexican show place in the downtown city—bears them out. Perfunctory ranch houses in subdivisions in the Northeast may be eyesores, but well-designed ones in the California sunshine are not, even if the original mud bricks have been replaced by wood or something else.

Another basic Spanish contribution is the patio, whose use is mixed up with such other local features as the barbecue and the swimming pool. The only thing wrong with the patio in Los Angeles life is that there is not more of it. The dominant house design here is the northern European one, with windows looking out from all four sides over a related domain, or, at least, patch of land, but there are reasons for preferring the Mediterranean design, with its blank outer walls and its windows



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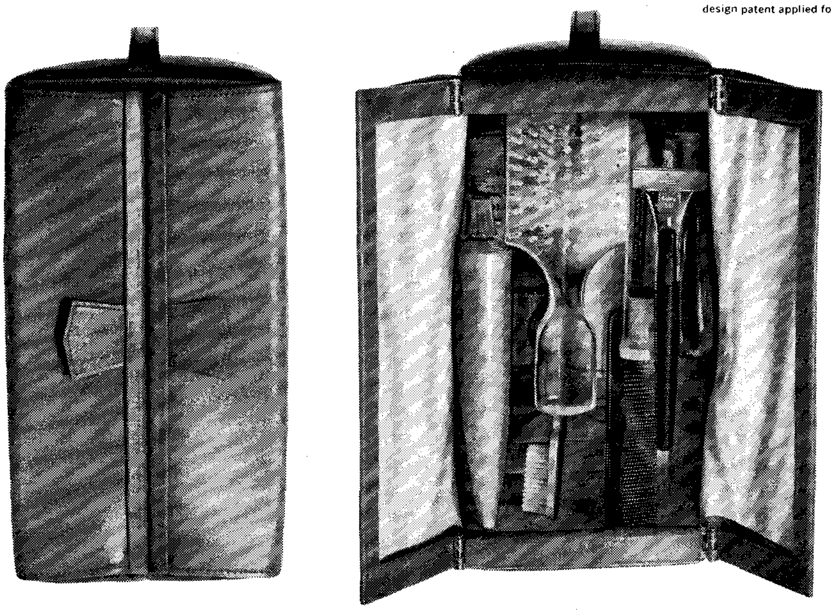

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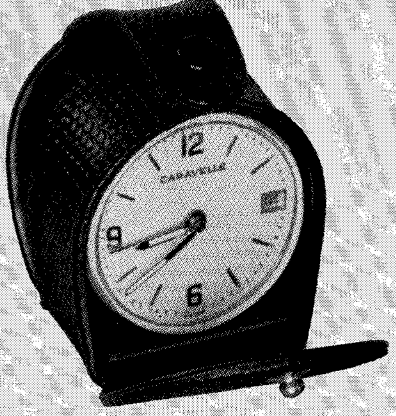

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looking on a central court; this takes up less space, at a time when space is getting short, and it also keeps out heat and glare. Los Angeles houses would almost certainly gain by having more patios in the true Spanish style, but what they most often have are compromises with the northern idea—that is, patios that amount to little more than elaborate back yards. Even these, though, are pleasant.

The anti-Spanish trend in Los Angeles architecture has been steadily reinforced since the twenties by the prestige of the northern European modern style, with its emphasis on glass. The style was imported by, among others, the Viennese architect Richard Neutra, who came to L.A. in 1924, and who has designed many buildings here—especially a group of houses in the Silver Lake district, north of the city's center, where he lives. These houses typically have big plate-glass windows—often on the western side, toward the sunset. They have inspired much ingenuity on the part of their owners in the devising of screens, awnings, and other light breakers, but even so a westward-facing man in a Neutra living room is apt to squint a great deal during an afternoon conversation. Thanks to Neutra, and to northern European architecture in general, the question of windows has become an issue in L.A. In a description of his long-range development plan for the University of California campus at Riverside, the local architect George Vernon Russell has written, "In contrast to the current widespread use of so-called 'International Style'—an architecture with northern European roots—respect must be shown our local climatic phenomena as well as our regional heritage—recent as the latter might be by Old World standards—and the stark and unprotected glass façade must be eschewed." And Russell has indeed been eschewing it in the buildings he has designed for the Riverside campus, which is out in the desert east of L.A. and is especially vulnerable to the sun. He has provided these buildings with, variously, neo-Spanish arcades, shaded space, cornices, sunbreakers à la Corbusier, and horizontal blindlike slats. If one visits Riverside on a summer day, one is thankful for these things, and cannot but feel that L.A. will turn back more toward Spanish shadiness as time goes on.

Of course, Neutra's L.A. houses have many fine qualities, despite the glariness; they have been praised for, among other things, their compactness, their elegance, and their indoor-outdoor quality. They help make the city a museum of good modern work, an aspect to which several Frank Lloyd Wright houses, as well as buildings by Marcel Breuer, Edward Durell Stone, and the team of Charles Eames and Eero Saarinen, also contribute. When Neutra arrived in L.A., the architecture of the place was notable chiefly for humdrum little bungalows. He helped to civilize it, by European standards, and in this he has been part of what is the most striking movement in the city's whole cultural history—the influence, over the past three or four decades, of exiled European artists and intellectuals. A similar influence has been felt by New York and by the Boston-Cambridge area, but Los Angeles has probably felt it more than any other place west of those points, and, having been culturally primitive, in relative terms, when the migration came, has gained a great deal from it. One thinks of the exiles as being Hitler refugees, but in fact some of them left Europe before Hitler rose to power, and some came from parts of Europe that Hitler never conquered. In general, they can be called refugees from the European troubles following the First World War—of which Hitlerism was, of course, the most virulent. Among the exiles who settled in L.A. were Thomas Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger, Bertolt Brecht, Franz Werfel, Igor Stravinsky, Arnold Schoenberg, Jascha Heifetz, Gregor Piatigorsky, and Artur Rubinstein. They were attracted by the climate, by the movies, and, with the passage of time, by the presence of other exiles. Almost without exception, they have settled in the western part of the city, in the foothills of the Santa Monica Mountains between Hollywood and the sea. Some exiles tarried for years in New York or the Midwest on their way to L.A.; others came quickly. The musicians, on the whole, were in the latter class. During the thirties, when most of the exiles were reaching America, the movie industry was adapting itself to sound, and many jobs were available in new studio orchestras. If a good musician landed in New York, I have been told, he would almost invariably travel right on out to L.A. and join one of these orchestras. The process made L.A. into a music center second only to New York in the Western Hemisphere—and greater than New York in some respects, such as in the amount of chamber music played. The exiles also improved L.A.'s standing in literature and in some of the other arts and professions, and they founded the profession of psychoanalysis

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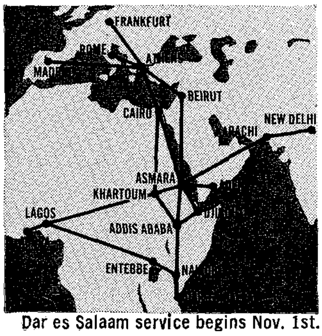

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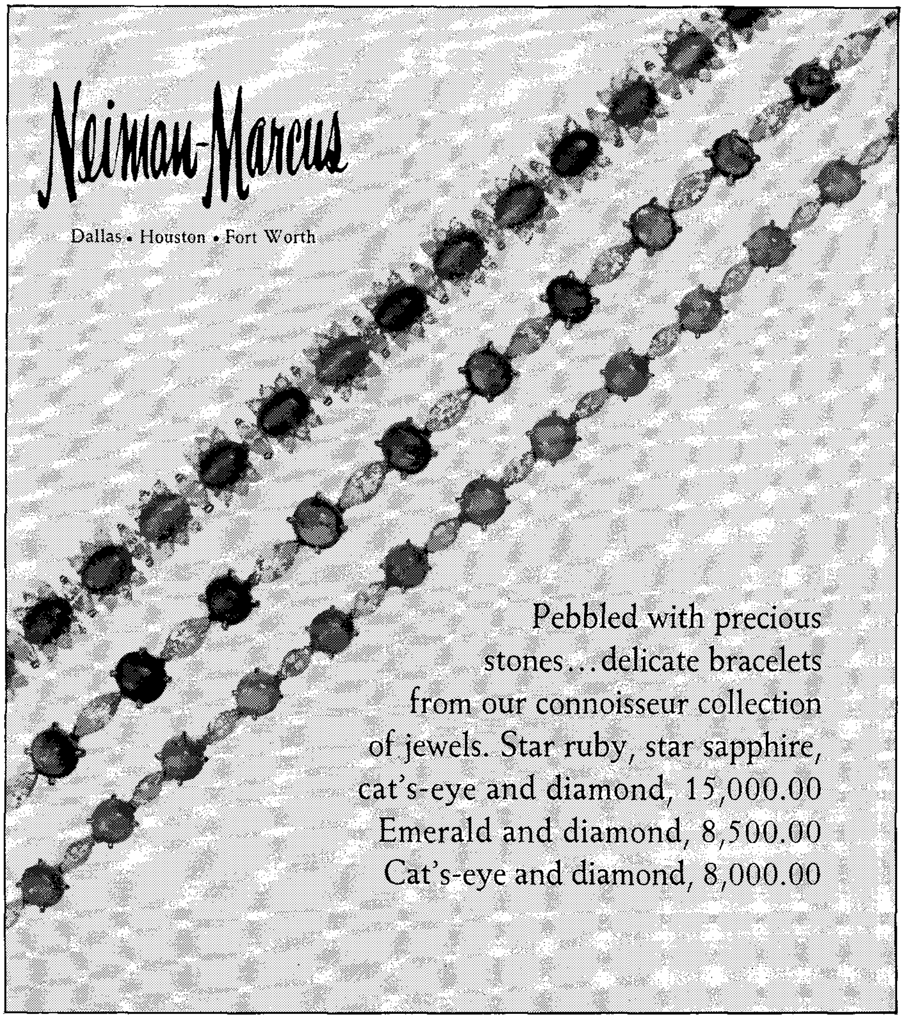

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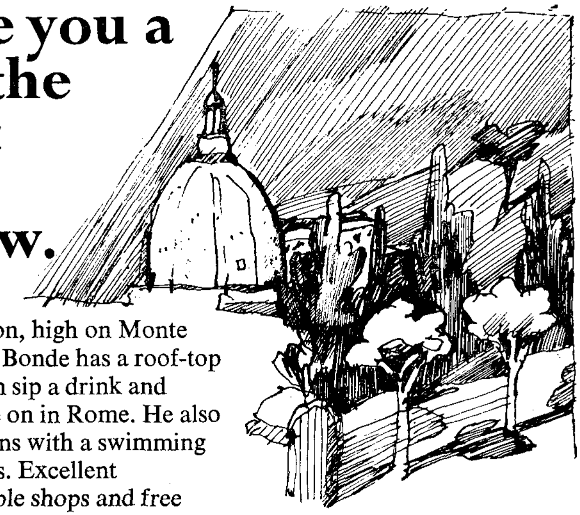

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here outright; it was imported in the thirties by Ernst Simmel, a pupil of Freud's, whose work was soon reinforced by that of a couple of other Freudians. The exiles also provided L.A. with a complement of book dealers, art dealers, art restorers, and so on. And, in their zeal for self-improvement, they encouraged U.C.L.A. to build up what is generally regarded as the best university extension service in the country. Adult education flourished, and so did the performing arts; a cultural boom was on. It would be wrong to call L.A. a cultural desert before the exiles' coming; it had several lush spots—most notably the Pasadena complex, including the Huntington Library, the Mount Wilson Observatory, and the California Institute of Technology—but as a whole the town was quite Philistine, and now it is much less so.

Los Angeles has been a creative place in respect to some technological developments, in particular the movie industry and the aerospace industry, but it has produced few creators of art. One seeks in vain for the name of an outstanding Los Angeles painter or sculptor. Some famous composers, including Stravinsky and Schoenberg, have worked or are working in L.A., but they have come from somewhere else. The same is true of writers. The more noted California writers, such as John Steinbeck, William Saroyan, Frank Norris, and Jack London, have been associated with San Francisco, and the better-known works about L.A. have been written by outsiders, such as Aldous Huxley, John O'Hara, Nathanael West, Evelyn Waugh, and S. J. Perelman. Most of these men have helped create a picture of L.A. that the Angelenos resent, yet the latter have failed to produce a real creative voice of their own. For its artists, as for many other kinds of workers, L.A. has depended on immigrants. The movie brains came from somewhere else, the aerospace brains came from somewhere else, and the musicians have come from somewhere else. (The painters still *are* somewhere else; it is their works that have been immigrating.)

The talent that the city has been showing in regard to all these things—including the cultural achievements it is now glorying in—has been mainly entrepreneurial; it has put the immigrant abilities together successfully. For both their new Music Center and their new County Art Museum, the old-time Angelenos have provided organized patronage. Two extremely able money-raisers—Mrs. Norman Chandler, wife

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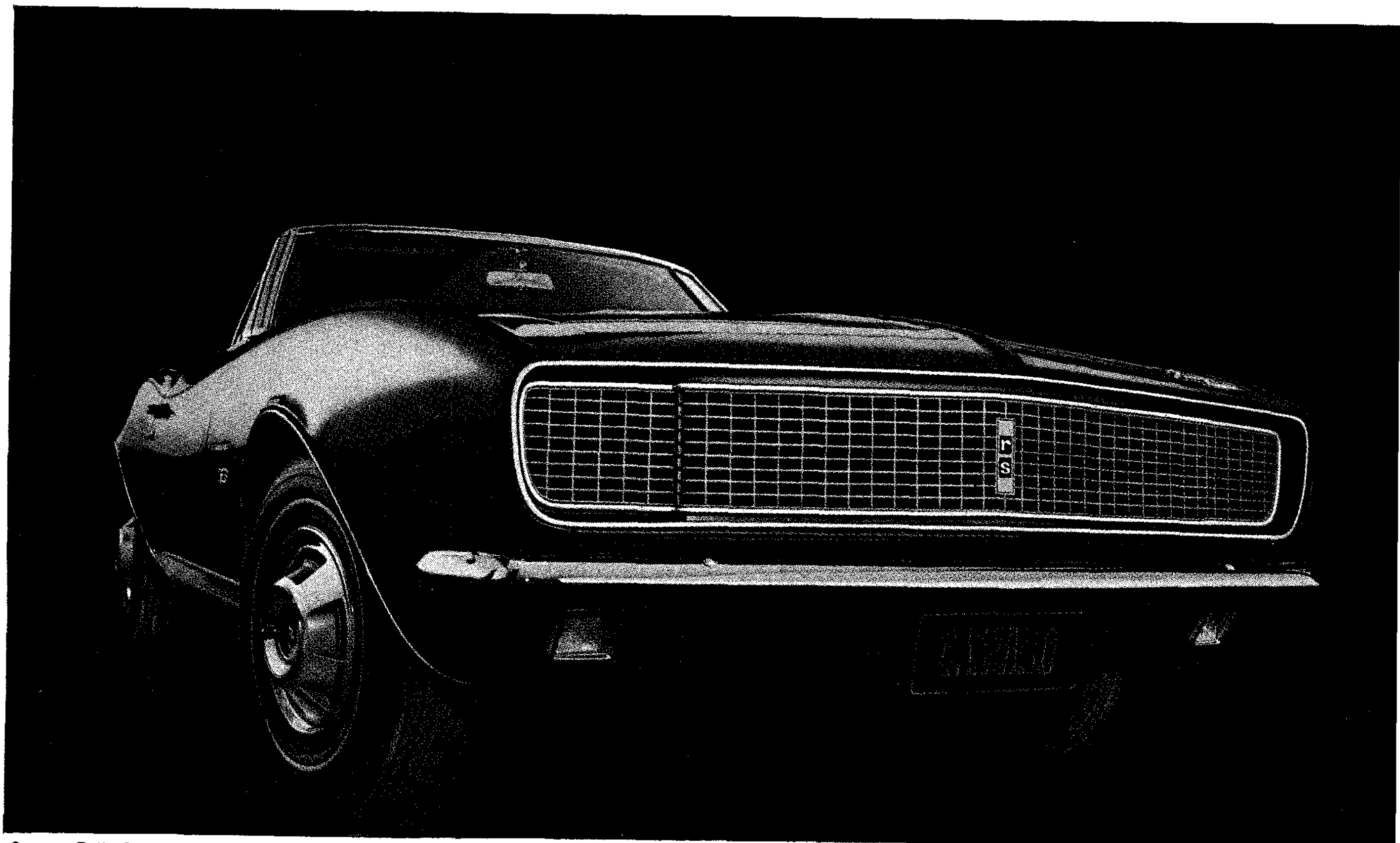

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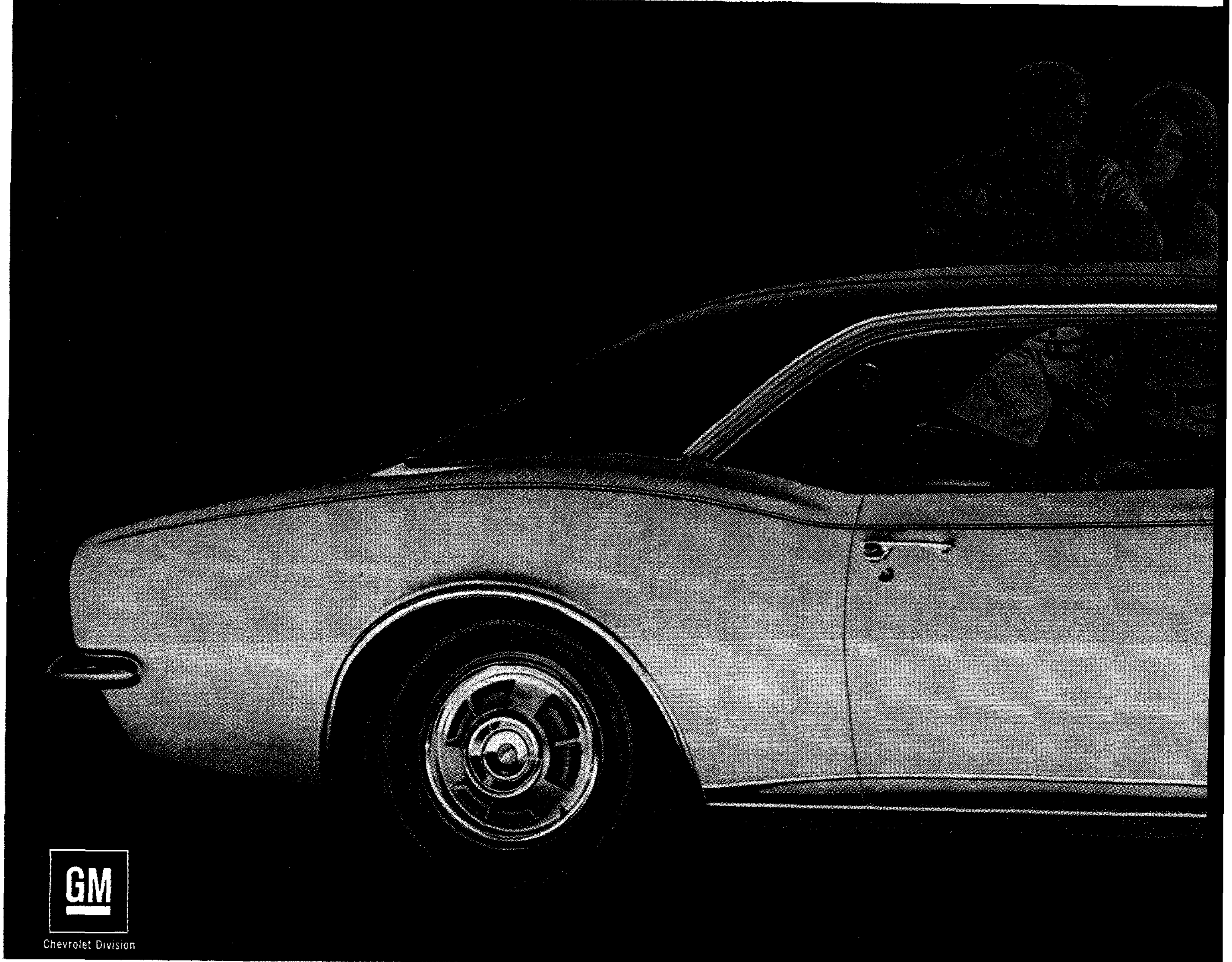

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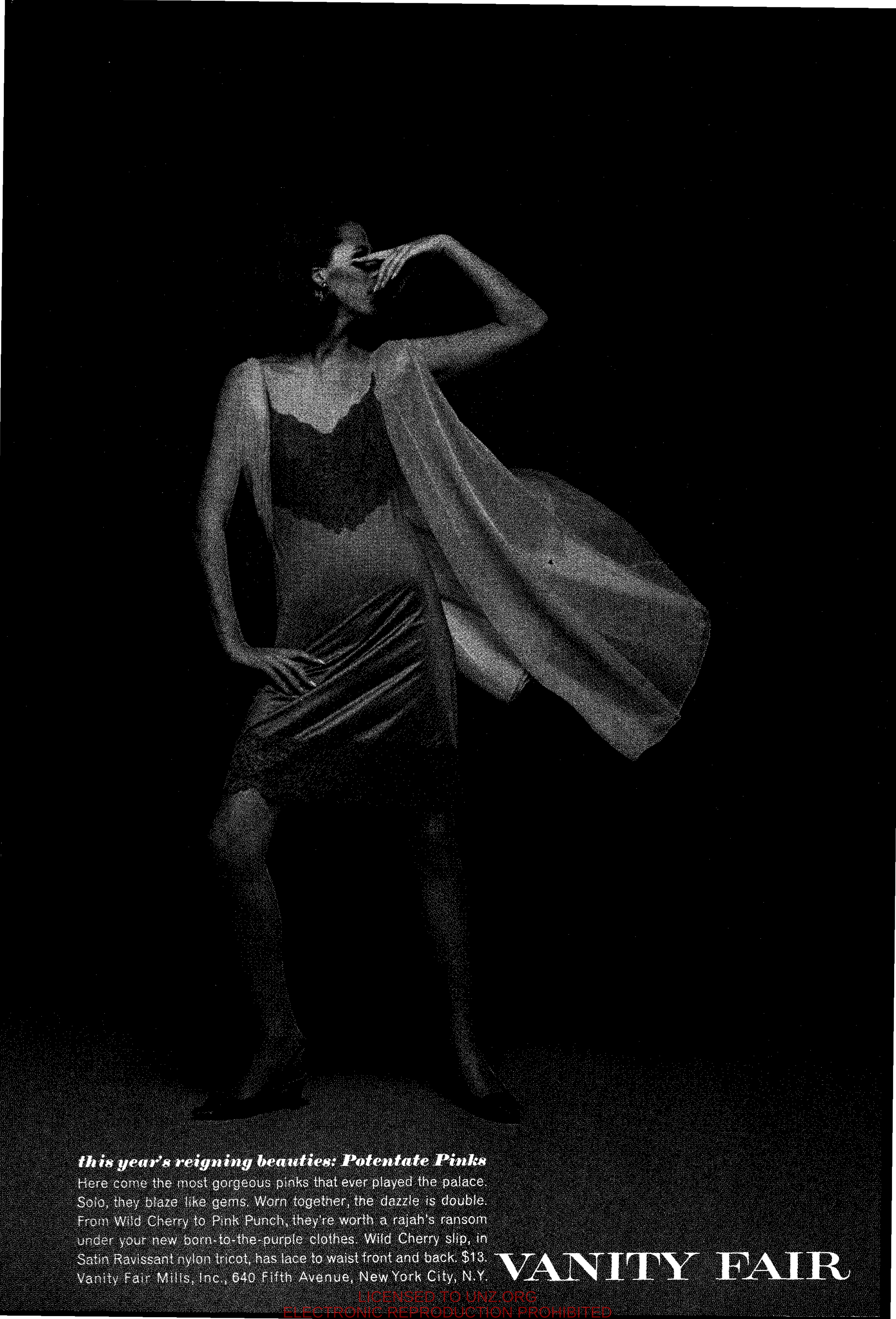

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of the publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*, and Edward W. Carter, a department-store executive—have squeezed the utmost from their fellow-townsmen in behalf of these two projects. In doing so, they have gone rather far in covering walls of their buildings with the names of donors. But conspicuous consumption is very much a fact of life now, and the Music Center and the museum are, among other things, monuments to L.A.'s present wealth. ("They are the Los Angeles pyramids," one savant has remarked.) It is nothing new to have the names of donors on monuments, and the old Buddhist steles and Flemish triptychs often bore their faces as well.

The new Music Center will have three separate buildings, of which only the concert hall, called the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, has actually been finished; the other two—a theatre and a theatre-in-the-round—have been designed, as the Pavilion was, by the local architect Welton Becket and are scheduled to open early next year. The Pavilion is a big concert hall, essentially of standard design, with very good acoustics and with much opulence, of a subdued variety, in its materials and fittings. It is probably not the most distinguished concert hall in the world, but it may achieve more distinction when its two fellow-buildings are completed. In any event, it is set in a prominent place: on a high knoll in the old downtown section, with freeways criss-crossing all around it. On clear days, it can be seen from a distance, and its sponsors hope it will help to reëstablish the downtown section as an attractive city core.

The new Art Museum, which is about six miles west of the Music Center, is more original and more striking. It consists of three rectangular pavilions joined by wide stone terraces with reflecting pools in which fountains play. The pools come right up to the ground-floor windows of the buildings, and at first glance they give the place the effect of a flood scene along the Mississippi; one feels that rowboats bent on rescue should also be in the picture. But when one goes inside and looks out, he gets a peaceful sensation from the water, and soon he feels that the arrangement is just right for refreshment in this dry climate. (The architect of the museum, William Pereira, has also handled pools and fountains successfully in designing a building for the Los Angeles Metropolitan Water District.) The spacious terraces are likewise refreshing, and out behind the museum is a huge green area designed to contain

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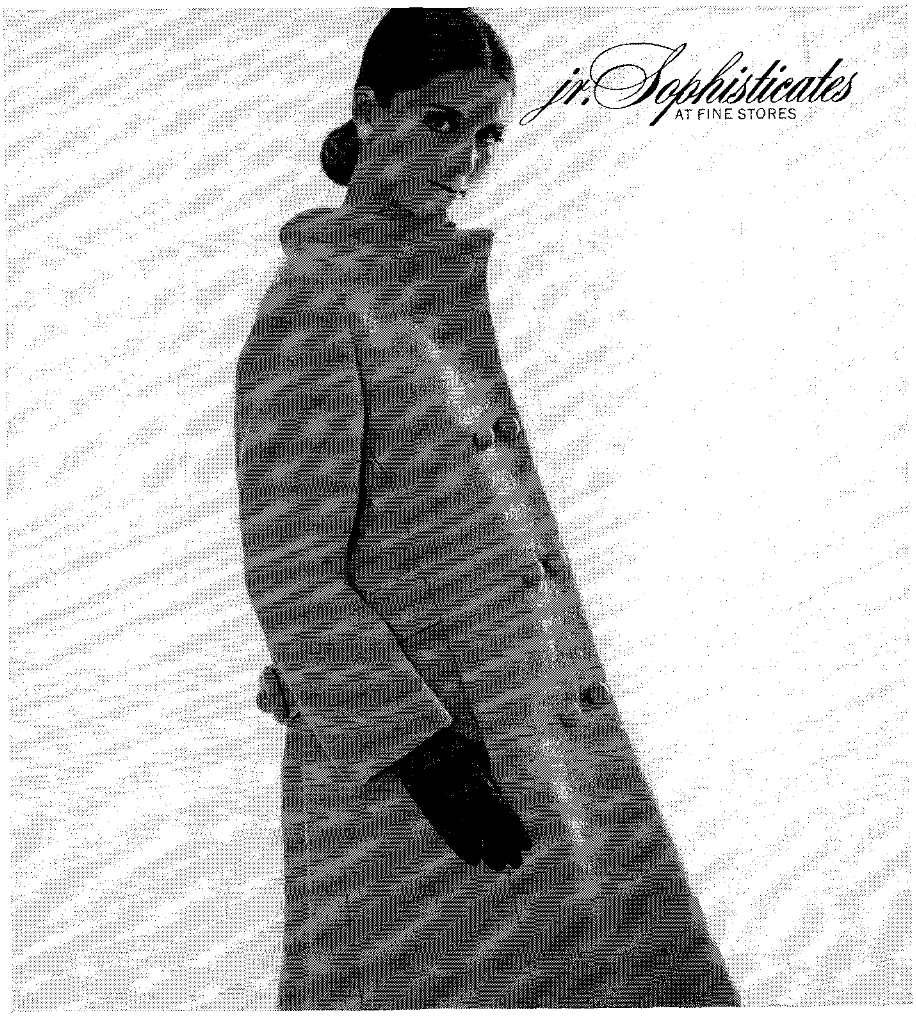
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many flowering plants. The pavilions themselves have been criticized for severity of line, but actually they seem no more severe than Greek temples or Mogul mosques, which have been enjoyed for centuries against the same kind of pure-blue sky that L.A. has (or will have if the smog problem is solved). In its interior, the museum, like the Music Center, is as technologically advanced as the moment will allow; it has good lighting, of course, and it also has a closed-circuit TV system by means of which potential vandals throughout the premises can be watched from a tiny chamber in the basement. The museum's collection is not outstanding now, for Los Angeles got into the game when Old Masters were already in short supply, but the industrialist Norton Simon, one of the main L.A. patrons, has made a number of loans to the museum, among them Rembrandt's portrait of his son Titus, which Simon bought for about $2,234,000 at a London auction; there is more money of that kind around in L.A., and it will almost surely make its presence felt as time goes on.

Los Angeles' great contribution to American culture—high, middle, or low—has of course been the movies, but these days movies seem no more than an echo in Hollywood and their other old Los Angeles haunts. In my Los Angeles newspaper reading, which has been intensive over recent months, the most interesting movie items I have come on have been obituaries. Harpo Marx, Gracie Allen, Eddie Cantor, Buster Keaton, Francis X. Bushman, and other old stars have died, along with many lesser figures, whom I had sometimes never heard of, but whose obscure careers have seemed far more lively, in the obits, than the doings of the still ambulant movie folk reported on other pages. The heart and soul of the movie business seems simply to have left L.A. for foreign countries. Most good movies are now being made by foreign producers, and the better American-produced ones are often made wholly or partly abroad. A number of the more illustrious American stars live abroad, too. The few film people, large or small, whom I have met around Hollywood have been working mainly in TV serials, or even TV commercials—for these departments of TV have invaded the old movie lots. Even so, the industry seems to be so rigid—what with its lavish ways and fixed ideas, its elaborate craft unionism, and so on—as to be permanently hindered in competing not only with foreign producers but

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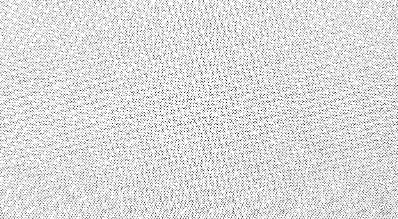

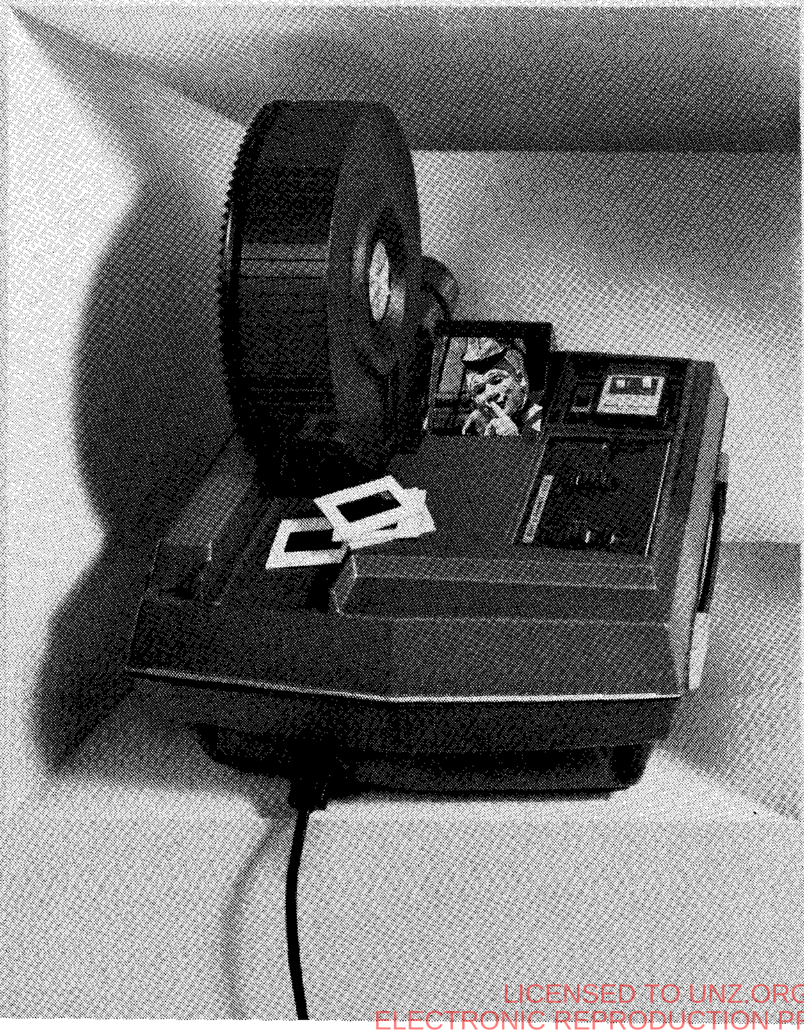

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with new techniques. "Hollywood"—the generic term for the entire L.A. movie industry, which is really situated in several other subcommunities—has been losing the initiative amid the innovations of the past two decades. Much of the old allure and creativity have gone out of the industry, and much allure has also gone out of old Hollywood landmarks, like the Sunset Strip. "The Strip used to be a glittering boulevard in the silly old days," one L.A. columnist wrote a while ago. "Now it is just a rather seamy street." The epitaph of the old Hollywood was written in the movie "Sunset Boulevard," which was released in 1950, and which is still highly regarded by the old-timers. And their Hollywood—the Hollywood of Charlie Chaplin or Marlene Dietrich or Humphrey Bogart—seems far more real to a visitor than the current one does.

A LIVELIER and more significant Los Angeles activity is the aerospace industry, which shows an inventiveness and a technological artistry not unlike the old Hollywood's—though it is run, of course, by people of a wholly different sort—and which dominates the city's economy and sets the tone for its occupational life far more than any other line of work except, perhaps, the promotion of real estate. Los Angeles is now the world's greatest missile center (barring something in Russia quite unknown to us), and when the history of the twentieth century is written, the L.A. aerospace industry seems due for a long paragraph. That industry had its beginnings in the "aviation" industry (now an obsolete term) before the First World War, when Glenn Martin and a few others were making aircraft on a tiny scale in southern California. Martin moved East, though, when the big war demand came—he couldn't get enough qualified labor in California, at least one expert has said—and during that war America's planes were made in places like Long Island, New Jersey, Ohio, and the outskirts of Philadelphia and Buffalo. After the war, there was a lull, and then, in 1922, Donald Douglas, who had worked for Martin, set up an aircraft factory in Santa Monica. In the next decade or so, he was joined by other airplane manufacturers, who either started fresh companies or moved existing ones out from the East. Thus, Lockheed and North American were established in Greater Los Angeles, and Ryan and Consolidated in nearby San Diego. In attracting the industry, L.A.'s greatest asset, by all accounts, was its sunny weather; there was no smog then, and a plane-maker could count on three hundred and fifty clear days a year for testing his products. L.A.'s weather also allowed the struggling young industry to do much of its building out-of-doors, and leave its equipment lying around there. And the labor supply got better, especially after the Depression hit the East, for people could now come West by car. All these things favored L.A., and the old-timers speak, also, of a frontier atmosphere that encouraged innovation. "Easterners always considered us too damn dumb to get out of the rain," one of them, a tall man with a shoestring necktie, told me recently. "But the goldarn Westerners did things because we didn't know we couldn't." Plane-making in the thirties was evidently imbued with this spirit, which, indeed, had much in common with that of the early movies. And the plane-making itself then had a corresponding rough-and-tumble character. Neither the engines nor the instruments for the planes were made in California. They were imported from the more precise and traditional workshops of the East, and were combined in L.A. with airframes made in rudimentary hangars. "It was sheer tin-bending," a luminary of today's more sophisticated aerospace industry says. In any event, L.A.'s plane production contributed heavily to the growth of United States airlines in the thirties, and as the decade ended, it began responding to the demands of the Second World War. In that war the plane-makers stayed in the West, and they expanded greatly. But they didn't change their tin-bending style much, according to the luminary just quoted, who says, "They came to have big bins of engineers, but they had no intellectual leaders."

Los Angeles did have a good academic science center, though, in the California Institute of Technology, in suburban Pasadena; in fact, it is one of the great establishments of its kind—often compared to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Caltech is slightly younger than M.I.T. and much smaller, and its faculty is more concerned with pure, as opposed to applied, science. In general, Caltech professors are less involved than M.I.T. professors with industry; Caltech has "spun off" only a couple of industrial firms, in contrast to the hundreds spun off by M.I.T., and it has created nothing to approach the great electronics industry that surrounds M.I.T.'s Cambridge home. In some ways, though, the aircraft industry has been an ex-

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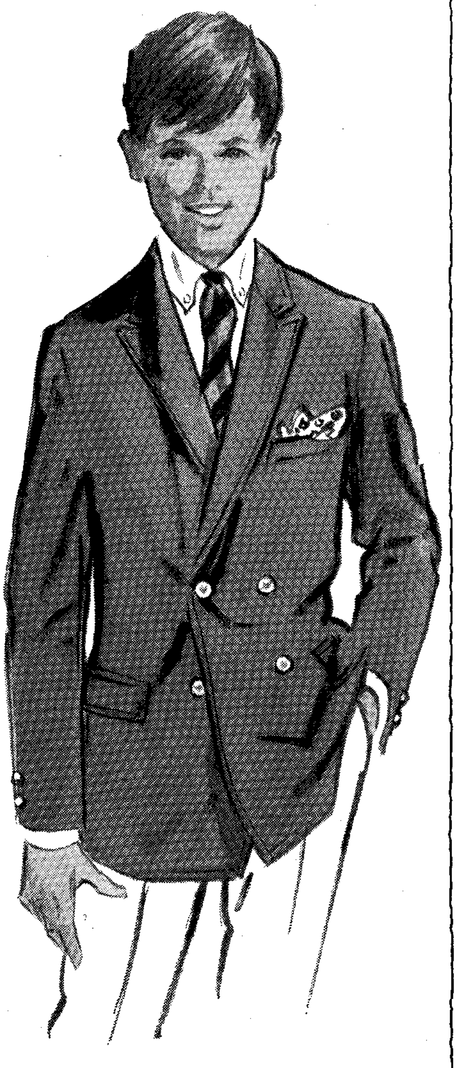
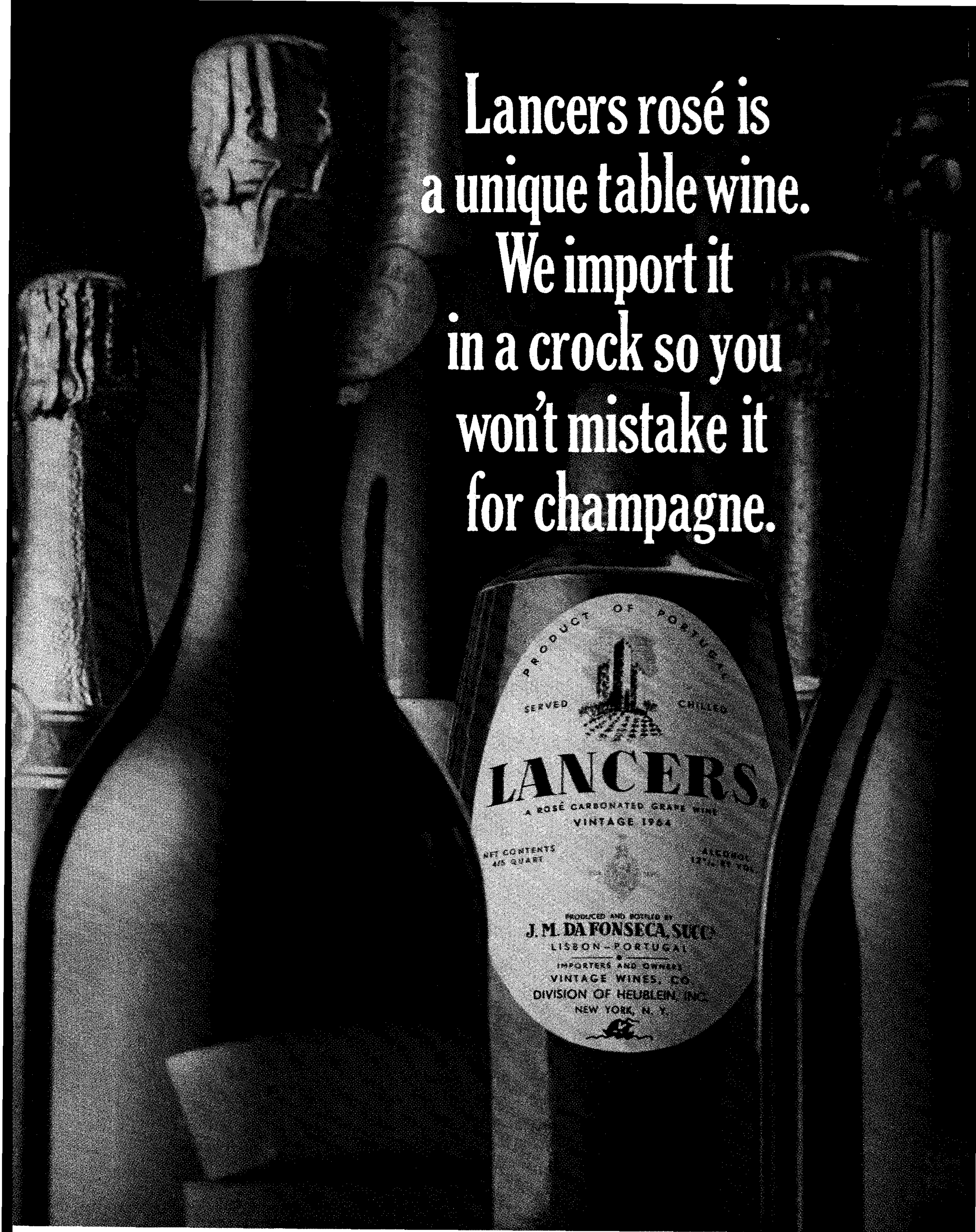


ception to this rule of non-involvement, partly because of its proximity to Caltech and partly because of the presence on Caltech's faculty from 1928 on of the German-trained Hungarian scientist, Dr. Theodore von Karman, who has been called the third Wright brother, and who, up to the time of his death in 1963, was engrossed in just about every scientific aspect of aviation, rocketry, and space exploration. Von Karman's students were in great demand, and he himself was constantly being consulted on the fine points of aeronautical physics; one still hears stories here of eminent men lined up in corridors waiting their turn to talk with him.

In 1928, Dr. Robert A. Millikan, then head of Caltech, assisted by Donald Douglas, got the Daniel Guggenheim Fund to finance an aeronautical laboratory, with a wind tunnel, on its campus, and from then on this was used, under von Karman's guidance, for academic research and industrial experimentation. The industrial experiments predominated, according to Dr. Clark Millikan, Dr. Robert Millikan's son, who now heads the laboratory, and relations with the aircraft companies were close; the first airplane-design course at Caltech, for instance, was given by Arthur Raymond, a Douglas engineer. Through the thirties, von Karman also inspired a growing interest in rockets at Caltech. With the approach of war, the Army Air Forces came to share in this, and Caltech built a laboratory in a Pasadena ravine to design a rocket-assisted takeoff device, which was put into production in a plant run by Caltech. In 1942, Caltech spun off the latter enterprise as being insufficiently academic, and it now exists as the Aerojet-General Corporation, a subsidiary of the General Tire & Rubber Co. The original laboratory was not included in the spinoff, however; the Army took it over during the war and kept it afterward, its main job in the postwar years being to make rocket projectiles for the ground forces, under Caltech supervision. Thus, by the late forties Greater Los Angeles had, in addition to its aircraft industry, this establishment, called the Jet Propulsion Laboratory; a private rocket-building firm (Aerojet); a good academic-science tradition; and, by no means least, von Karman himself.

The coming of the missile age to Los Angeles was preceded by the return here, in 1946, of Dr. Simon Ramo, who had got his Ph.D. at Caltech—his subject was electrical engineering and physics—and then had spent the war years in the East, at the General Electric laboratories. Ramo, now in his early fifties, is a charming, voluble gray-haired man whose mind ranges ceaselessly over many things. He came back to L.A. in 1946, he told me recently, on an assignment for General Electric, and that led him to think of a California future. "I found I wanted very much to stay here," he said. "And so did my wife, who went to college in California. I myself was born in Utah. I had been in electronics during the war—working in radar, and so on. The electronic axis in aerospace is much more important, you know, than the aerodynamic one, which is narrow, and now, with that background, I felt that a technological industry could be created here. I felt an opportunity, and I also felt the existence of a California-itis, an attraction of California for people. I figured that since America had an A-bomb, the Russians would soon be making one of their own, that we would then need a defense against it, and that the world might never get back to a full peacetime basis." He paused, then went on, "I remember when the Russians finally tested their bomb. I figured that from then on the nervous systems of our weapons would transcend their power plants in importance. By that time, you see, two jet planes couldn't kill each other, even in clear weather, without electronic help. Electronics of all kinds was needed in our defense, and the formula for supplying it was to get good people. The good people would attract good projects. These would attract more good people, and so on."

Ramo found a lodgment for his ideas at the Hughes Aircraft Company, which had joined the Los Angeles aviation complex some time earlier and was now looking for new things to do. Howard Hughes, its president, apparently took little part in its activities, and, once in the company, Ramo was able to promote the electronics business pretty much as he chose. He was soon joined by Dean Wooldridge, a brilliant classmate of his at Caltech who had been working for the Bell Telephone Laboratories in the East. Other technologists poured in, and Ramo set about providing a more congenial environment for them. "The engineers out here were in unions then," he told me. "As in the whole aviation industry back then, they had to punch time clocks at Hughes. They had to keep fixed lunch hours, and the guards were supposed to bawl them out if they got back late. The company did have a library,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but you had to sign your life away to get a book out of it. The engineers had no windows to look out of, either, because that would have caused them to waste their time. They all worked together in big bullpens. That was the situation throughout most of the industry—the companies said they didn't want prima donnas. But at Hughes I managed to get windows for our technologists, and to partition off private offices for them. That might cost a hundred dollars, say, for a fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-year man, but then you could probably get that man for thirteen thousand five hundred if you gave him the right conditions. And soon we were swamped with good people. Among other things, I used to go through a list of twenty or twenty-five applicants a day, and I hired over four hundred Ph.D.s in the few years I was at Hughes. In time, we were second only to the Bell Telephone Labs as a technological concentration, and, as a result, our company got the work. We developed new types of airborne radar, airborne computers, airborne fire control, and an air-to-air missile—the Falcon series. We had the technical expertise, and we could get all the labor we needed—and all the management personnel—from elsewhere. That was no problem, once we had the scientists. Hughes was the center of airborne electronics, just as M.I.T., with its Lincoln Lab, was the center of ground-based electronics."

Hughes had a complete monopoly in the field, another leading scientist here told me recently. "And more money was being spent on the electronics of a plane than on the airframe," this scientist continued. "Soon the whole industry had to decide whether to go into electronics or not—they had never gone into engines, you'll remember. And soon after Hughes started these developments the missiles came along. So-and-So"—he named one local aircraft company—"was a diehard and was slow to get in. North American, on the other hand, committed itself to electronics in '47 and hired a man from the old M.I.T. Radiation Lab; inertial guidance for the Navaho missile was North American's baby after that. Before long, the companies were hiring scientists from everywhere in order to compete with each other. They hired them mainly from M.I.T. and from laboratories in and around Cambridge, because that's where electronics was understood best."

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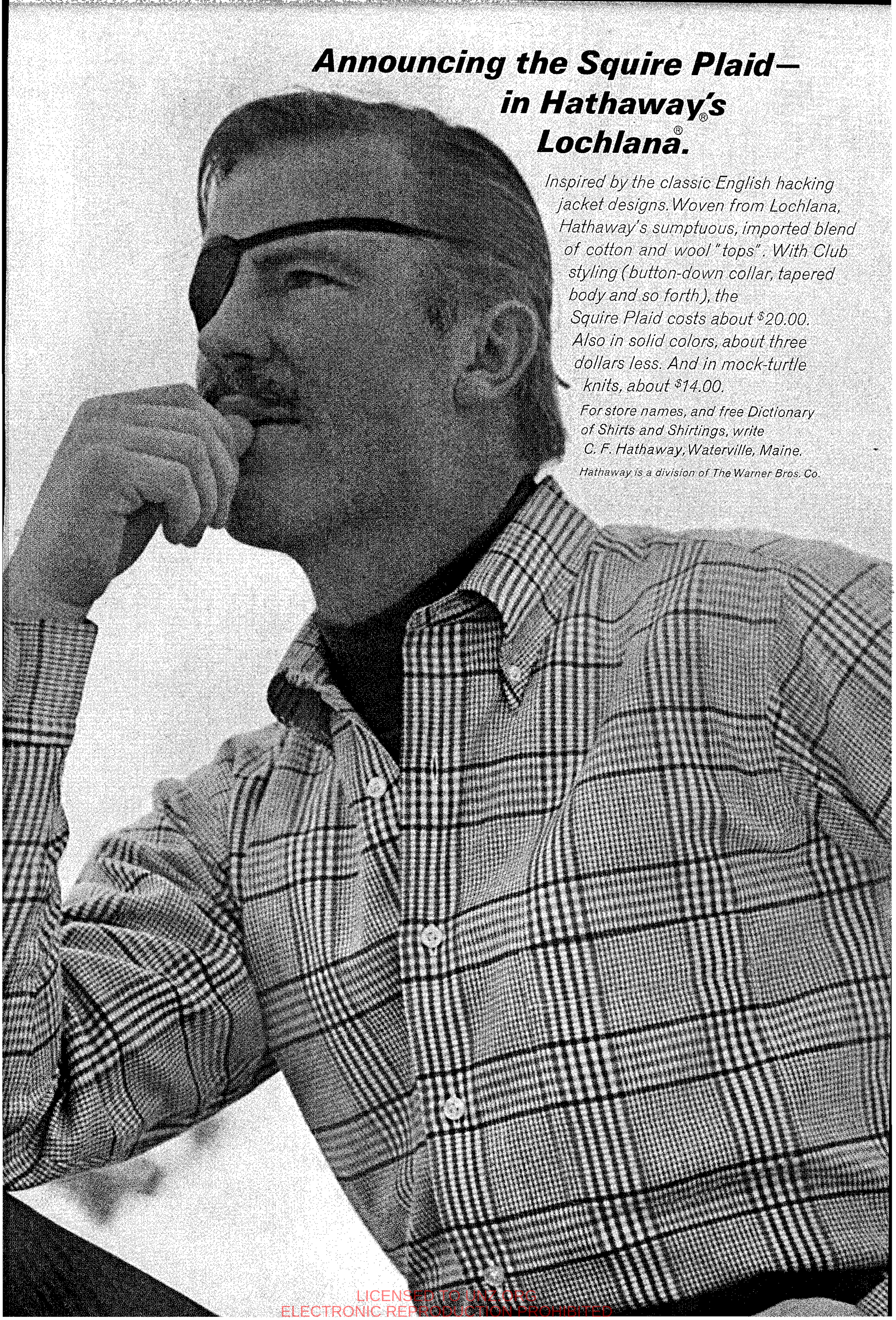

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missile. If America had this great new power, it was argued, the Russians would have it soon, and, besides, they were already working on a missile that could threaten Europe and our overseas bases. So the urge to develop the ICBM was great. The Air Force had, as a matter of fact, been financing preliminary ICBM studies off and on since 1946, and the late Trevor Gardner, then special assistant to the Secretary of the Air Force for research and development, was determined to get on with the job. At his instigation, a committee was appointed to study the question, with the mathematician John von Neumann at its head and Ramo, Wooldridge, and several other illustrious men as members. Ramo and Wooldridge had left Hughes a while before this and set up Ramo-Wooldridge, a technological firm of their own. The von Neumann committee had a general idea of what the ICBM needed, in the way of airframes, payloads, fuels, and guidance devices, but the working out of details was a far more complex job, technologically, than anything military planners had ever faced before. Traditionally, Air Force vehicles had seldom been designed or made by "in-house" laboratories or by "arsenal" methods but had been farmed out to private contractors. When planes were still simple, a single contractor planned each type; later, as they got more complex, a "prime" contractor had usually undertaken the job, subcontracting parts of it to other companies and being responsible for the over-all coördination. But the new task was so much bigger than anything previously known that General Bernard Schriever, who was put in charge of the missile program for the Air Force, decided, with the von Neumann committee's blessing, to employ a "systems-engineering" firm—a sort of staff technological service that would come between him and *all* the contractors—and Ramo-Wooldridge was chosen for the job. R.-W. was made technical director for the Air Force, charged with advancing "the state of the art" beyond then current levels in the various technologies concerned, and with planning missile systems and seeing to it that everything fitted together and the government got its money's worth. This meant that the firm was to scrutinize the work, and even the trade secrets, of fundamentally competing aerospace companies, and, to avoid conflicts of interest, was itself generally not allowed to make hardware for the program. The arrangement was never quite satisfactory, though it did get

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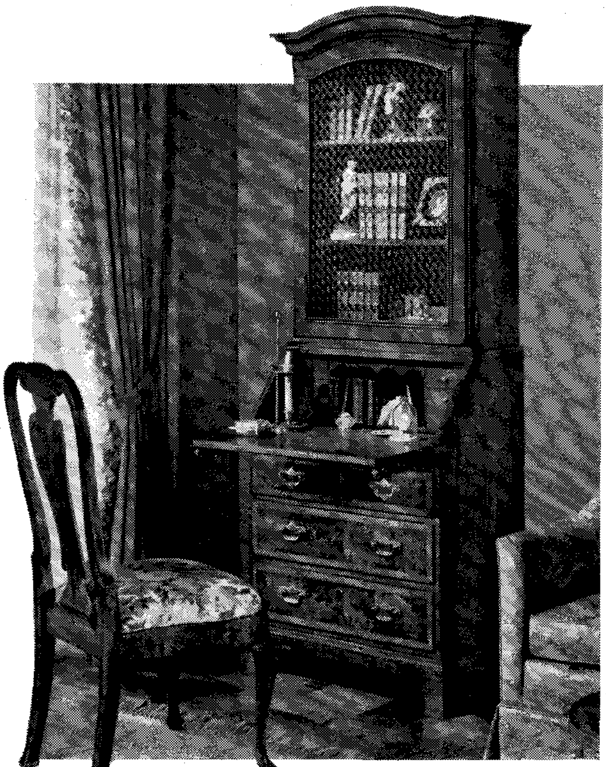

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ICBMs built surprisingly fast. General Schriever leaned heavily on Ramo-Wooldridge, and his own Air Force experts, wearing civilian clothes for secrecy, worked intimately with the R.-W. staff in its offices. The rest of the industry feared what this togetherness might mean in the future, if R.-W. went into ICBM hardware manufacture. Meanwhile, R.-W. chafed under the hardware restriction. Things were made worse by the fact that Thompson Products, an auto-and-aviation-parts firm in Cleveland with hardware-selling ambitions of its own, was financing R.-W. through these years. In 1958, the two merged to form Thompson Ramo Wooldridge. TRW then set up a very independent subsidiary, Space Technology Laboratories, to carry on the overseeing work for the Air Force, and this did something to lessen the conflict of interest, but not enough. Complaints from other firms continued, with Congress joining in to wonder why the Air Force had to work through a profit-making concern at all. At length, in 1960, a non-profit concern, the Aerospace Corporation, was set up here to eventually take over the work of S.T.L., which turned to hardware development. Today, Aerospace, housed in fine new buildings just south of the Los Angeles International Airport, is the main center of missile design and fabrication in the non-Communist world. Its head, Dr. Ivan Getting, who is now in his middle fifties, is one of our greatest electronics experts; he worked at the M.I.T. Radiation Lab during the war and was later the vice-president for research and engineering of the Raytheon Company. Aerospace employs nineteen hundred scientists and engineers (nearly half of them with advanced degrees), or enough to staff a big university institute of technology. It works with contractors all over the United States, but mainly with a cluster of them in southern California. That cluster includes the old aircraft companies, now much changed, and new California branches or subsidiaries of Eastern firms, plus a great many indigenous technological outfits like Aerojet and S.T.L.

While these institutions were developing, missiles were, of course, being made, and made in what must have been an exceptionally urgent, stimulating atmosphere. "I was recruiting talent for such-and-such a company back in the mid-fifties," a youthful-looking man has told me. "I went all over the country lining up young Ph.D.s. We attracted them with the challenge of the work. We would tell them, for in-

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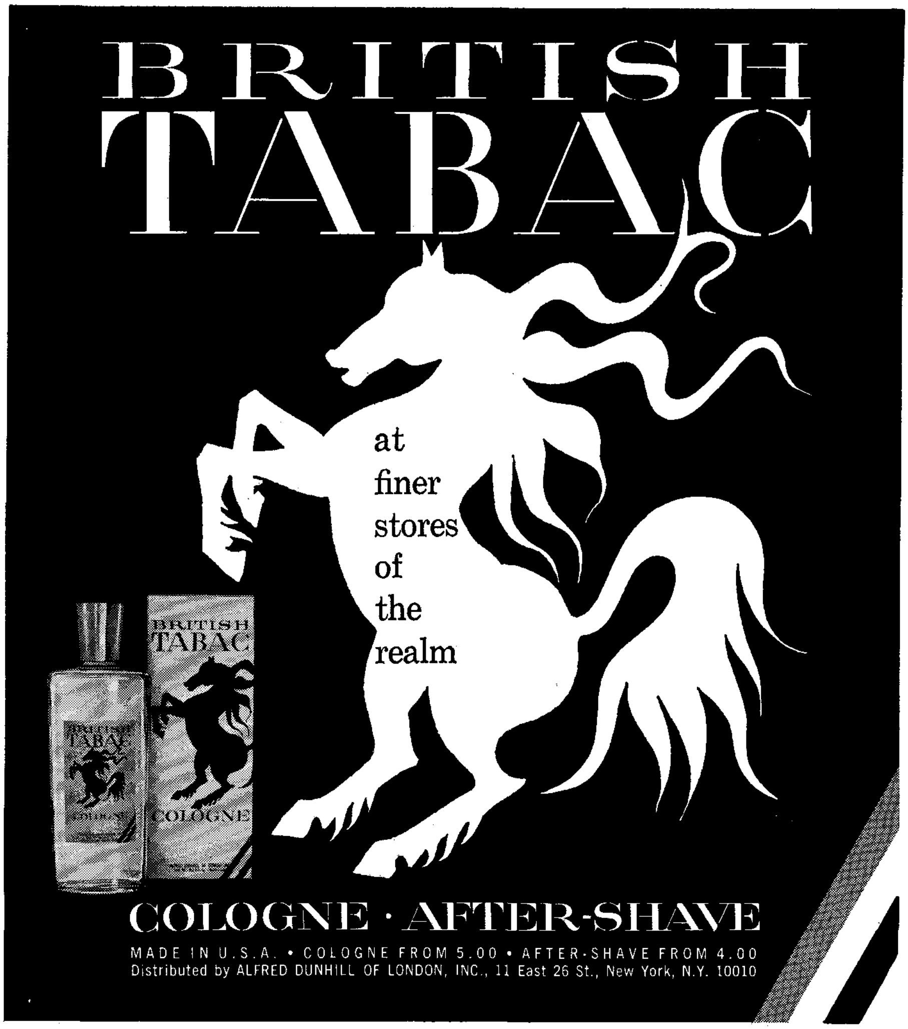
stance, that, by a certain time, we had to have a nose cone that could stand the heat of reëntering the atmosphere. There was patriotism and excitement and a lot of sacrifice and hard work in an offer like that, and it took enthusiasm to respond to it. Also a certain amount of not knowing any better."

There was much travel to the East Coast then, another young veteran of it all told me. "We were forever going to conferences in New York and Washington," he said. "We would take the midnight flight East—'the red-eye special,' we used to call it. In the fifties, it was a DC-7 or a Constellation, much slower than the jets today, which meant we could get a little more sleep. We would fly back there and brief people—defense officials, congressmen. The briefing art came of age in that period. You have seen how Secretary McNamara always briefs the TV audience now, with charts and so on. This idea developed a lot during that period."

Non-profit organizations like the Aerospace Corporation are a main feature of the American defense-science boom. Some, like Aerospace, have been created out of industry, to avoid conflict of interest, while others have been created out of universities, to free the universities from undertakings that were no longer considered properly academic. The Mitre Corporation, an M.I.T. spinoff that handles big electronics jobs for the government, is an example, and so, in a way, is the M.I.T. Lincoln Laboratory, which does the same; the laboratory is owned by the Institute, but it exists semi-autonomously, out in the Massachusetts countryside, and does much contract work. Other such wholly or partly freestanding establishments are the University of California's atomic centers at Livermore and Los Alamos and Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. After Sputnik, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration took the J.P.L. over from the Army, and now, under Caltech's direction, the laboratory supervises for NASA non-manned probes to the moon and into deep space. The success of the Ranger VII moon shot in 1964, after several failures, was a J.P.L. triumph and was delightedly hailed as such by Los Angeles; the local papers carried Ranger moon pictures for several days thereafter, and the Mayor decreed that July 31st, the date of the achievement, should be known thenceforth as Ranger VII Day. J.P.L. was also responsible for later successful missions, managing the moon projects Ranger VIII and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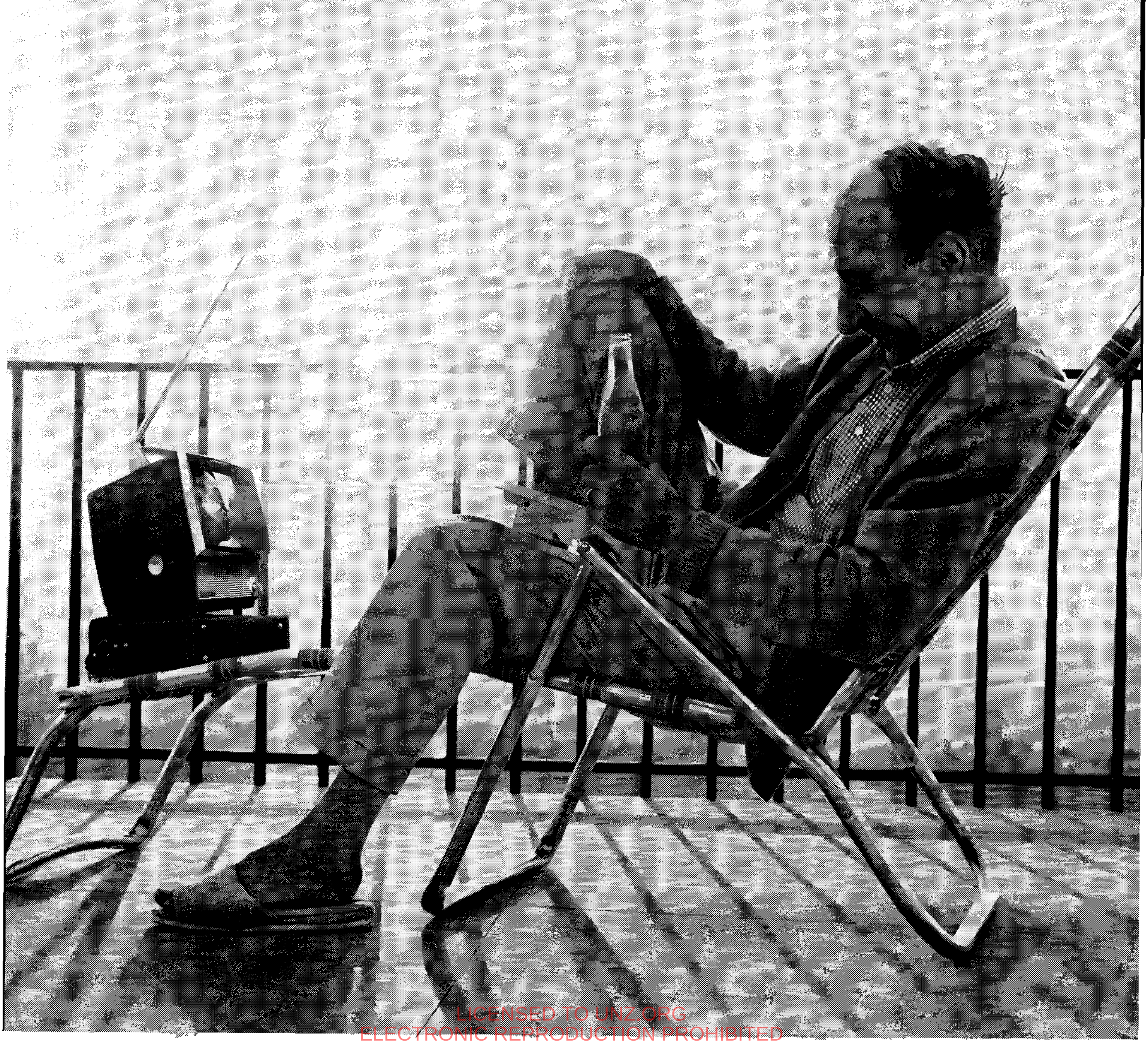

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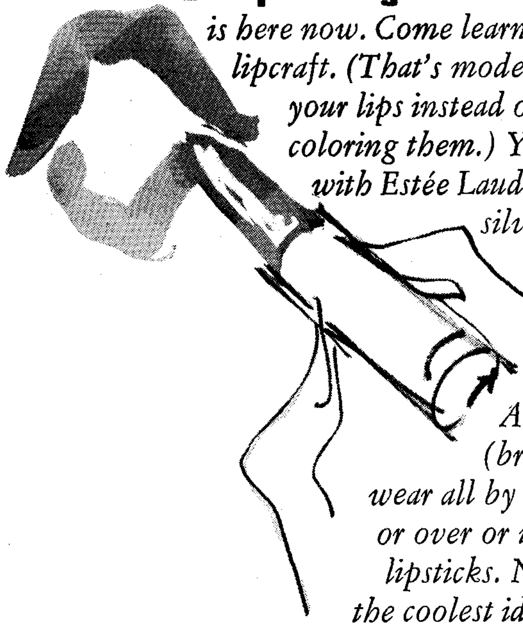

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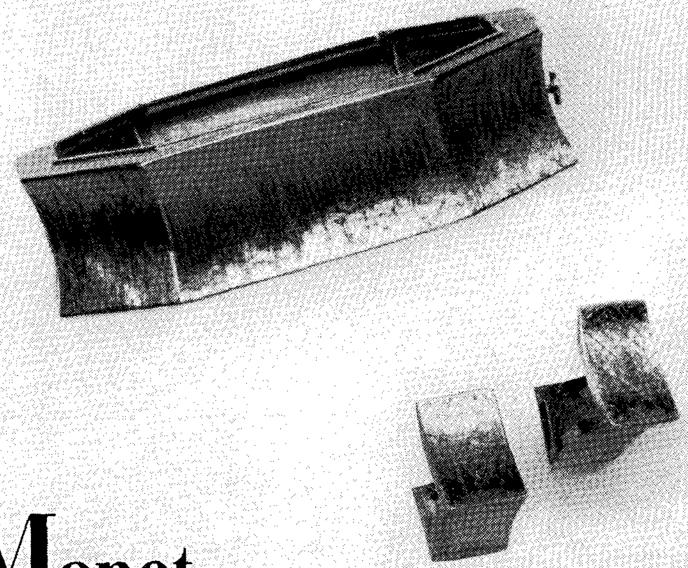

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IX and the Mars shot Mariner IV last year, as well as this year's Surveyor I, which made a controlled soft landing to photograph the surface of the moon. In such ways, non-profit organizations, along with the aerospace companies, the armed forces, and the universities themselves, have become familiar parts of the scene here.

Greater Los Angeles is also the home of the RAND Corporation, a non-profit organization of a unique character. Its name stands for R(esearch) an(d) D(evelopment), and it was conceived after the Second World War by General Henry H. Arnold, chief of staff of the Army Air Forces during the war, who was thinking ahead a good deal in those days. In the war years, the Air Forces had acquired a good civilian brain trust, which had solved many problems that baffled the uniformed experts, and General Arnold didn't want to lose the services of such brain power. So he contracted with the Douglas Aircraft Company to create a research organization set up in the Douglas plant, in Santa Monica, choosing that home for them partly because he was on good terms with Donald Douglas, partly because several prospective members of the group had their roots in Los Angeles, and partly because he wanted them all, for the sake of independent thinking, to be well away from Washington. Franklin R. Collbohm, a Douglas engineer who helped formulate the idea, became the project's first director. The enterprise was known at first as Project RAND, and was run by Douglas under contract to the Air Force, but that arrangement proved unsuitable. The RAND intellectuals liked to work at odd times, for one thing, and this was awkward in a factory where routine hours were observed. And then there was the question of trade secrets. RAND has never had as much to do with hardware as the Aerospace Corporation and its predecessors have had, but still it often needed to know about the state of the art in one branch of technology or another, and it found Douglas's competitors willing to supply information but uneasy that some of it might leak, through the RAND enclave, to Douglas. The firm also feared that the Air Force might hesitate to give it certain contracts, because there could be charges of favoritism. So Project RAND spun off to become the non-profit RAND Corporation, and before long, with Ford Foundation help, it moved into quarters of its own, on a bluff overlooking the Santa Monica beach. It is still in those quarters, which are pleasant but unostentatious, and which, despite their essentially military purpose, have been plausibly described as a secular monastery. Physicists, chemists, mathematicians, astronomers, social scientists, and other scholars work there on research that is still mainly for the Air Force but is remarkably free from interference. Under the Air Force contract, RAND's lines of inquiry are thought up sometimes by its own people and sometimes by the Air Force itself, but in the latter case RAND has a fair amount of liberty to turn down jobs it doesn't regard as appropriate. "RAND has always had the freedom not to work on crash problems but to look far into the future," a member of its staff has told me. "It has also been free to stay informal. Long ago, a choice was made against bureaucracy and in favor of a sort of organized chaos. Our management is determined not to be grandiose. Few of our offices have carpets on the floor, and a while ago, when we added a five-story wing to our building—more modern than the older part—our senior people, on the whole, refrained from moving into it." Collbohm, who is now RAND's president, and J. Richard Goldstein, its senior vice-president, who was once a student of von Karman's, are given much credit for keeping things this way. At the beginning of the year, RAND will have a new president, Henry S. Rowen, who has served in Washington in the Defense Department and the Bureau of the Budget, and there is speculation that under his leadership the organization may devote itself less to defense and more to other problems that beset the nation.

The RAND building, a simple one, of tile construction, is closely guarded, for the sake of security, but is casual once you get inside. The ocean breeze plays through the place, and it has patios in which staff members may eat their lunch, engage in bull sessions, or play games they like. These include bridge, the Japanese game of *go*, and the old German General Staff game of "blind chess," in which each player has a board of his own but is prevented by a screen from seeing his opponent's, so he must imagine the opponent's moves as he goes along. (A third man, able to see both boards, acts as a referee and keeps things sorted out.) RAND has a staff of some eleven hundred, about half being professional experts (again, enough to staff a university). It has no laboratories, but it has a big computer, of which it makes considerable use. Its scholars work sometimes in teams and sometimes singly, but in either case they usually

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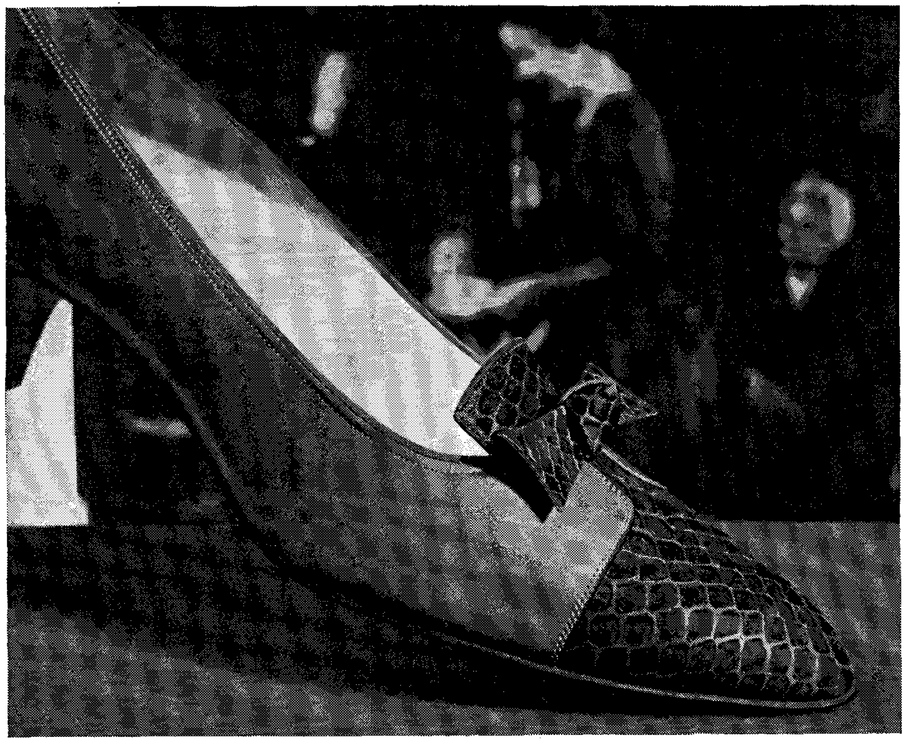

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get help and stimulation from the RAND facilities and environment. (They have access to a great many classified documents, too, which gives them an advantage over colleagues working in more normal academic surroundings.) Not all RAND studies have to do with the military or with aerospace; there have, for instance, been inquiries into, among other subjects, mass transport, the desalting of seawater, and the behavior of blood constituents under various circumstances. The most striking jobs, though, have usually dealt with matters of interest to the Air Force. Right after the war, RAND made some of the first studies of earth-satellite possibilities, predicting many events that have come to pass. It encouraged the development of titanium, a strong, light metal that is now much used in supersonic flight. It played a big part in the national thinking about the ICBM program, in all phases. It did many, if not most, of the policy studies on our need for a second-strike nuclear ability, and stated the case for putting our missiles in hard silos. It showed that—in view of things like the Russian missile capacity and our own growing ability to refuel in midair—our overseas airbases were less valuable than we had thought, and as a result many were shut down, at a tidy saving to the taxpayer. It also made detailed economic studies of Russia and China, with an eye to their future military potential. It went into all aspects of communications satellites, and it has done a vast amount of work on actual hardware, and on things like computers, computer programming, and the mathematical theory of games. In sum, for almost two decades—the period in which the possibility of missile warfare has come to dominate the world—RAND has had an incalculable influence on the Air Force's choice of weapons and of strategies; in the words of one RAND expert, it has taught the military a whole new way of looking at things. Its influence has perhaps been especially strong since the appointment of Secretary McNamara, with his liking for the intellectual approach. McNamara has praised RAND highly, saying that the investment the Air Force made in the organization has been returned tenfold.

One striking development at RAND has been the emergence there of "the scientific strategists," who are, in the opinion of Dr. Bernard Brodie, who has been one of them for a number of years, a wholly new type of expert. Brodie, who used to teach at Yale, is the author of "Strategy in the Missile Age" and other well-regarded works. For

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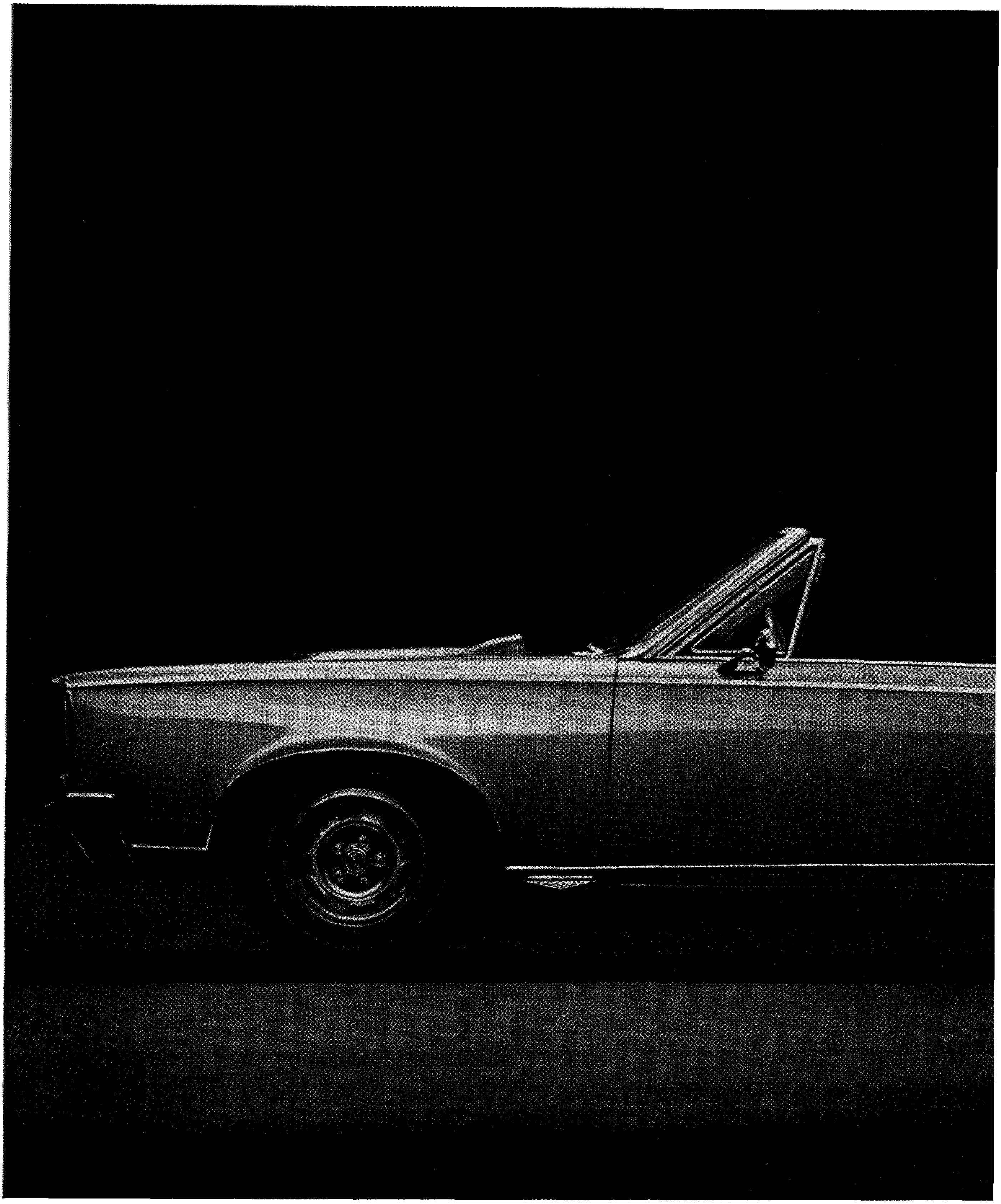

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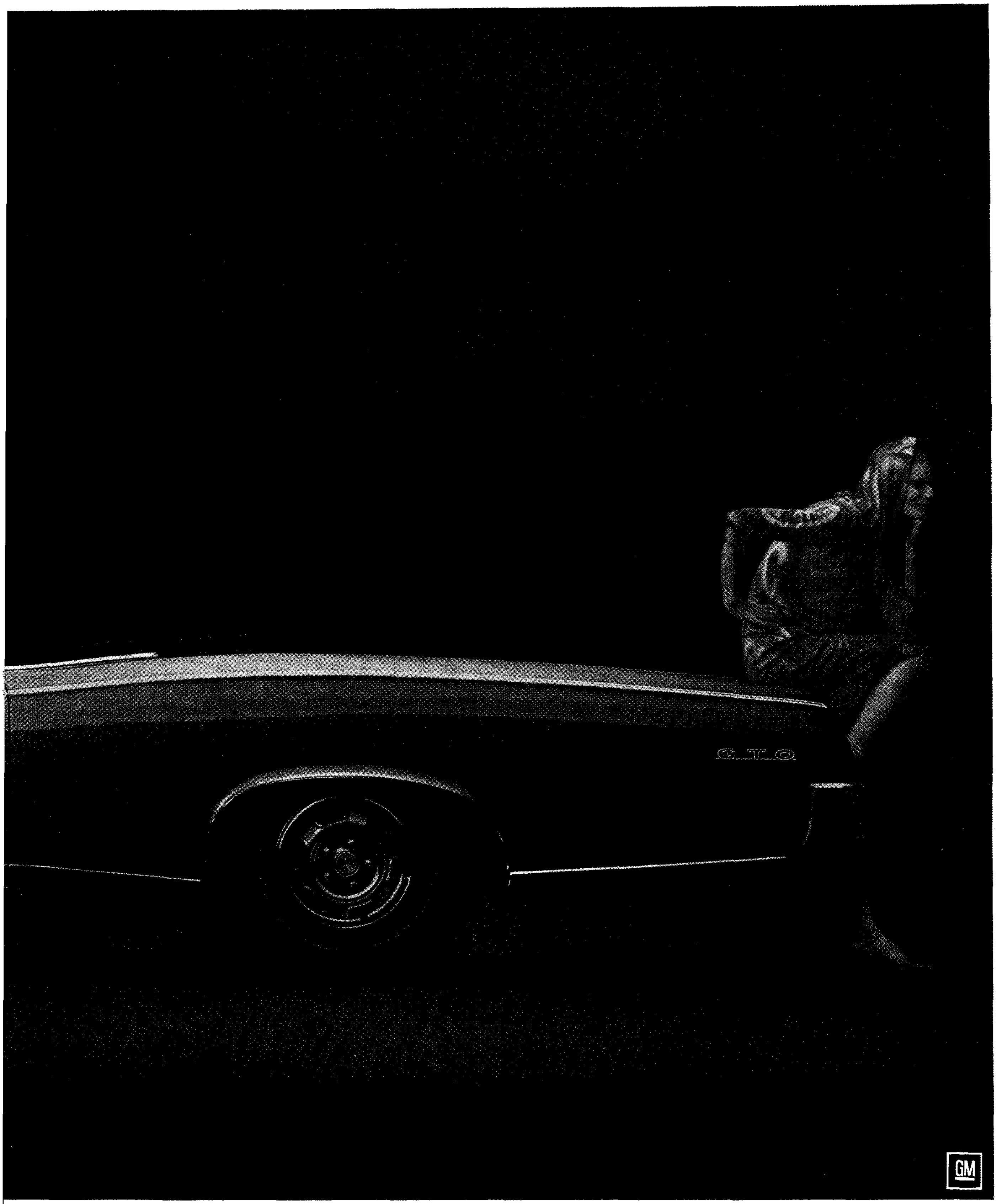

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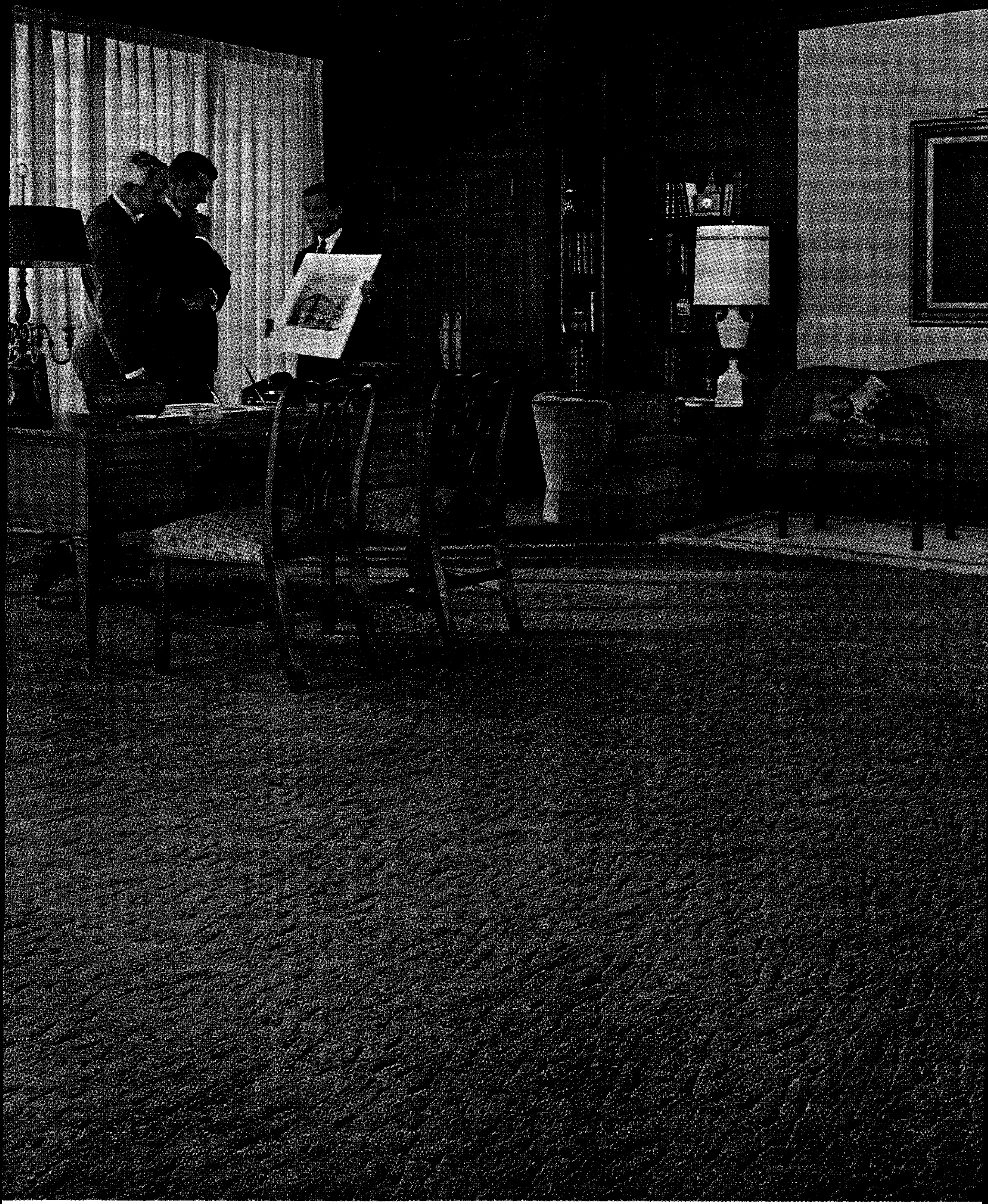

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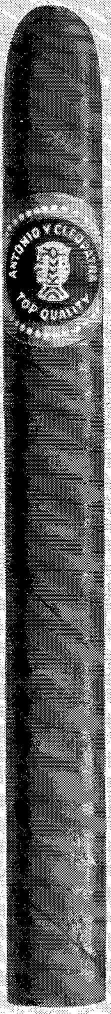
several years he and his family have lived in a charming house overlooking the Pacific a few miles to the northwest of the RAND headquarters. In the past, Brodie has pointed out, serious writing on strategy was done only by a few widely scattered individuals, like Mahan and von Clausewitz, but now it is being produced in volume by a whole corps of professional intellectuals. Most of these men have advanced academic degrees—usually in economics—and most of them are working at RAND or have worked there at some time. Brodie recently edited a collection, for a French publisher, of papers by our scientific strategists, and he says that of the suitable writers nearly all had RAND connections. Out of ten he finally chose, only two (Klaus Knorr, of Princeton, and Henry Kissinger, of Harvard) had not served in the RAND establishment, and even they had done consulting work for it. Of the remaining eight, three (Malcolm Hoag, Arnold Horelick, and Brodie himself) were at RAND when the selection was made, and the others (Alain Enthoven, Herman Kahn, William Kaufmann, Thomas Schelling, and Albert Wohlstetter) had been there in the past and had helped with major RAND studies. The bent of these men toward economics is striking; most of the ten are primarily economists, and even Brodie, a political scientist, and Kahn, a physicist, have done much studying of economics on the side. Brodie points out that both economics and strategy consider ways of using limited resources to attain maximum results. Thus, the question of whether to invest in a few missiles of great reliability or in many missiles of lesser reliability is something like the question of how to spend available wealth. And the similarity holds for all sorts of more complex problems. It plays a big part, indeed, in the "cost-effectiveness" principle, which Charles Hitch, another economist and RAND alumnus, has introduced into the Defense Department as its comptroller—a principle that has emboldened Secretary McNamara to overrule his generals and admirals in important weapons choices. Today, the generals and admirals have actually come to share their authority in strategic planning (though not in tactical leadership) with the defense intellectuals centered at RAND. Through the scholars, the complexity and expertise of our strategic planning have come to match those of our missile-hardware design. And Los Angeles has been a main theatre of both developments.

The aerospace world here is a complex and manifold one, with inter-



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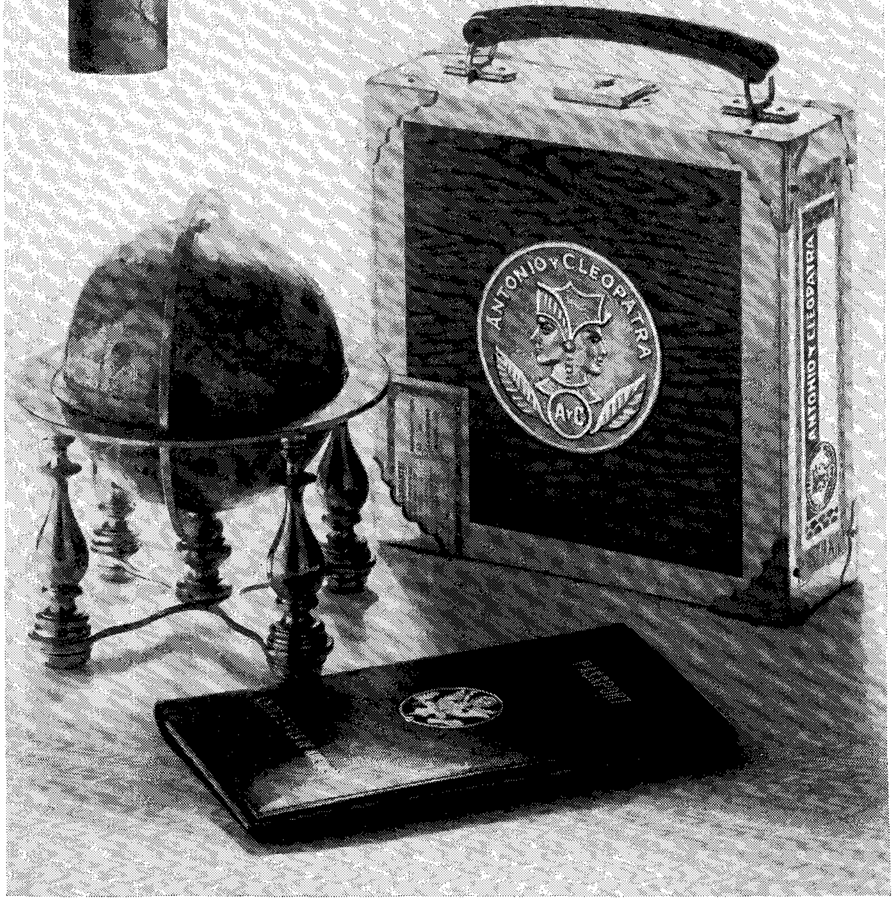

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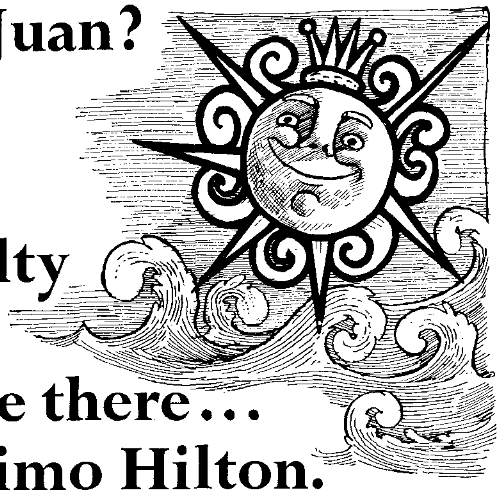

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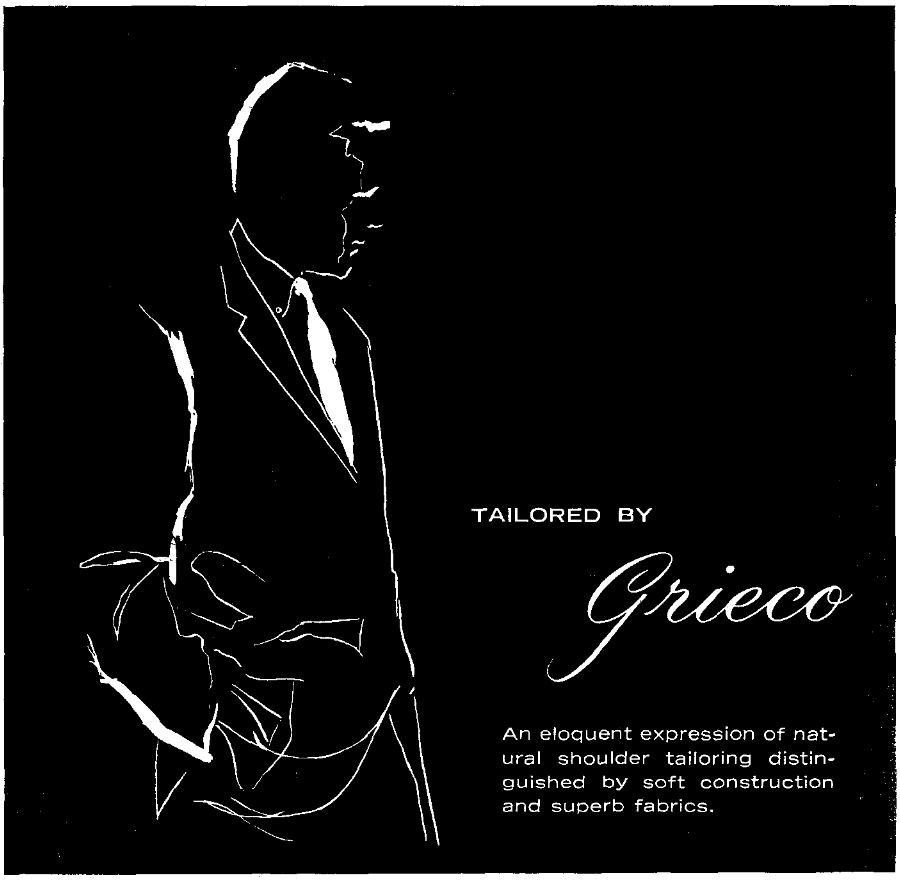

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linkings that are hard to trace. The Central Los Angeles phone book lists two columns of entries beginning with the prefix "Aero," and a local expert on aerospace told me recently that there are between ten thousand and twelve thousand firms in southern California that serve the industry somehow or other, as suppliers and subcontractors. I said I supposed that only the competitive system could enable all those firms to find customers. "Yes," he answered. "How could you ever plan such a thing in advance? Why, buyers wouldn't even know what they wanted without a salesman coming and beating on their door. That's why I say Communism is full of holes. It just hasn't got our flexibility."

Aerospace technologists often move from one company to another here, usually with a raise in pay. There is said to be an unwritten code forbidding them to reveal trade secrets when they move, but nothing can stop them from taking along general know-how or the benefit of continuing friendships. Thus, the local aerospace world tends to be a village in which the leading people all know each other or know about each other. This trend dates back at least to the old Ramo days at Hughes Aircraft. Some veteran Hughes men are important at Hughes, and others work at TRW, Aerojet-General, the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, and several smaller companies, not to mention Litton Industries, a big, fast-growing concern run by Charles (Tex) Thornton, who was a Hughes vice-president and assistant general manager in the Ramo days. Thornton is a suave, natty, youthful-looking man with a slight Texas accent, who before his Hughes period was a colleague of McNamara's in the Ford Motor Company. He is not a technologist but a gifted entrepreneur, and he has parlayed Litton from small beginnings into a big industrial complex engaged in electronics work, the manufacture of business machines, shipbuilding (including the building of atomic-powered submarines), and a long list of other space-age activities whose variety makes the head spin.

Litton expands not so much by inventing new products as by absorbing smaller firms that have done so or are likely to do so. It expands by merger, that is, and this is another of the links that bind the aerospace industry together; one company is forever swallowing a neighbor, because the neighbor's products are complementary. Subcontracting is still another link. The companies make electronic components for each other, or one company makes a second stage for another company's missile, and so on. In building the Ranger VII moon vehicle, the Jet Propulsion Lab used twelve hundred subcontractors, most of them in the Los Angeles area. The big Atlas rocket that carried the vehicle into space was built by General Dynamics/Astronautics, in San Diego. That rocket's engines were built by North American's Rocketdyne Division, in the Los Angeles subcommunity of Canoga Park. The Agena B second-stage rocket was built by Lockheed's space subsidiary near San Francisco. The vehicle's central computer, like much of the rest of its electronic gear, was built by Northrop Nortronics, in the Los Angeles subcommunity of Palos Verdes. The rocket's trajectory was calculated by TRW's Space Technology Laboratories, in the subcommunity of Redondo Beach. The spacecraft's solar panels were built by the Ryan Aeronautical Company, in San Diego, and the panels' power equipment by Electro-Optical Systems, in Pasadena. Ground-monitoring equipment for the venture was built by Beckman Instruments, in Fullerton, in Orange County, and so on down the line, the local contributions interweaving like the strands of a cat's cradle. In the case of the recent Surveyor I moon landing, the prime responsibility was again J.P.L.'s, and again subcontracting was extensive, involving many southern California industries, including Ryan Aeronautical, Northrop's Norair Division, and Hughes Aircraft—the prime contractor for the spacecraft itself.

ONE encounters various opinions about what it is that draws technologists to Los Angeles. Some people say it is the educational system; some say it is money; some say it is the challenge of exciting work; and some say it is just the good, sunshiny life. A while ago, the Stanford Research Institute—yet another non-profit organization—made a study for the Defense Department of this kind of attractiveness in all parts of the country, and in its findings great significance was attached to the different communities' positions on what are called "the paths of normal U.S. manpower migration." These paths are said to run generally from east to west, though they also run from south to north (with a minor reverse movement toward Florida). Thus, Los Angeles is very much "downstream" on the migration paths, and one hears repeatedly that tech-

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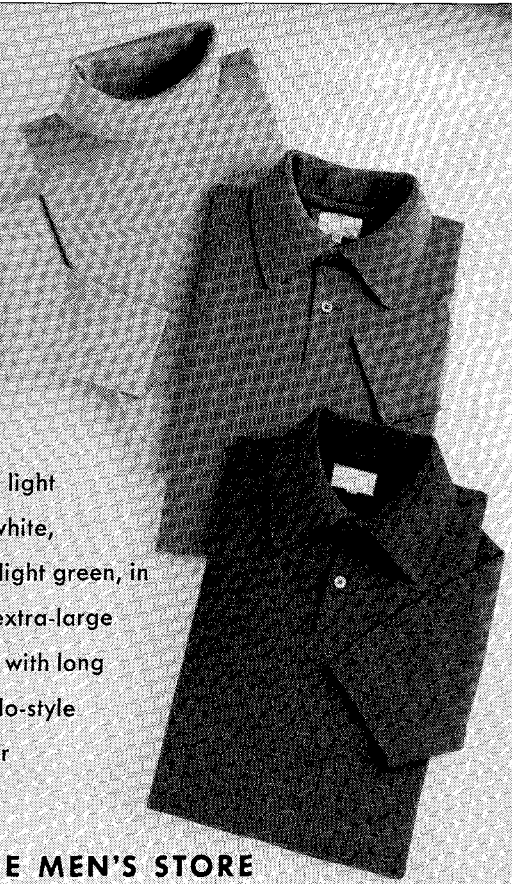

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nologists are keen to come to Los Angeles, especially from the central parts of the country, and also that if they are enticed away from California they soon begin pining to come back.

The Stanford study found that the Defense Department could not ignore the migration paths in allotting its contracts, and this is borne out by reports of difficulties that have been encountered in luring technologists to Alabama and Georgia. Yet government policy does play its part. The shift away from manned bombers, for instance, almost certainly hurt industry in the region of Fort Worth, Tulsa, and Wichita (which some Angelenos lump under the heading of "the Middle West"). Ten years ago, this region's aviation and aerospace production was about two-thirds that of L.A., one expert told me recently, but now it is down to less than half. (An attempt to turn the drift back toward the "Middle West" was made a while ago when NASA's center for the Apollo manned moon shot was established in Houston. Some authorities say this move was predominantly political, being arranged—with some help from Lyndon Johnson, then Vice-President—by men like the late Senator Kerr, of Oklahoma, and, especially, the late Congressman Albert Thomas, of Houston itself, who, as chairman of the Independent Offices Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, had a lot to say about NASA's funds.)

Within Greater Los Angeles, the aerospace plants are dotted about in a discernible pattern. Only a very few are in the old downtown center or its extension, the Wilshire Strip; the majority are in the suburbs, where there has been more available land—though space nowadays, of course, is at a premium. Some are grouped around Pasadena, to the northeast, near Caltech and its spinoffs. Others are in the San Fernando Valley, to the north and northwest, which is the long-time home of Lockheed and is an especially fast-growing area. (It was mainly farmland a few decades ago, and now it has a million inhabitants, sixty-nine per cent of whom are said to depend on aerospace for their living.) These northern outskirts are important, and so are the southeastern ones, but the real concentration is down along the twenty-mile stretch of L.A.'s West Side, within two or three miles of the ocean. Douglas, North American, and Hughes are all on this coastal strip; so are the Aerospace and RAND Corporations; and so are innumerable fabricators of electronic and other space-age gear,

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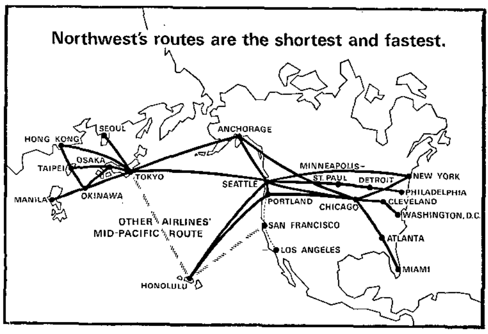
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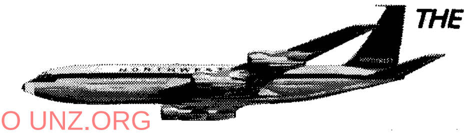

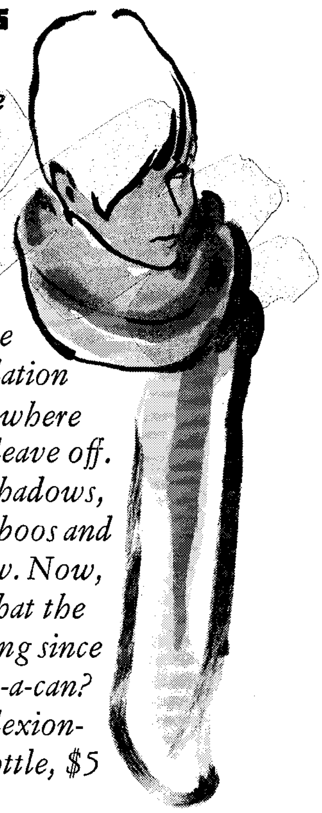

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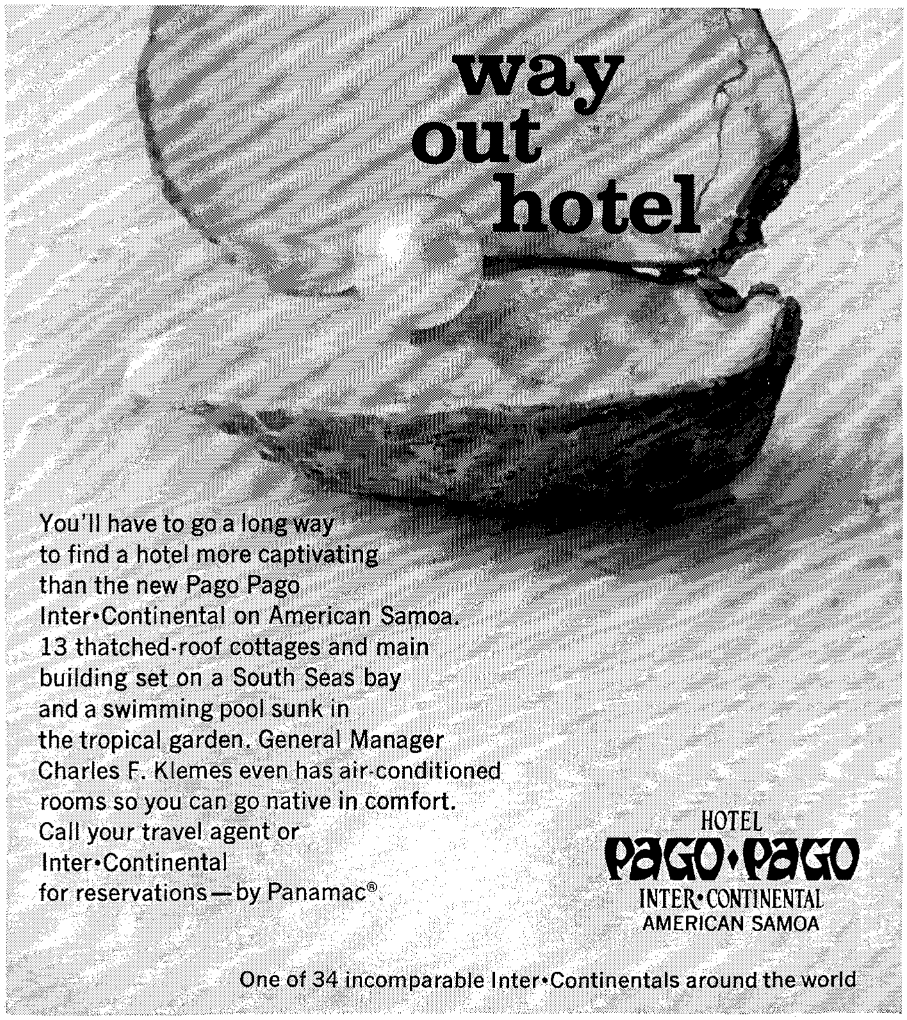

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not to mention companies dealing in computers and computer services. Indeed, the West Side seems to have more charm for innovators than any other part of this big innovational city, and after living there awhile one can see why. The International Airport is on the West Side, for one thing, giving access to aerospace connections in the East and abroad. Then, the benign influence of the Pacific is felt—there are cool breezes, good beaches, and hardly any smog. Desirable residential sections are nearby—the beach communities themselves, plus the Palos Verdes headland, at the strip's southern end, and the Santa Monica Mountains, at its northern end. The West Side stretches between these two eminences, along a freeway on which the technologists may speed to work. And, finally, the more numerous the firms that settle on the coastal strip, the better able they are to do business with each other, consult with each other, raid each other's personnel, and so on.

On the whole, the optimistic, futuristic dream that is characteristic of L.A. applies to aerospace as to other things, though with certain doubts at times, as in 1964, when the big intercontinental missile program was nearing an end; the last Minuteman would soon be in its silo, and there was a feeling of cutback in the air. Though new space projects and new defense demands have at the moment set things humming again, there is, from time to time, inevitably, talk about what would happen in the event of serious reductions in the defense and space programs. How to convert, and to what, in the face of such cutbacks, has been a big question, and some high-grade talent has been devoted to answering it. One company has been considering the manufacture of machinery to harvest California's crops; there is a real demand for such machinery but no satisfactory design for picking many of the fruits and vegetables, and an engineer in the company has said that certain of the techniques and hardware used in missile ground equipment could be applied. Another firm worked up a two-man submarine for sporting or exploring use; its engineers designed a lovely sub, by all accounts, but the project has been running along in low gear because the market, which hadn't been previously studied, was found to be small. The more closely the industry looks into conversion, the more evidence it seems to find that the making of commercial products, and especially mass-produced ones, is not the answer. That would demand too drastic a change in outlook. Aerospace work needs free, imaginative research about strange environments, and then superbly precise fabrication. Mass production often needs little research, except into popular tastes, and in fabrication it may actually favor imprecision, for the sake of low costs, which is an idea that space technologists hardly take to with enthusiasm. "If these aerospace firms are going to make commercial products, they will have to get cost accountants and market specialists out from the East," one insider told me. "They just don't know how to go about it."

Some aerospace firms *have* gone successfully about the commercial systematizing of information, by means of computers, for various clients—a type of work that fits in with their bent for electronics and original planning. Last year, Governor Edmund Brown announced four areas in which he wanted planning help, under contract, from aerospace firms, and such information-systematizing was one of them. The others were public transportation, waste management—including smog control—and care of the criminally insane and mentally ill. Bids were submitted, and this summer pilot studies were completed in each of the four areas by Lockheed, North American, Aerojet-General, and its affiliate the Space-General Corporation, respectively. But even if a great deal comes out of Brown's proposals, it will still be work done under government patronage, and some people here see such patronage, especially by the federal government, as an absolute necessity. "The aerospace industry," one man told me flatly, "can convert only to another government activity."

Again and again, in fact, one is struck by the Los Angeles aerospace industry's dependence on Washington. The aerospace people fly to the capital constantly, and when they aren't doing so, they start their day by talking on the telephone to the capital. "By 9 A.M., our phone calls to the East are over, because that is noon in Washington, and they go out to lunch," one aerospace man told me. "By the time they're back, we're going to lunch, and by the time *we're* back, they're going home. So a lot of us have to do our phoning at seven, before coming to work. Or we get to the office by seven-thirty and do it then. Otherwise we never can catch up." One hears more serious talk than this about the dependence on Washington, of course—and especially about the need for political influence in getting business. Many things here are seen from this angle, and L.A.'s leading in-

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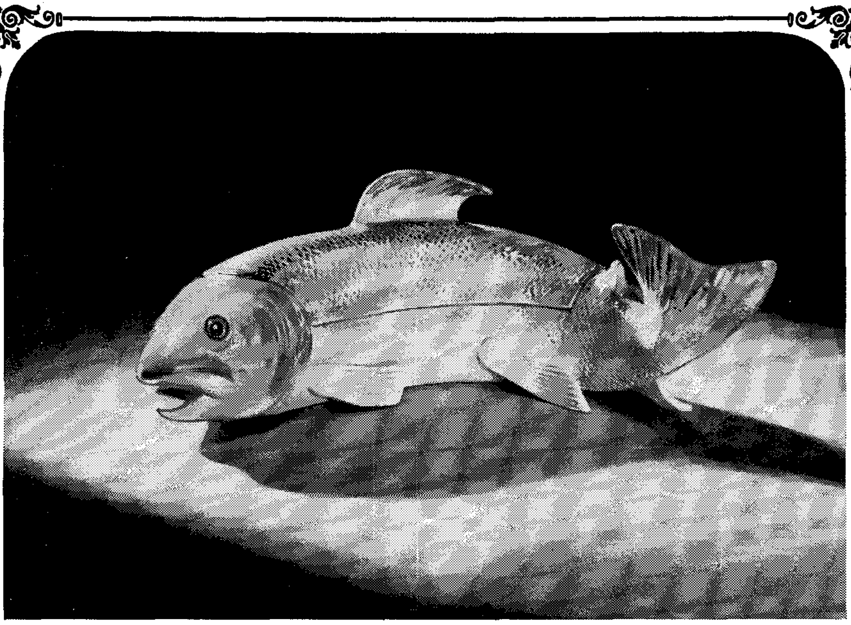

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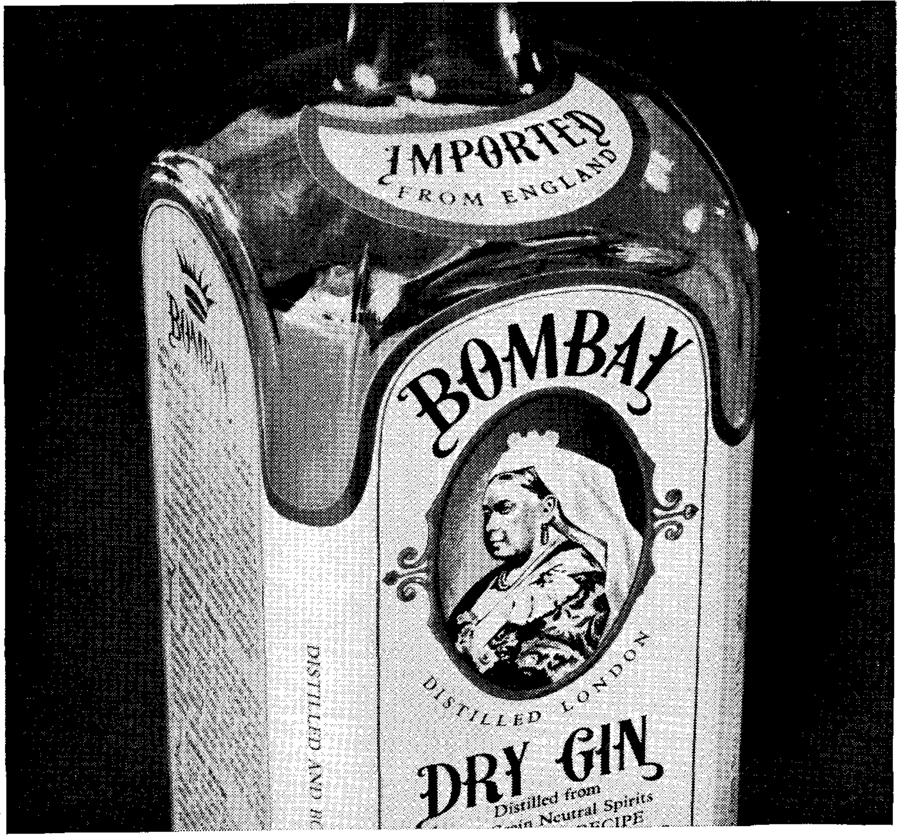

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dustry is spoken of, in effect, as Washington's pensioner. (It is regarded as a completely deserving one, even if the speakers may otherwise damn creeping Socialism.) This makes for cynicism, which is accompanied by a disillusion with "news management," or "image-making"—an activity that is thought to be widespread in the aerospace field. Two aerospace engineers (as distinct from front-office people) told me that the press rarely gets its news of their industry right, and another aerospace man deplored the delay in the first testing of a new supersonic plane from a Saturday to a Monday not long ago; he saw the decision as a publicity move, based on the desirability of having the news break in the Tuesday papers rather than the Sunday ones, and he felt that testing shouldn't be done in that spirit.

In this atmosphere of questionable news, of politics, and of vague, distant influences, it is natural for people to argue that defense contracts should be assigned so as to keep certain firms, or even certain whole communities, afloat, and many people do so argue. At times, the project for the supersonic transport plane—beset, as it is, with questions about the destructiveness of the sonic boom and about the plane's true economic usefulness—seems tainted with this notion. One aerospace man has told me that the supersonic-transport job, if it comes off, will employ some fifty thousand people for well over ten years—twenty thousand of them at the Lockheed worksites in the Los Angeles area if Lockheed is chosen to make the airframe. And even if Lockheed loses the airframe contract to its rival Boeing, in the State of Washington, the supersonic transport will be a big plum for Los Angeles, because the experts figure that a good many of the subcontracts will come to California. Thoughts on these benefits get into the local talk about the project, sometimes derogatorily. "It's all a boondoggle," one friend told me, and another said, "It's too bad that we can't do something instead to help the underdeveloped countries." In the end, the supersonic transport, like many of our satellites, will probably be built for the sake of our national prestige in the contest with Russia—the sort of reason the industry's better leaders understand. These leaders don't like "welfarism" under the name of defense. If a base or a plant must be shut down, they say, the government should take care of the people thrown out of work, but not through the Defense Department's budget. And the department is so ad-

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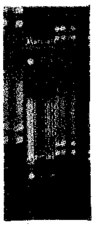

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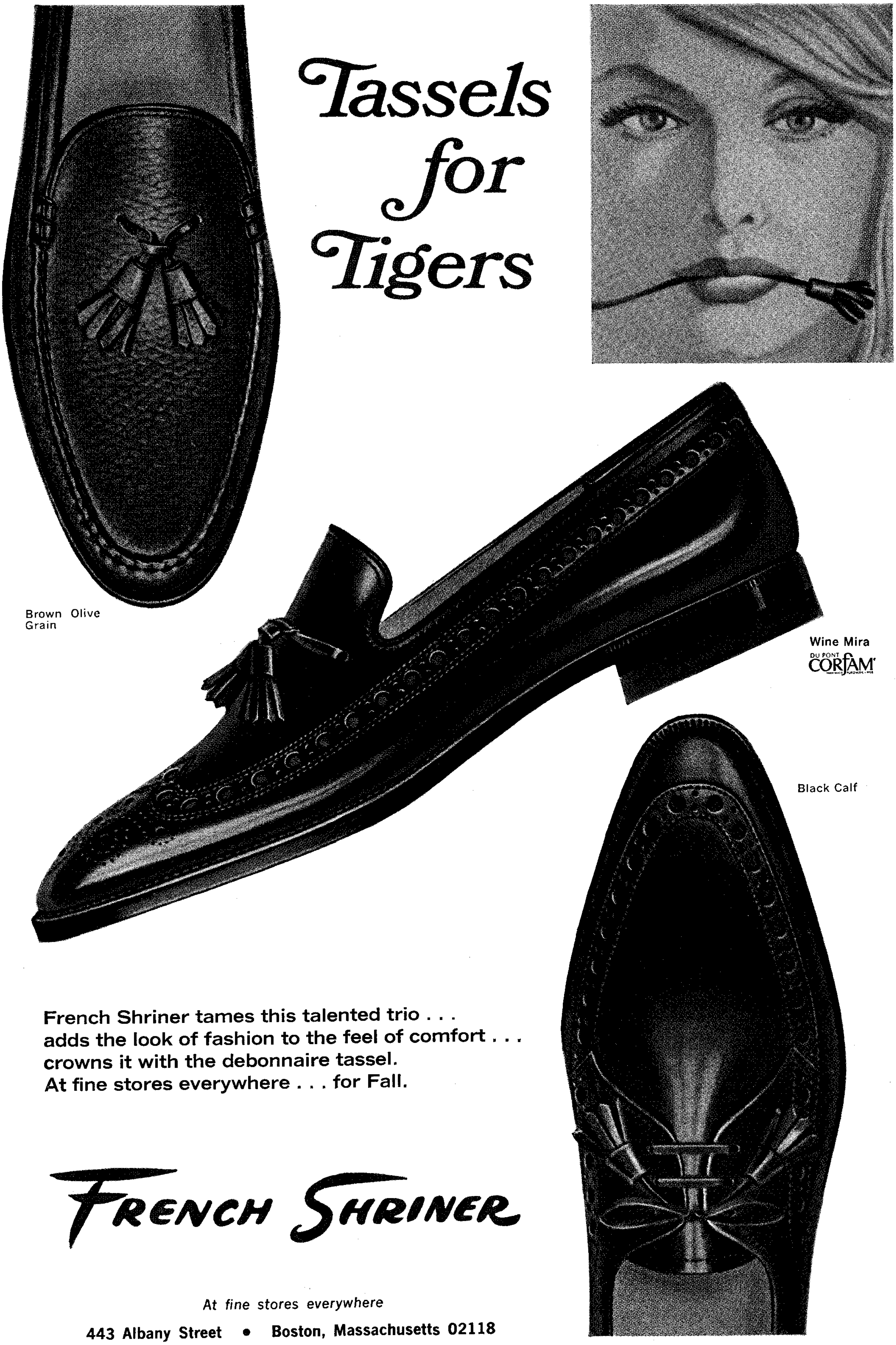

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vised, one hears, by the Defense Industries Advisory Council, a body of industrial leaders on which Los Angeles is well represented. The tendency of such leaders is to look ahead rather than back, and this means looking toward new uses for "advanced technology," which they view as their stock in trade. "Our business is the management and processing of innovation," one aerospace leader has told me. "It is the committing of human, fiscal, and physical resources to complicated undertakings—the doing of difficult things for substantial rewards at considerable risk. There is a real continuity in this business of innovation. For instance, our company is moving toward undersea environments in the late sixties. We are getting into anti-submarine warfare for the military—all the aerospace companies are doing that. We are getting into other fields of oceanography, too, with various branches of the government as our customers—into underseas oil exploration, for one thing. It is hard to find customers other than the government to support these considerable undertakings. So there will be a marriage between the government and the companies that have the right abilities. The aerospace firms are the natural ones to lead the way into such new things."

He mentioned some other possible "new things," among them communications satellites; nuclear rocket engines; systems for checking on disarmament; new methods of mass communication through the Iron Curtain; new vehicles, such as vertical-takeoff-and-landing planes, for tactical military use; and, of course, the anticipation of new enemy weapons and the invention of ways to counter them. Indeed, the possibilities seem unlimited when one hears the Los Angeles scientists talk. Technology is getting more complex by the minute. Technologists, their numbers constantly swelling, are straining to lead us on, at the same time that Russia and other countries drive us on. Barring a cataclysm, one can foresee only change and more change, and more refinements in the process of change, with Los Angeles playing more and more of a part in it all.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

(*This is the second of a series of three articles on Los Angeles.*)

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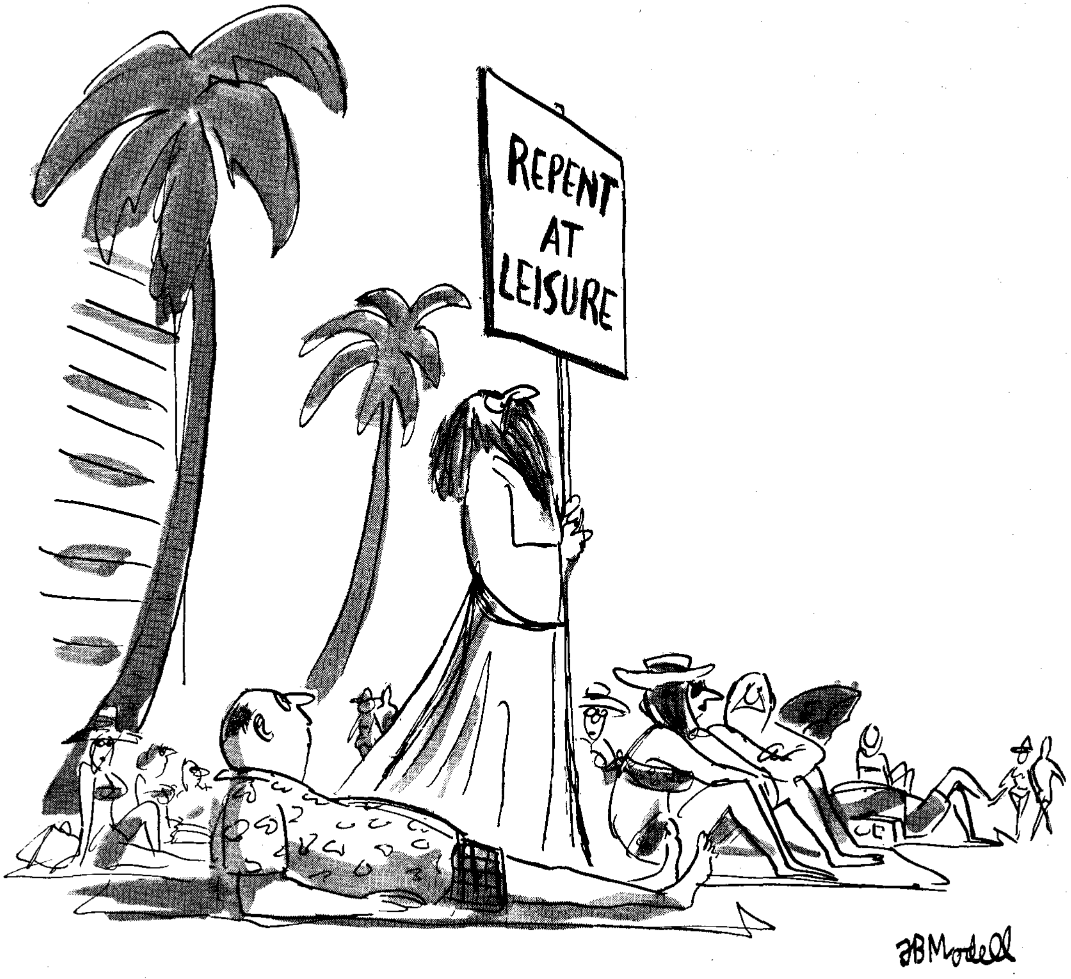
THE THEATRE

OLD-TIMER

THE revival of "Dinner at Eight," at the Alvin, makes use of half a dozen sets, twenty-four actors, and a *tzigane* orchestra. In these days of meagre dramatic productions, this is a lavish spread indeed. But whether the content of the Kaufman-Ferber show merits such expansive treatment is, to say the least, debatable, for over the thirty-four years since it first appeared on Broadway it has become a trifle creaky, and in the current go-around its rickety skeleton is all too apparent. As directed by Tyrone Guthrie, the performers, by and large, do not attempt to tone down the gaudier aspects of the enterprise; as a matter of fact, they frequently seem bent on exaggerating them. "Dinner at Eight," as you probably remember, from seeing either the original or the movie adaptations that followed it, is ostensibly concerned with the efforts of the flibbertigibbet wife of a shipping magnate named Oliver Jordan, whom the Depression is forcing into bankruptcy, to arrange a dinner party for a couple of English aristocrats, who never show up. Among those invited are a crude and crooked opportunist named Dan Packard, who is determined to take over the shipping man's firm; Packard's wife, an empty-headed floozy; a doctor who has the shipping man as a patient and who also looks after the floozy and occasionally permits her to seduce him; the doctor's wife, a negligible figure; a washed-up movie actor who is having an affair with the Jordans' daughter; the sister of the hostess and the sister's husband, who are called in at the last minute; and an actress, a former sweetheart of Jordan's, who is so incandescent that a Broadway theatre has been named after her. This is quite a collection, and before the dinner party gets under way they have themselves quite a histrionic ball, what with Jordan suffering a couple of cardiac seizures, Packard scheming against Jordan and knocking his wife around for suspected infidelity, the actor committing suicide after drunkenly alienating one of the few producers willing to offer him a job, and the eminent actress selling shares of Jordan's shipping business and hastening his financial doom. While the abovestairs types are thus carrying on, some belowstairs characters—a maid, a butler, and a chauffeur—are shaping up into a pretty steamy triangle. Through the doings of these various people, it was, I believe, the underlying intention of George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber to indicate how things were when the bottom fell out of the economy. But I'm afraid it's a pretty thin slice of life they've offered us here, and anything more than superficiality is difficult to discover. Of the cast on hand, I should say that the most successful members are Walter Pidgeon, as the unfortunate Jordan; June Havoc, as his flighty wife; Jeffrey Lynn, as the doctor; Phil Leeds, as a theatrical agent; Darren McGavin, as the imitation Barrymore; and Blanche Yurka, who appears briefly as the Jordan cook. The others, it seems to me, are either miscast (as in the case of Arlene Francis, who plays the actress) or uncertain about how to handle their assignments.



TALK of adultery runs rampant in "Help Stamp Out Marriage!," at the Booth, but the action of the farce never makes very much progress. The oral acrobatics, I regret to say, are not amusing, and some of the exchanges between the characters are witless enough to be actively annoying. This is especially disappointing in a play that was written by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall and directed by George Abbott, but that's about the size of it. The plot, very arch, has to do with a young woman (single) who borrows a friend's flat on Fridays so that she can conduct an affair with her married paramour in domestic surroundings. She needs the domestic touch because she wants her lover to believe she is married. Otherwise, she fears, he will start thinking about a

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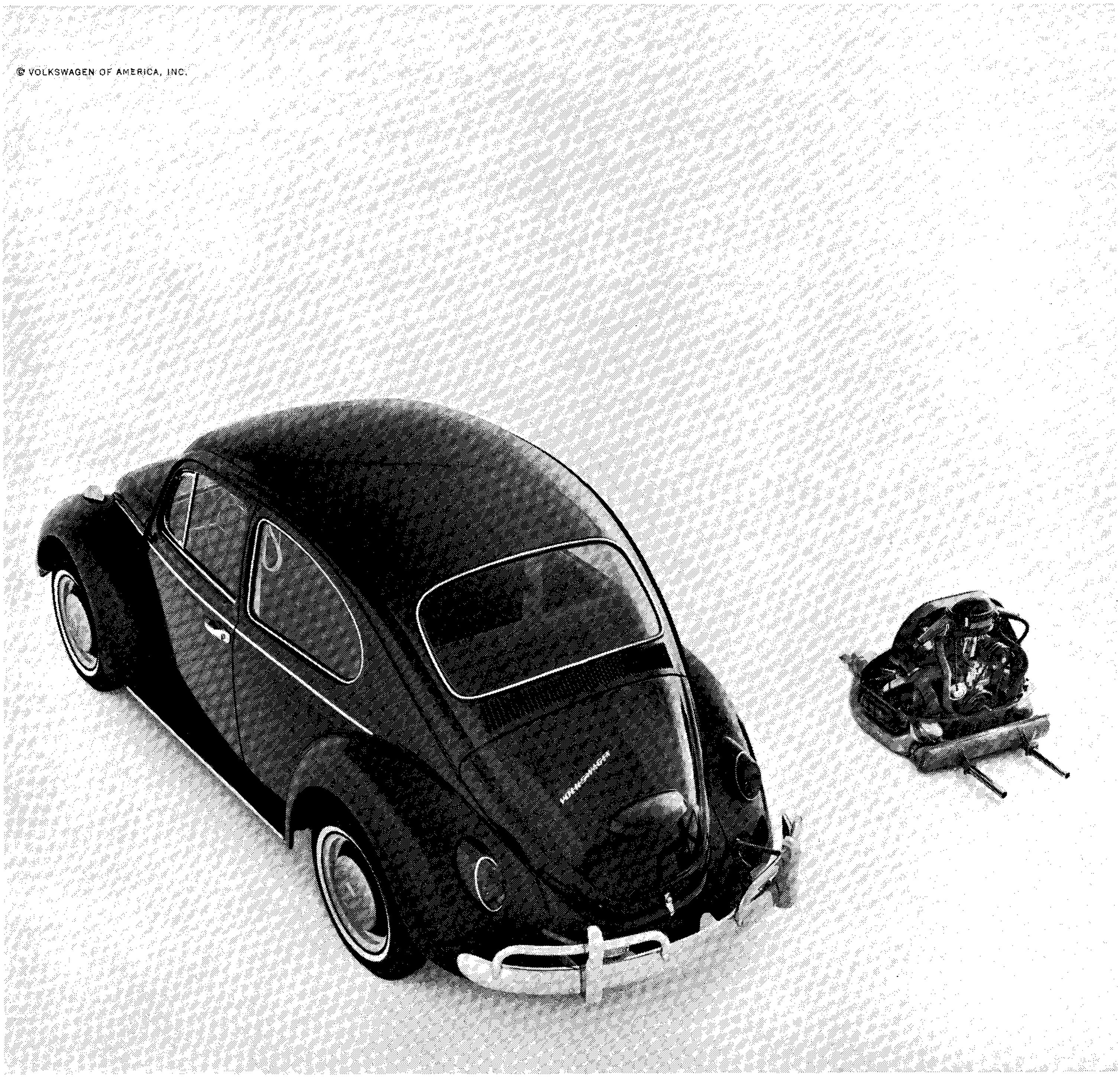

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permanent relationship, thus tying her down to a dreary career as a wife. The apartment these two occupy on Fridays is leased by a gentleman who has been conducting a Platonic affair with a very young girl (a petrol-pump attendant) and who has aroused the suspicions of his wife that he has betrayed his marital vows. In a situation like this, all kinds of mixups—such as the paramour's mistaking the husband in residence for the imaginary cuckold—are bound to occur, but at the bitter end it turns out that Roddy Maude-Roxby, Ann Bell, Francis Matthews, and Valerie French, who make up the cast, have performed valiantly to no purpose. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

BALDPATE POND

Touring the old miles again
we are, it's October here,
good for a drive at night;

good time to be out; wind's
down; everything is quiet;
pretty cold; but let's stop a

minute anyway—the air is so
clear. Come on, now, and let's
forget the passionate symbol.
There doesn't have to be any-

thing unusual in the scene.
It's what's been here all the
time, isn't it? Oh, then perhaps

you are remembering. Exactly
what, though? The demands of May?
July's answer? That spurt in

September? Well, look around then;
here's something good—here's
armistice. Take it tonight; on

any nights like this, you'd
be a fool not to.

The half-moon lights the lake,
the hills are gleaming faintly,
the apples hang from the trees.

O you, dying of love for this
world, you, learning—at the age of,
say, 50—that Love is impossible,

stop there!
O stop there, we're

on to those tricks: philosophers
and syllogisms and even what's
left possible-impossible for their
crazy songs . . . Another minute here?

It will be enough.
—E. F. WEISSLITZ

MUSICAL EVENTS

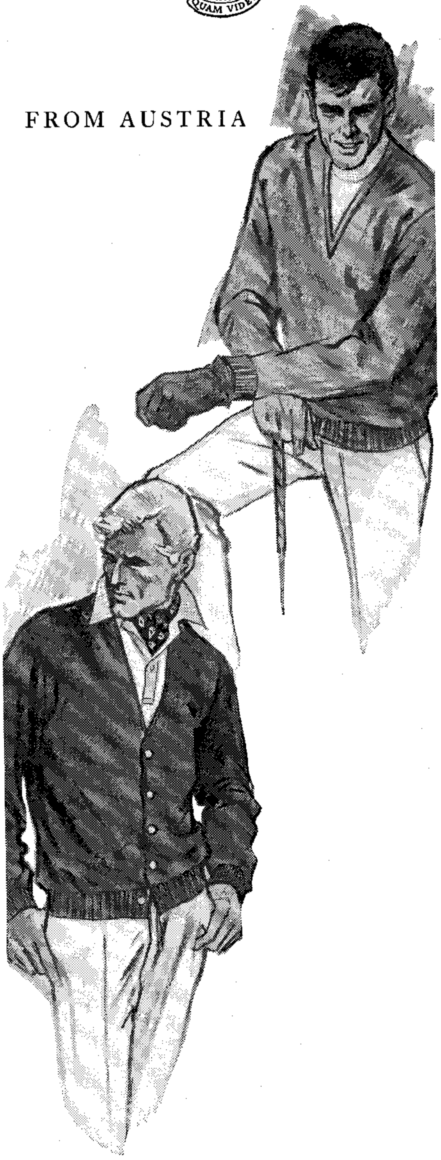
Triumph

In the rough-and-tumble world of opera, it is a rare experience to attend a performance in which every scene and every costume is a masterpiece of good taste; it is still rarer to find every singer moving with the grace of a ballet dancer and singing great music with flawless style and absolute coördination. All these things happened when the New York City Opera opened its season on Tuesday evening of last week with Handel's "Giulio Cesare," an event that will be long remembered. The visual production of this almost forgotten baroque opera was directed by Tito Capobianco, the man responsible for last spring's "Don Rodrigo," and the exquisitely controlled balletic movement of the singers was choreographed by his wife, Elena Denda. The scenery, by Ming Cho Lee, consisted of a set with several levels connected by stairways, and a series of black-and-white drops, most of them having the chaste character of baroque architectural drawings. Roman, Egyptian, and Roman-baroque and Egyptian-baroque motifs were everywhere—in the form of columns and depictions of arches and domes. In front of these elegant but unobtrusive sets the costumes, by José Varona—brightly colored for the most part, and in styles that reproduced either the eighteenth century itself or the eighteenth-century idea of Rome and Egypt—shone like jewels. The total effect constituted the finest staging of its sort that I have ever witnessed in any opera house, and it caught the majestic, formal spirit of Handel's opera with uncanny rightness.

Added to all this beauty of stage production was a score carefully rehearsed, with all the traditional vocal ornamentation of Handel's day scrupulously observed, and with each singer coached so carefully that there was never a lapse in proper emphasis or a flaw in refinement of phrase. This part of the production was, of course, the province of Julius Rudel, the company's chief, and he conducted the whole opera with masterly understanding. It crossed my mind during the performance that this kind of subtlety in production can be attained only in a company like the New York City Opera, which exists as a close-knit group, unencumbered by the arrival and departure of international stars, and in which the singers try just a little harder out of respect for the boss.

Not that there was anything less than stellar about the singers. Beverly Sills, looking radiant in costumes obviously designed by a man who knows a pretty woman when he sees one, sang Cleopatra—an extremely difficult and demanding role—with dazzling effect, and, more than that, with an intelligent command of all of its feminine dramatic nuances. Norman Treigle, a bass who has few, if any, rivals today, was the Caesar (Julius, naturally; this opera, like Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," deals with a period slightly earlier than that of Antony), and sang the role nobly, projecting its taxing fioritura, originally conceived for a castrato, with surprising agility and accuracy considering the weight of his voice. Beverly Wolff, in the one transvestite part—that of Sextus—outdid herself, producing a passionate flow of lovely vocal tone. And Domenic Cossa's Achilla and Spiro Malas's Tolomeo were scarcely less impressive. Maureen Forrester's vocal quality and sense of phrase as Cornelia were immaculate, but I was a little disappointed by the size of her voice, which I had expected, from concert performances, to be large. Perhaps she was nervous; this was, as far as I am aware, her very first appearance on any operatic stage. There is a rumor going around town that the State Theatre is using electronic amplification. I can attest that this is not the case. If it were, Miss Forrester would have sounded as large in volume as her colleagues. However, the acoustics of the theatre have been immeasurably improved this fall, by clever and almost unnoticeable padding here and there, and from now on it ought to be a much better auditorium for opera.

I shall not attempt a detailed description of the complex plot of Handel's opera. It deals with the rivalry between Ptolemy and Cleopatra for the throne of Egypt, the consequent battles, Julius Caesar's entry into the conflict, his love affair with Cleopatra, his momentary defeat, Ptolemy's assassination at the hands of Sextus, whose mother, Cornelia, Ptolemy has been trying to seduce, and, finally, a triumphal scene in which Caesar places Cleopatra on



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the throne. I am, I confess, not temperamentally a Handelian, but I am beginning to see the point that Paul Henry Lang and other musicologists of the baroque period have been making about Handel—that though his music may sometimes be highly predictable and boring, his operas do contain many splendid scenes dealing passionately with love, violence, death, and other very human concerns. This is certainly true of "Giulio Cesare." Caesar's long soliloquy before the tomb of Pompey in Act I, Scene 3, is as moving a bit as you will find anywhere in opera; so are Caesar's *scena* at the beginning of Act III, and nearly all the music sung by Cleopatra, which has a range of feminine mood reaching from guile and pure high spirits to remorse and grief. All this emotion is conveyed in the stately terms of the early eighteenth century, and there are points in this production at which Mr. Capobianco has let us look at it as a historical construction of Handel's time. Cornelia's frequent attempts at suicide, for example, are made with a huge, unwieldy sword, and by their mere repetition they become slightly humorous, or at least quaint. So does the death of Tolomeo in Act III, Scene 3. He is merely touched by the tip of Sextus's sword, whereupon he falls dead with enormous alacrity. These points, however, only add charm to the performance. This is indeed something special, and something that should not be missed.

On Friday night, Miss Sills and Mr. Treigle, along with Donald Gramm, Norma Newton, Placido Domingo, William Metcalf, and Patricia Brooks, appeared in a performance, in English, of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," which, though the first act had been cut and the scenery was merely serviceable, was vocally an entire pleasure. I was surprised to hear Mr. Domingo, whom I had thought of as a dramatic rather than a lyric tenor, sing the florid "Il mio tesoro" (here appearing as "O, my beloved") excellently. There were other striking points, too, among them an unusually vivid bit of mimicry of each other's voice during the serenade scene by Mr. Treigle and Mr. Gramm, a superb Leporello. The English translation is the admirable one by Ruth and Thomas Martin, and the result was wholly euphonious and almost wholly intelligible.

THE New York Philharmonic opened its season on Thursday evening of last week with a program whose only really memorable feature was the finest performance Leonard

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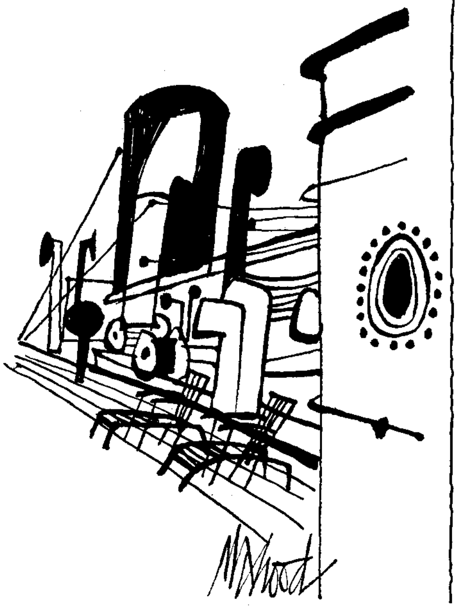
Bernstein has yet conducted of Mahler's First Symphony. Mr. Bernstein seems now to have got inside this great work and to have sorted out his own emotions from Mahler's. There were a few matters that I still found a bit unpolished—notably the unnecessarily harsh ending of the first movement. Besides that, the Philharmonic's tone was awfully thick compared to that of, say, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and its horns cracked a few notes. I suspect that both flaws arose from the fact that Mr. Bernstein's approach to conducting is impulsive and emotional rather than methodical. A stronger discipline in rehearsal would have eliminated both these flaws. However, his impulsive approach has its virtues, among which are the capacity to generate excitement and a certain freedom from the constraint of merely following the notes. The other works on the program were a Symphony for Strings by William Schuman, over which I could work up no great enthusiasm, and Beethoven's "King Stephen" Overture, which is second-rate Beethoven. It is interesting to note, however, that, whether Mr. Bernstein arranged his program that way on purpose or not, the overture and the Mahler symphony begin with the same arrangement of descending fourths—a rather striking sequence, which also appears in many other classical and romantic works.

PERHAPS the severest test of a violinist's abilities is a series of recitals devoted to the Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. The piano is not accompanying but competing, and the violinist finds himself naked, as it were, playing duets with an instrument that is antagonistic, both by its difference of timbre and by its tuning. He is, more-



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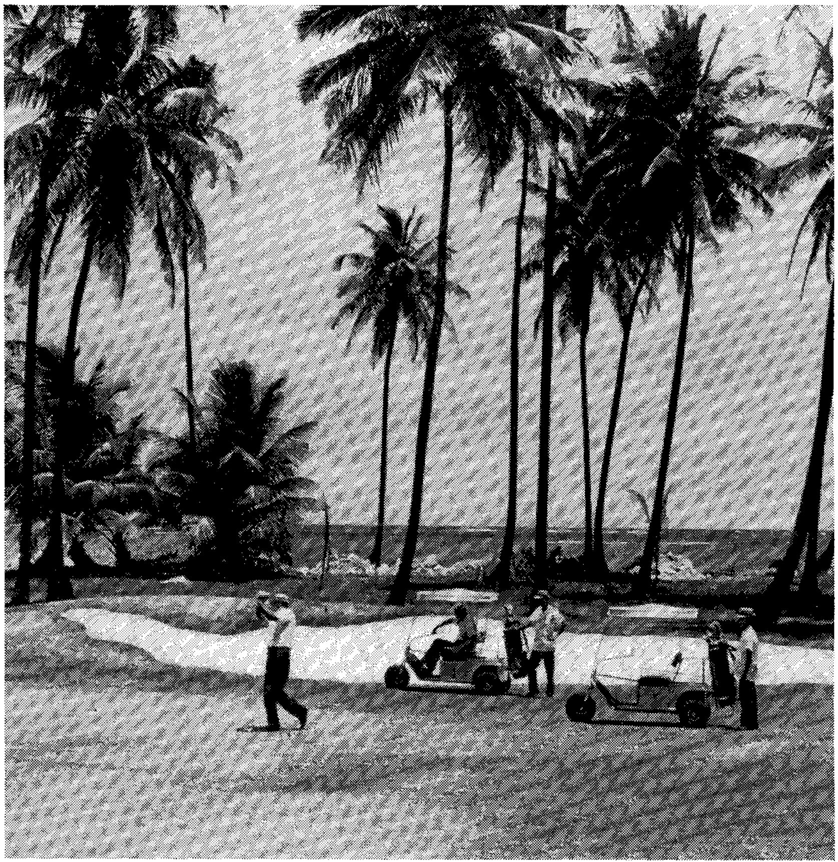

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over, often involved in passages that merely suggest, instead of conveying, the grand design that Beethoven had in mind. (A showy performance of the Tchaikovsky concerto is a breeze by comparison.) The slightest miscalculation can result in disaster. On Wednesday evening of last week, Rudolf Serkin and a violinist unfamiliar to me, Pina Carmirelli, launched such a series in Carnegie Hall, devoting their first program to Sonatas No. 1, 3, 4, and 5. Mr. Serkin's talents in things of this sort are a known quantity. Mme. Carmirelli performed her difficult role with the utmost taste and musicianship, phrasing beautifully, dropping her tone to a neutral sound when this was required, and generally giving the most eloquent possible character to her part. She is a refined violinist with a faultless technique—profoundly intellectual and sensitive to all the nuances of style. I look forward to hearing her again.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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LOVE IN ENGLAND IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

(NO TIME FOR VANDALISM DIVISION)

[*From the London Times*]

A city's museum welcomes courting couples who are paying a 6d. entrance fee for the privilege of "necking" in the museum's dimly lit "bird room." It is happening in the Norwich Castle Museum with the blessing of the curator, Mr. Francis Cheetham, aged 37.

He said today: "It is one of our jobs to provide a public service. We ought to be proud that we are providing a quiet, warm room, out of the rain, for courting couples. They are some of our best behaved visitors. They have no time for vandalism. We often find that after a time they actually become interested in the exhibits."

Couples go to the museum to snuggle in the corners of the Norfolk Room, which displays wild animals and birds of the East Anglian countryside in their natural surroundings. Mr. Cheetham commented: "I think the couples pick the room because it is just like being in the countryside, but in the dry. They marry and then bring their children along to see the birds."

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If you're working on the Army's railroad, you can forget DD Forms 860, 861, 863, 864, 866, 867 and 868. Instead of these use DA Form 2404 from TM 38-750. Also use DA Forms 2408-1 and 2408-2 instead of DD Form 865. Hang onto DD Form 862, though. You still need that as spelled out in DA Cir 750-10 (4 Aug 65). The circular's your authority till TM's 55-201, 202 and 203 and AR 750-2200-1 get updated.—*The Preventive Maintenance Monthly, an Army publication.*

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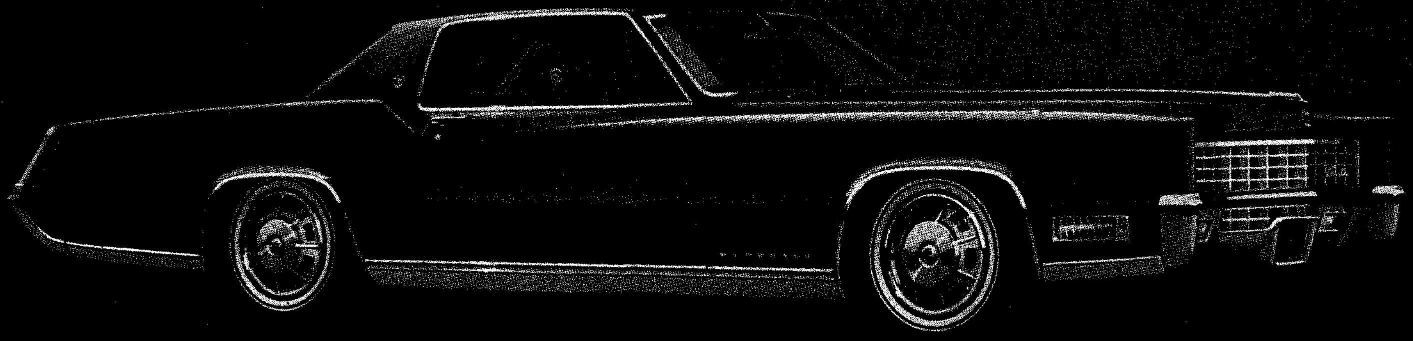

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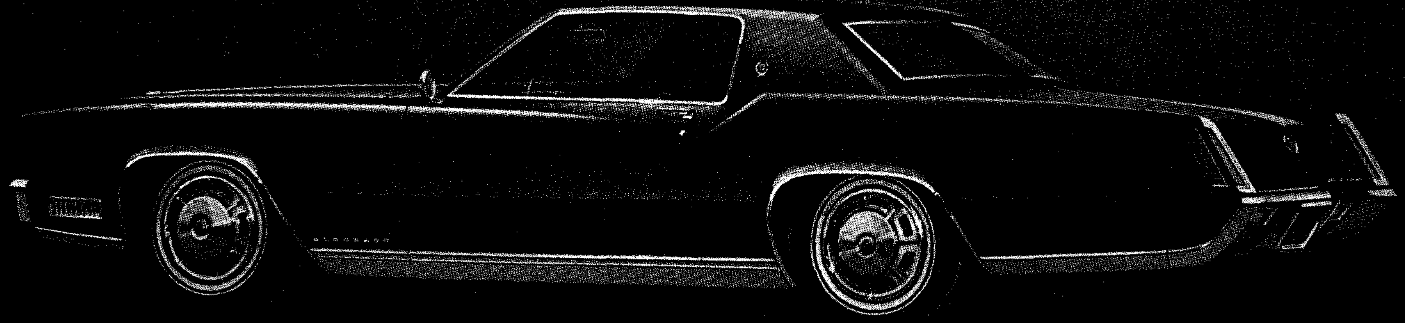

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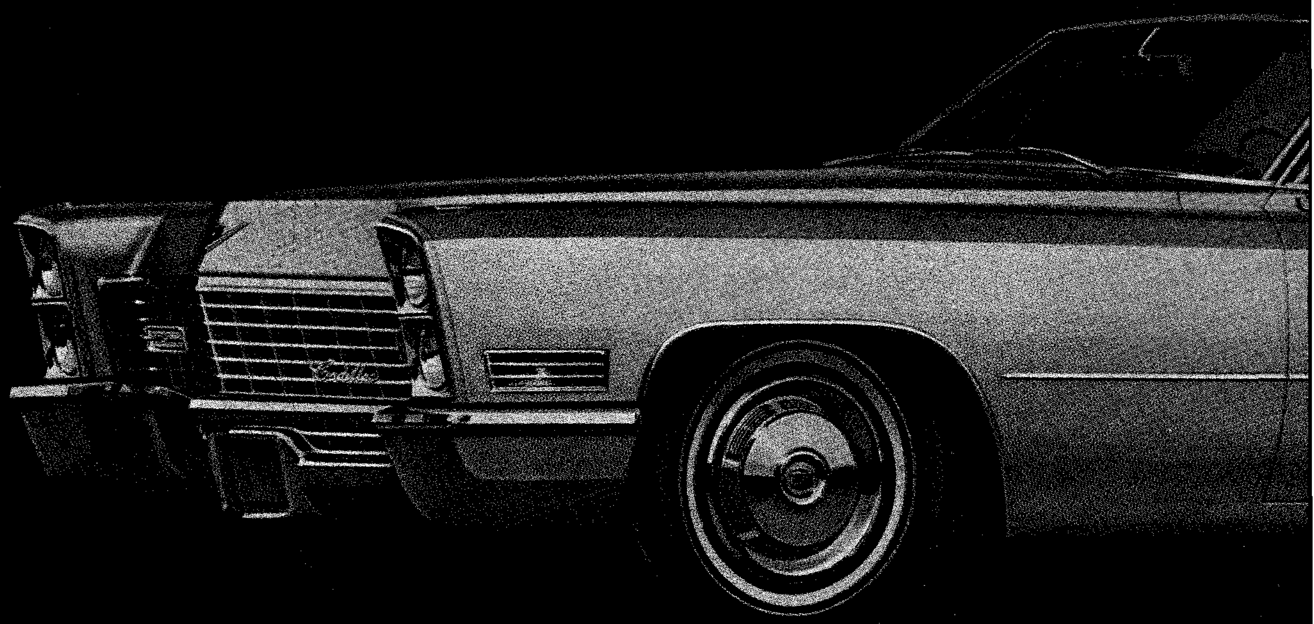

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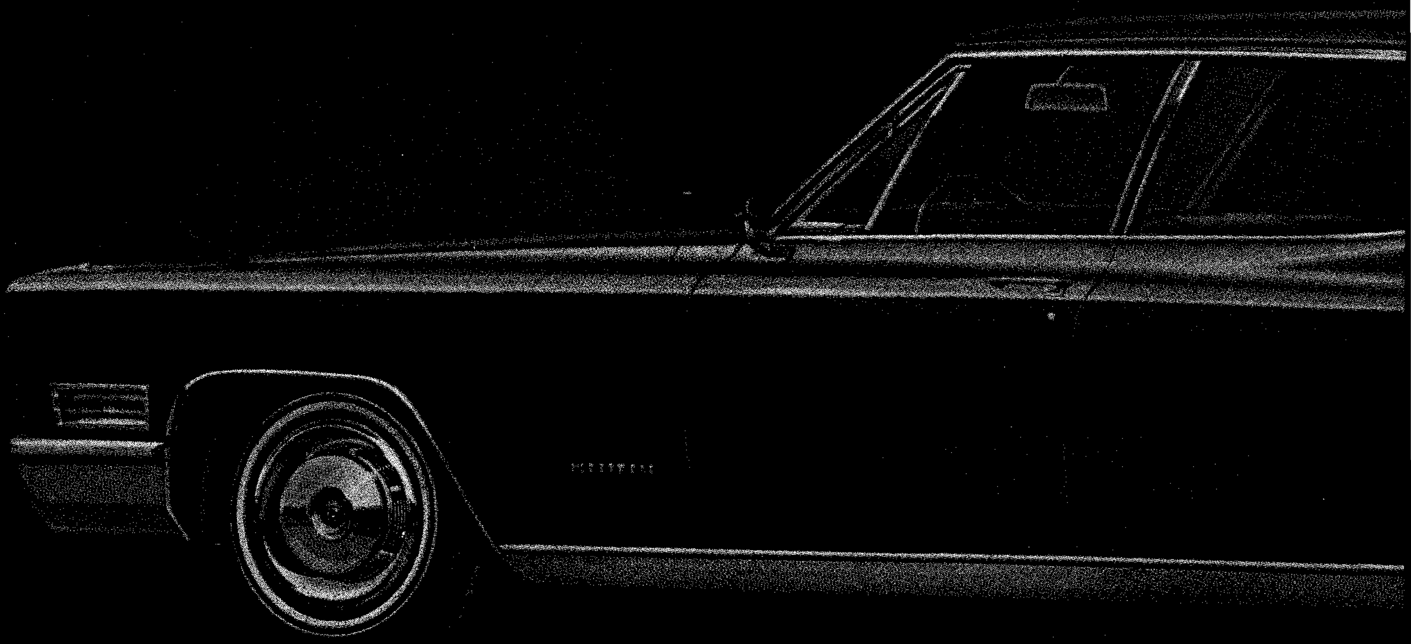

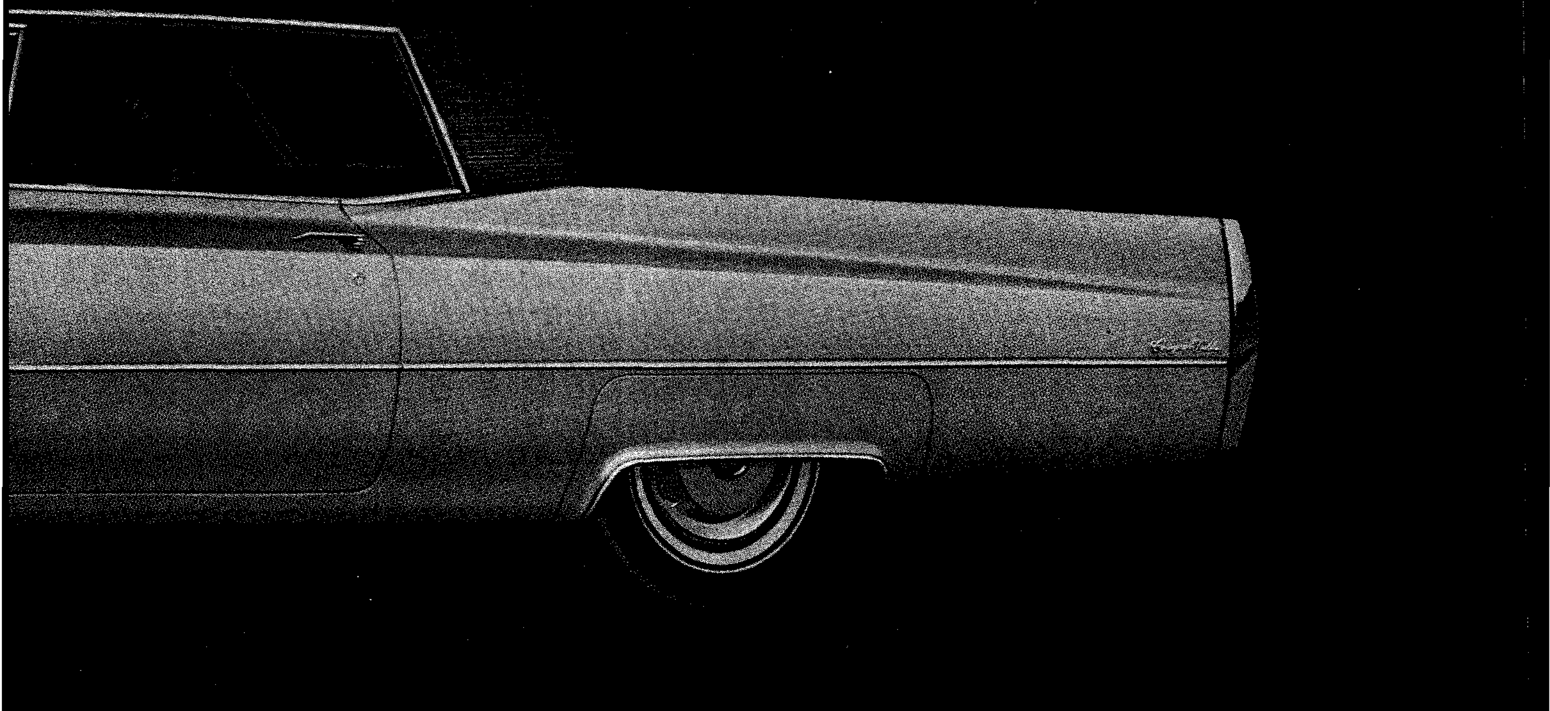

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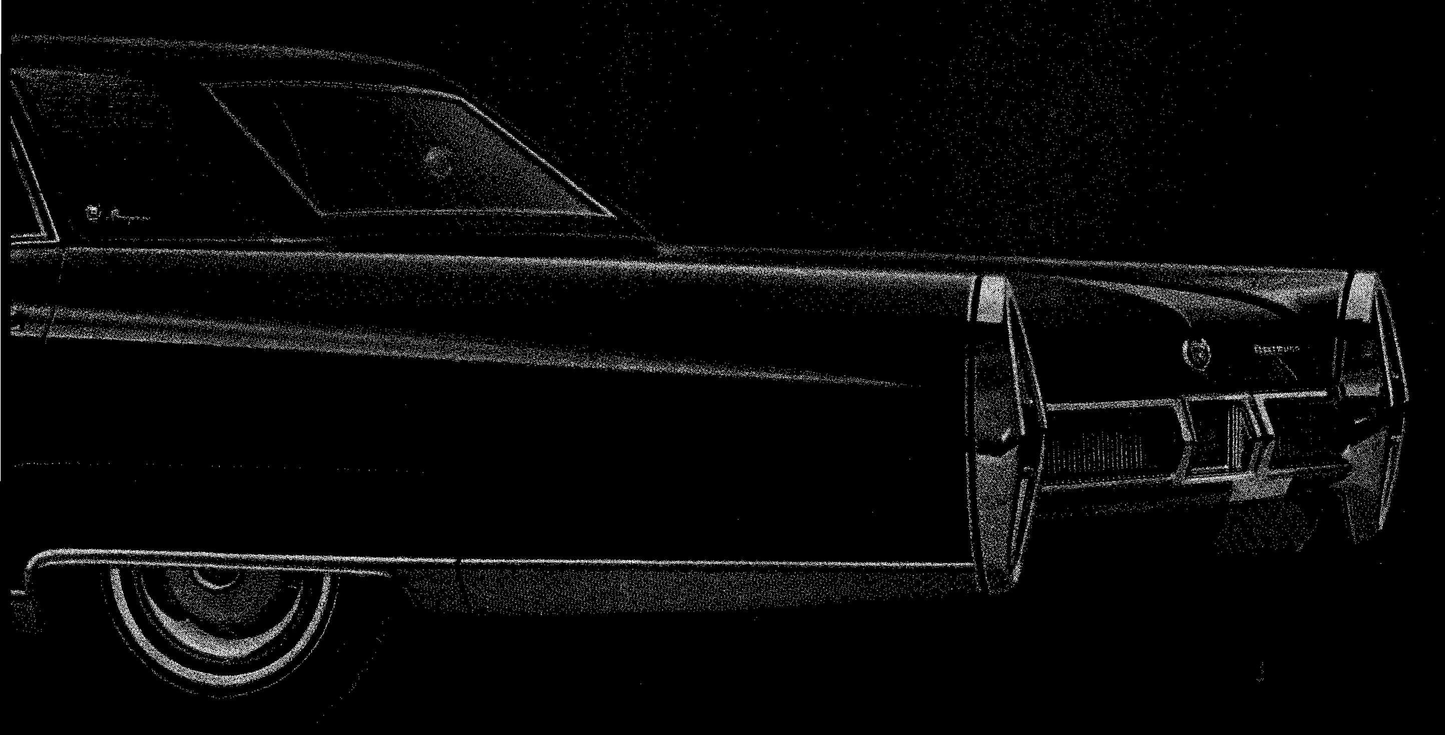

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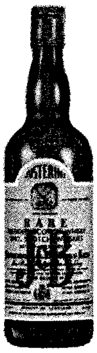

THE CURRENT CINEMA

In Charge

PRACTICE makes perfect, and so does a lack of practice, as any number of brilliant first novels, first plays, and first movies have demonstrated. A current case in point is "The Shameless Old Lady," the first feature film to be made by a young Frenchman named René Allio. Mr. Allio has not only directed the movie but also provided the screenplay, from a story by Bertolt Brecht. The outstanding characteristic of both the screenplay and the manner in which the movie has been directed is modesty—a modesty that, I am quick to add, has nothing to do with humility (only a very bold and self-confident man would have risked displaying his large gifts on so small a scale) and everything to do with having achieved, apparently at a single stroke, the mastery of an art. Mr. Allio has taken care not to add an ounce of makeweight to a short and simple tale, and I suspect that his movie became a hit at the recent Film Festival at Lincoln Center in part because its audience had grown skeptical of movies of undue length and gratuitous complexity.

The original title of the movie, "La Vieille Dame Indigne," could have been translated as "The Scandalous Old Lady." A typographical error in a newspaper story I saw, making the title "The Shamless Old Lady," is a marvel of mechanical intuition and comes close to summing up the heroine in a single word, but the best title of all, if theatre marquees had room for it, would be in the mode of a chapter heading in an eighteenth-century novel and would read, "In Which, After Years of Uncomplaining Family Drudgery, a Tough-Minded Old Lady Gets a Taste of Life Outside the Home, Finds It Much to Her Liking, and Sets Many an Envious Tongue to Wagging." Old but sturdy, nearly always silent and never missing a trick, she is a sort of Lear in reverse, voluptuously squandering the tiny means that her children have permitted her on ice-cream sundaes, a rickety second-hand car, and presents for a couple of newfound friends, one of them a garrulous cobbler, the other a prostitute. In the nature of things, she

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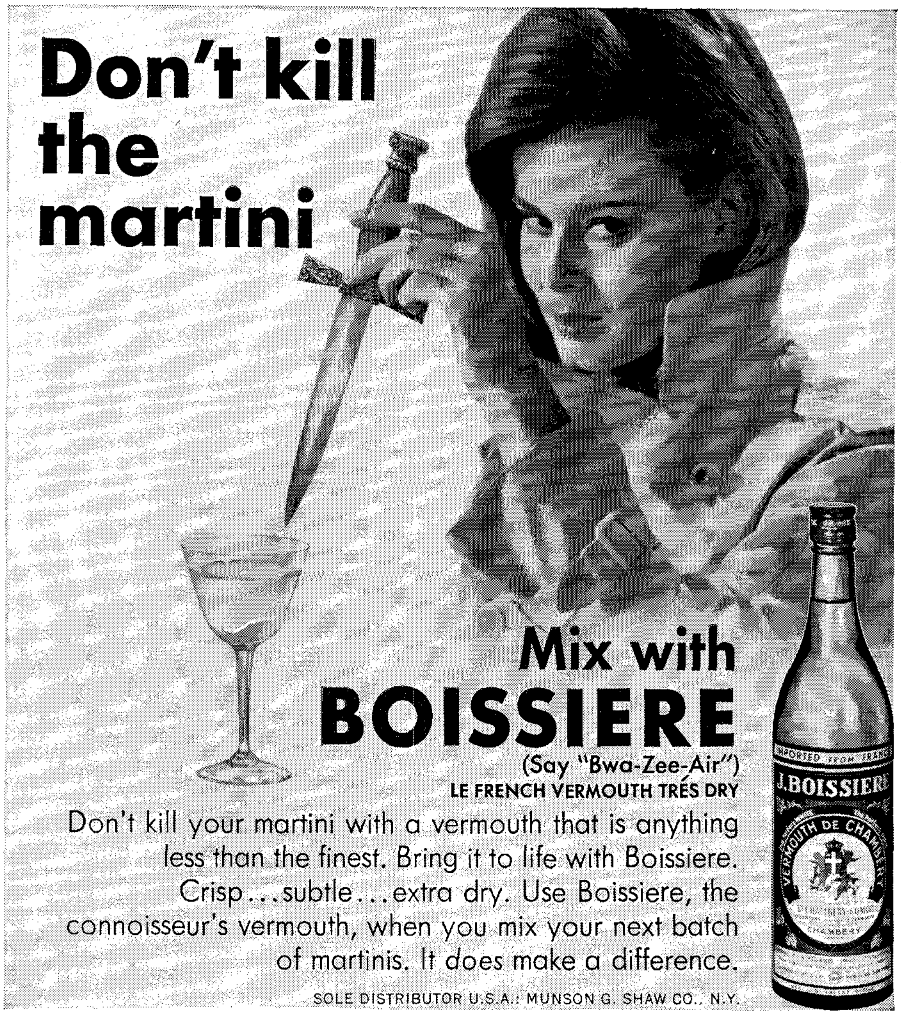

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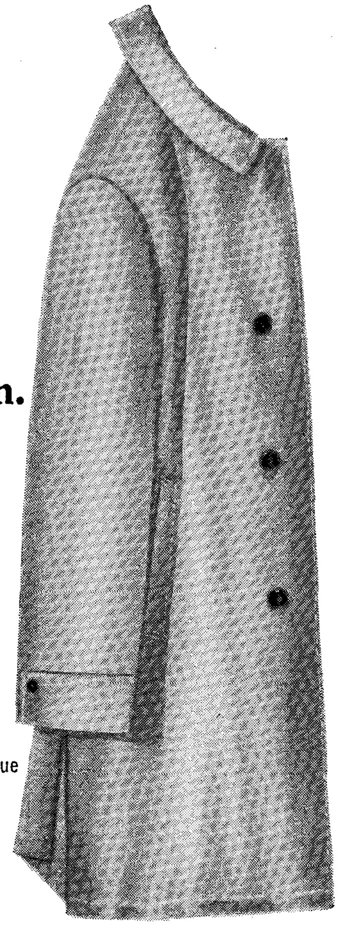

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must soon die, but she will have outwitted death by sampling, late but not too late to savor them, a few delicious crumbs of life. This meagre, fortunate creature is played to perfection by the patronymicless octogenarian actress Sylvie. Appealing in their small parts are Étienne Bierry, as the old lady's unsuccessful son; Victor Lanoux, as her guitar-playing grandson; Malka Ribovska, as the prostitute; and Jean Bouise, as the cobbler. The photography is by Denys Clerval, and the sweetly sad music is by Jean Ferrat.

RENÉ ALLIO and John Frankenheimer, the director of "Seconds," have in common a control of their material that is firm, continuous, and inimitable; they are in charge, and though they may fail us, they will not abandon us. Mr. Frankenheimer is one of my favorite directors. Among his more notable movies are "The Manchurian Candidate," "All Fall Down," and "Seven Days in May." He confronts a given screenplay with energy and insouciance, and the finished product has a surface as taut, shiny, and sophisticated as the glass skin of a nineteen-fifties skyscraper. Sometimes, of course, the surface is conspicuously just that; then we perceive how his closeups dehumanize the actors, their faces becoming topography, distinct from and perhaps unrelated to the emotions that inform them. Moreover, his virtuosity is so assured that it threatens from time to time to slip sidelong into bravado; at such moments there leap into our minds the fatal words "What a bright boy am I!" One can forgive these defects in the light of Mr. Frankenheimer's numerous virtues, the chief of which is that he is so exhilarating. His movies have a tonic quality; regardless of their subject matter, they make one feel light-headed and confident of being agreeably surprised. "Seconds" is a thriller of a particularly macabre sort, depressing in theme, with several hospital scenes that were too horrible for me to watch, and with an ending of unprecedented bleakness, yet I left the theatre convinced that I had had an absolutely delightful time.

One of the best things about "Seconds" is its superb plot, of which I will give away as little as possible. We are asked to believe that there exists in this city a secret organization offering men in the middle years a second chance—a chance to cast off the burdens of family and business responsibilities and to redeem the lost promise of their youth. For a price, the organization provides a cadaver that the client's family and the police will mistake for him; then, by means of plastic surgery, the client is so thoroughly remodelled that he can return to the world without fear of being detected. (The movie hints that there are thousands of these "reborns" in New York right now, and I admit I have been speculating about some of my friends and colleagues.) The hero of "Seconds" is a banker who lives a humdrum life with his humdrum wife in Scarsdale and who once entertained the notion of becoming a painter; a reborn who was his closest friend in college traps him into visiting the organization, and the next thing we know the banker has been transmogrified into Rock Hudson and is a painter occupying a romantic studio in Malibu Beach. What befalls the hero from that point on is for you to discover, but I *will* say that this is by far the best role I have seen Mr. Hudson in; he makes a fascinating reborn, and I wish things had worked out better for the poor chap.

Mr. Frankenheimer must share credit for the success of "Seconds" with Lewis John Carlino, who has written an attractive screenplay; with David Ely, who wrote the scary novel on which the screenplay is based; and with James Wong Howe, who has provided the ravishing and exceptionally varied camerawork. Conspicuous in the big cast are Salome Jens, Jeff Corey, John Randolph, Wesley Addy, and Will Geer, the last of whom can say, "Well, I never!" in a way that makes your blood run cold.

"SALTO" is a curious Polish movie, which is either an allegory or a parable or a fable, and which left me edgy and uncomprehending. In such cases, the temptation to be charitable and praise the distributors for having brought so uncommercial an oddity to our shores is mitigated by the thought that they may simply have lost their

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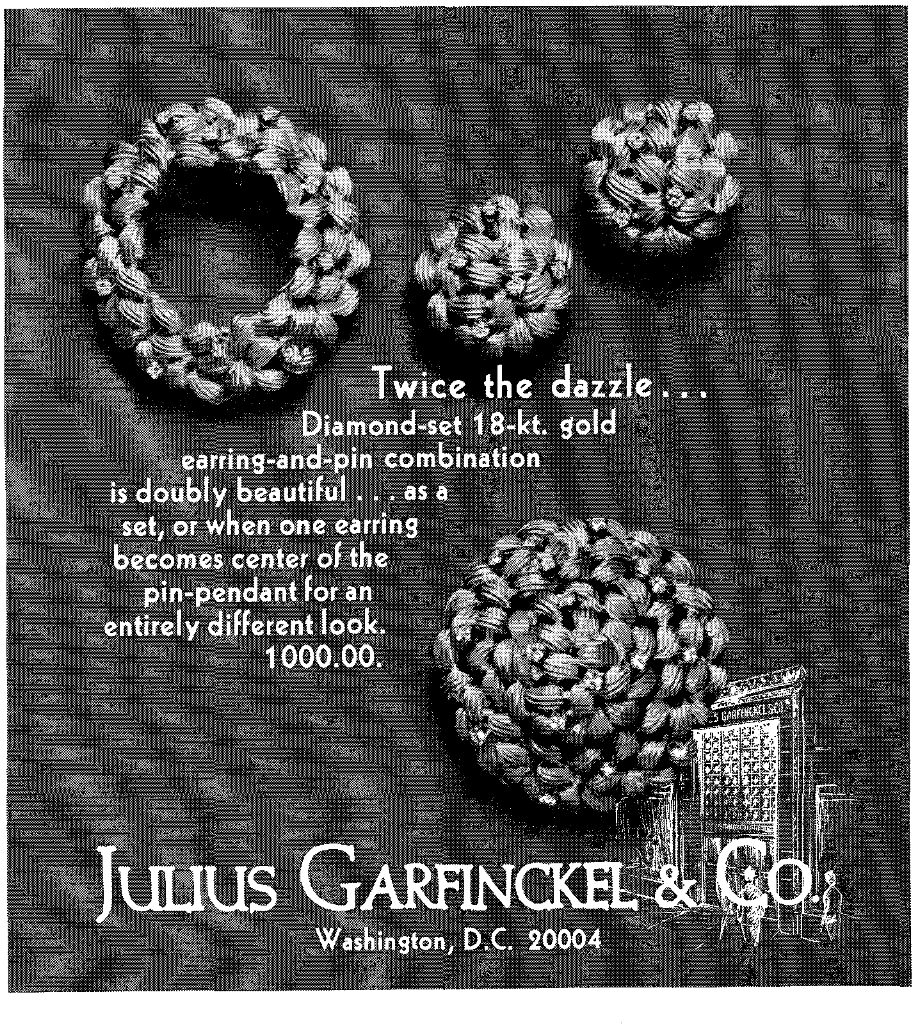

minds. . . . There are two ballet movies in town. One gives snippets of performances by members of the Bolshoi Ballet, and the other gives us Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev, of the Royal Ballet, dancing "Romeo and Juliet." Neither is a good movie, but students and lovers of ballet will wish to see them willy-nilly. Miss Fonteyn and Mr. Nureyev are extraordinary performers, and the skill and passion with which they dance, as well as their personal beauty, deserve to be more accurately handed down to posterity.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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[*Letter received by a New Haven firm that had inquired about brushes from a manufacturer of brushes in Clermont-de-l'Oise, France*]

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Despite these dramatic changes, the people of Alberta still cling to many of the values which have been passed down to them as a part of their cultural heritage. They expect their children to become responsible citizens. Young people are urged to get a good education. Despite an extensive postwar building program, churches have overflow congregations; cooperatives and community associations flourish; motorists insist upon driving their cars to work daily no matter how icy the streets might be. These are significant values to cherish in these changing times.—*Alberta* (*Canada*) *Teachers' Association Magazine.*

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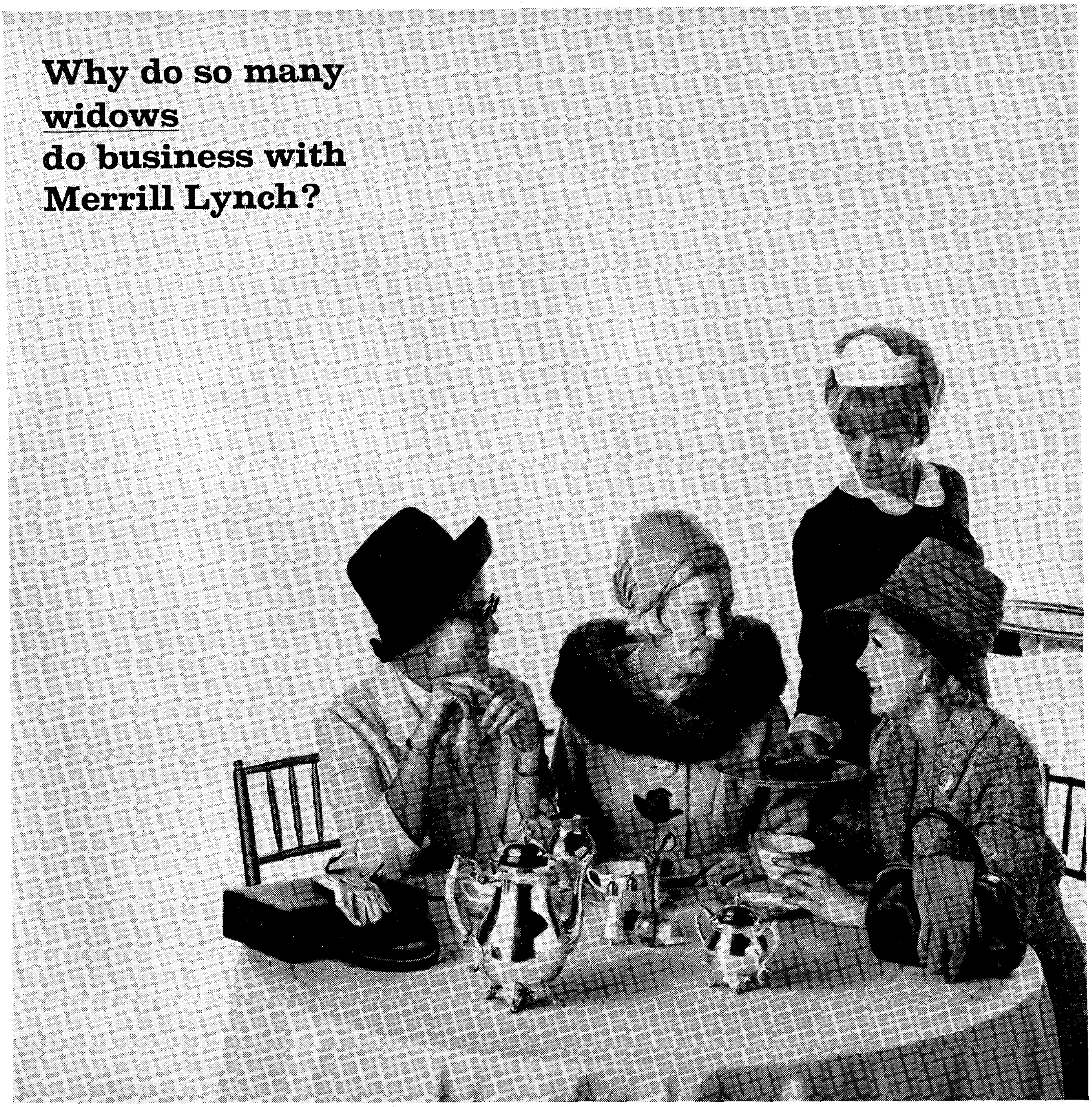

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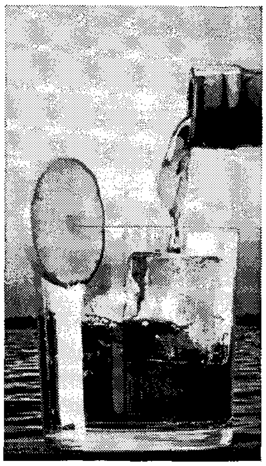

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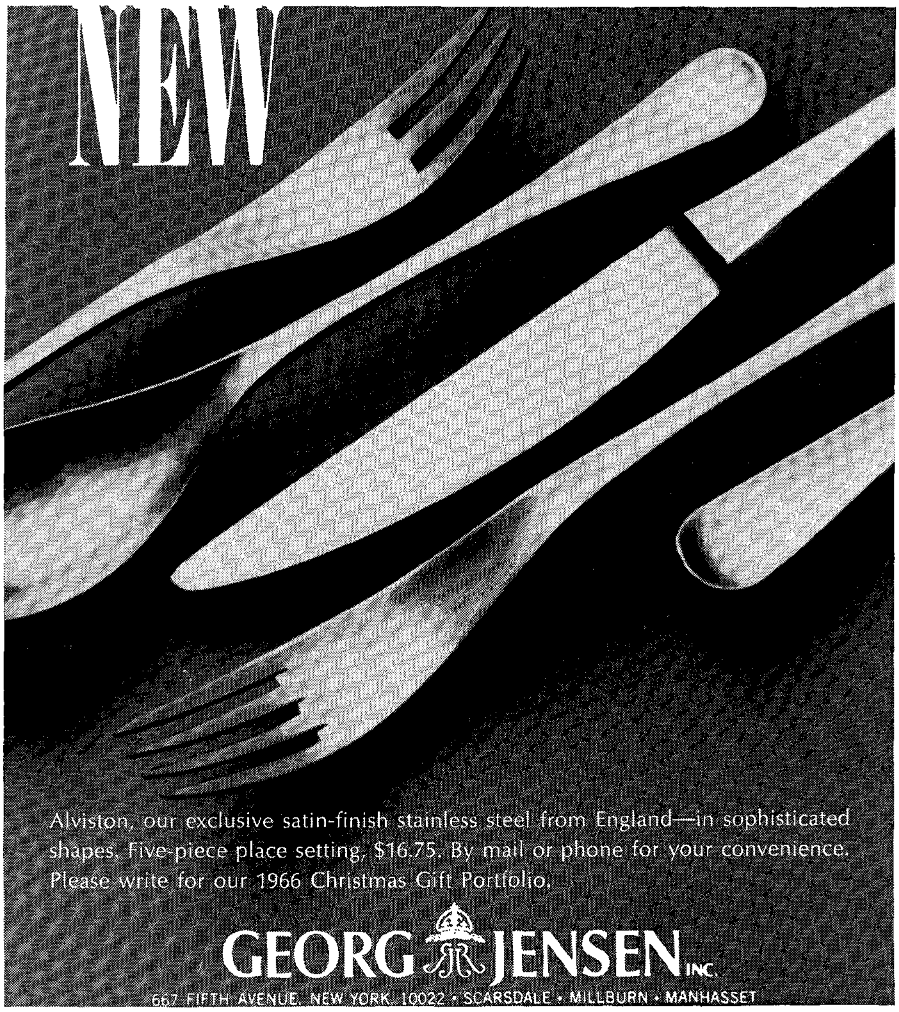

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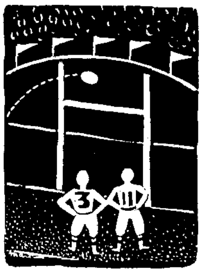
FOOTBALL

All Wet



FOOTBALL, the least satisfying (for the spectator) of all sports, was at its worst last weekend, and the onlookers (what there were of them) must have been further confounded by the activities of the officials, who were, despite the weather, which hampered the handiwork of everyone else, laying down the law in quantity, sometimes in a fashion that could be considered to set precedents. While they were about the business of precedents, they could have gone as far as to penalize the weather fifteen yards for unnecessary roughness. They could, too, in a more commonplace manner, have done something about a punt that was blocked by a lineman who was two yards offside, about a defense man annulled by an illegal tackle as he tried to terminate a touchdown run, and about a touchdown worked by a runner after he had taken three steps out of bounds. These unavoidably watery eyes oversaw exactly those peculations in the course of the weekend; there must have been others. Not that it would be easy to collect eyewitnesses; in Palmer Stadium, where a luckless and (*it must be firmly said*) gallant Columbia lost by a hair's breadth, 14–12, to a Princeton team that (may I cite an agonized partisan?) took to water like a cluck, the wide-open spaces in the stands made one think one must be watching the Yankees up in their Bronx stadium. (C.B.S., I hear, is readying a summer replacement for the Yankees next year.) Football, whose regulations now permit continuous changes of cast, is made up largely of interchangeable parts; it would be of interest to see what Ballantine, Columbia's passer, and O'Connor, Columbia's catcher, could do in place of Hanratty, Notre Dame's passer, and Seymour (younger brother, by the way, to an earlier Army back), Notre Dame's catcher, with the assistance of that range of Notre Dame linemen, whose highest peak is six feet five and whose mightiest individual tonnage is two hundred and seventy pounds. And vice versa, if you please. Myself, I don't expect to see anything better this fall—in any league, whether professional, semi-professional, or honest-to-God amateur—than Notre Dame's demonstration of how to disassemble what had looked to be a first-rate Northwestern team. And, as I was suggesting, anything better than Columbia's effort to reconstruct a plot that thickened with every raindrop. Oh, Princeton is really not a cluck; it just needs a dry field on which to lay out those splendid double and triple reverses and those wide end sweeps. It also needs practice on weak-side passes (both Columbia and Rutgers came close to beating Princeton this fall on them), and a few more Brackens, Jameses, Eichelbergers, and Gipsons.

Rutgers didn't need more of anything (except rain) to beat Yale, 17–14, though Yale has always seemed to me a good mud runner. Dartmouth, another good mud runner (which it has to be, in *its* climate), couldn't make it against a no more than fair Holy Cross in damp weather. It might, though, have gained a tie, 7–7, if it had tried a kick instead of a pass after its touchdown; so might have Columbia with Princeton if it had ditto ditto after its touchdowns. As it was, Garcia, who has come a long way (from soccer and Brazil), used his artful foot to punt the points that beat Columbia. Less celebrated mud runners had no trouble on Saturday. Amherst 48, American International College 7 is one instance; Harvard 45, Tufts 0 is another (Harvard lives in a pretty intemperate zone, too); Pennsylvania 20, Brown 0 is another (Brown goes shares with Harvard on poor weather). And there is Army, which, under the management of a coach pressed into service unexpectedly and hastily, has done better than anyone else in our neighborhood this fall. Cahill is the coach; Army 11, Penn State 0 is his latest and most gratifying accomplishment—an accomplishment accomplished with the aid of such as Kurilko (who may be the best punter in these parts), Lindell (a slowly improving quarterback who can, as a sideline, kick field goals, no less), and Hansen (an

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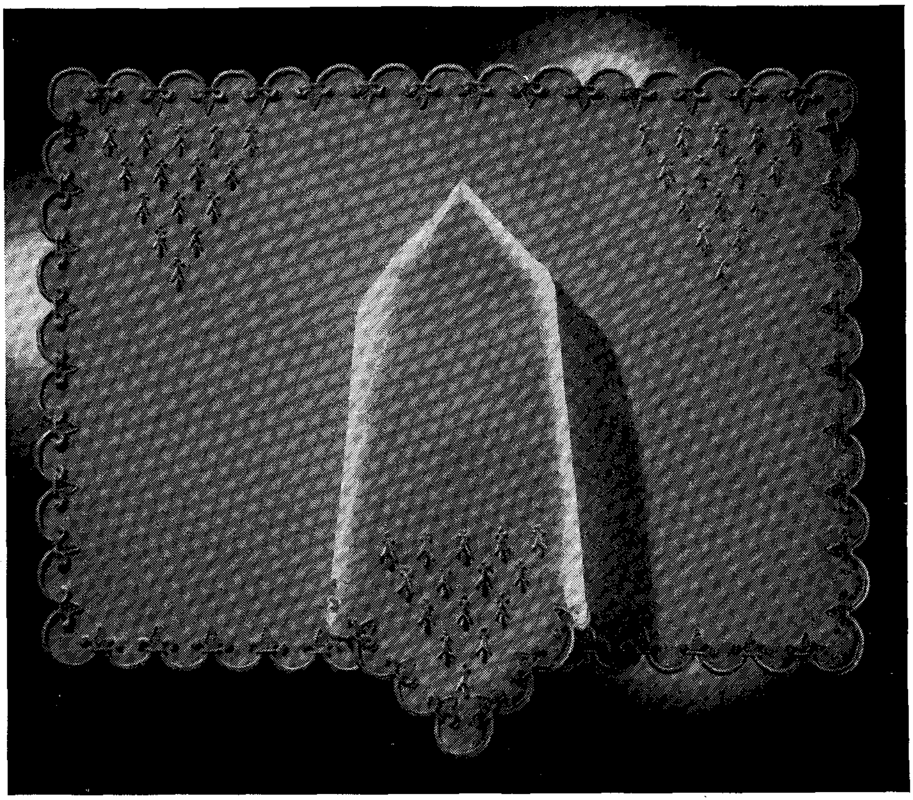

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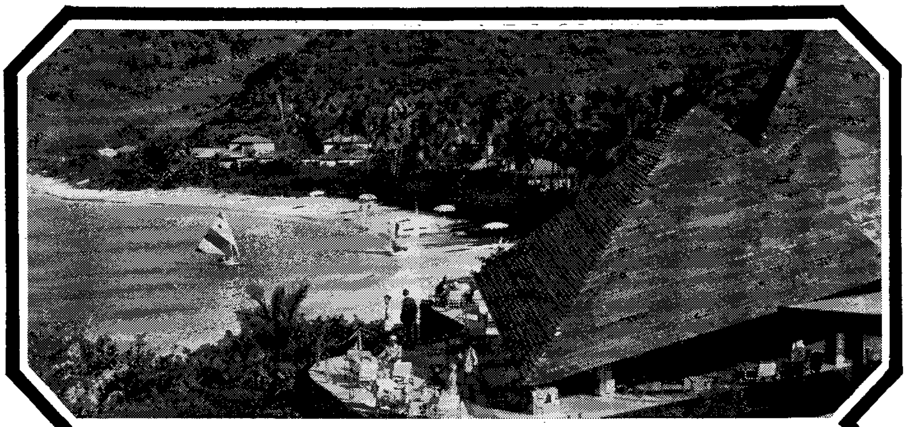

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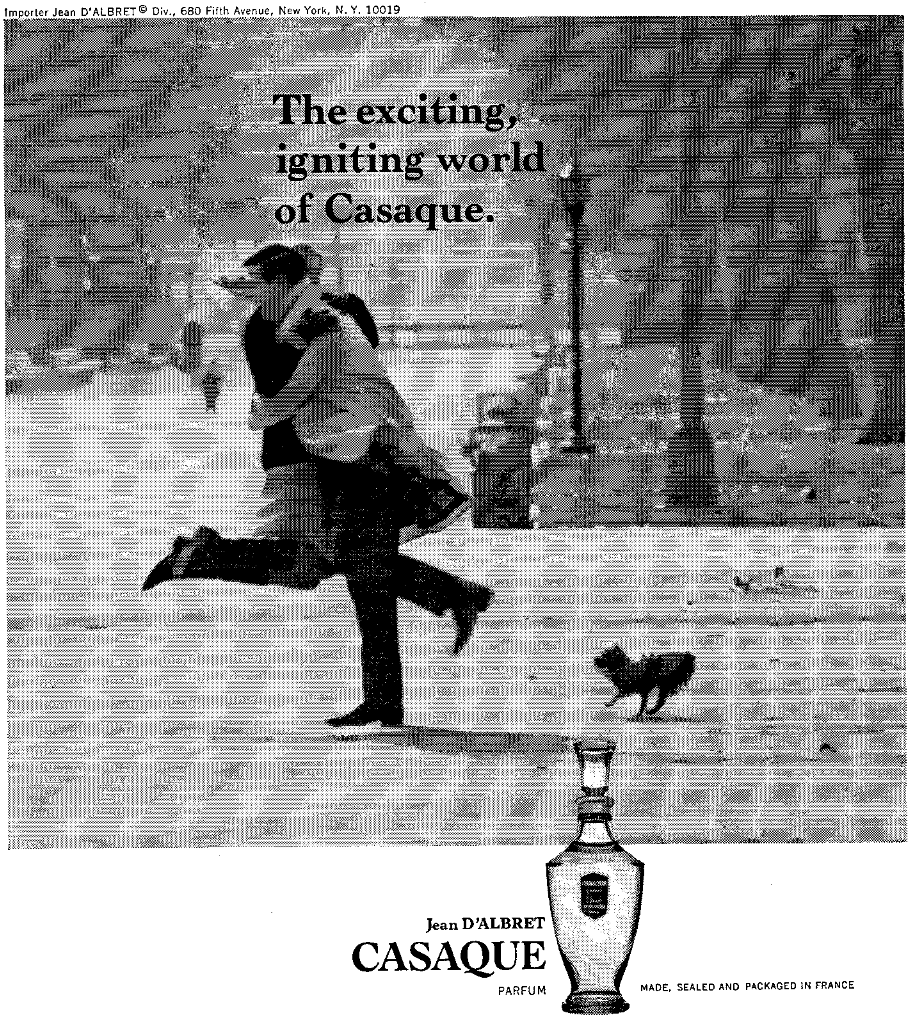
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extremely mobile vacuum cleaner who sucks in enemy passes and fumbles). A secret agent for Notre Dame who studied the Army maneuvers against Penn State said to a secret agent of mine (a retired professional whom I will call Crowe Magnon, a good enough cover name for a man of his construction) that the Army defensive team was the best he had seen in ever so long. It may not be the best he has seen by sundown this Saturday, by which time Army will have taken on Notre Dame, not by coincidence. I wish it the very best of luck. —J. W. L.

•

A neat little cottage on the Donegal-Tyrone border and about two miles from the village of Castlefin is one of the anomalies created by the border. The cottage, occupied by Miss Molly Kelly at Sherryglass, Urney, is owned by Strabane Rural Council and is undoubtedly in Co. Tyrone. The laneway leading to it starts in Co. Donegal and the only way of entry from the Six Counties is across two fields. Miss Kelly does her shopping in Clady, Co. Tyrone, about a half-mile distance from her home, then home again out the unapproved road towards Doneyloop with its junction on the unapproved Castlederg road. That point is the border. Then it is one hundred yards up the Castlederg road, which is in County Donegal, a left-hand turn into a laneway, over a small stream and Miss Kelly is in Co. Tyrone and at her cottage home where she has lived for forty years. The stream at the foot of her garden is the border.

Visitors from the Six Counties going to Miss Kelly's home, if travelling by car must walk from the junction on the road to Doneyloop. Or they can cross the border between Strabane and Lifford, drive to Castlefin crossing the river towards Ringsend, then turn left towards Doneyloop Catholic Church.

But they must take care not to turn into the laneway beside the cottage, as the cottage is across the border and its approach lane is an unapproved road. —*Ballyshannon* (*Eire*) *Donegal Democrat.*

You come visit *us,* Miss Kelly.

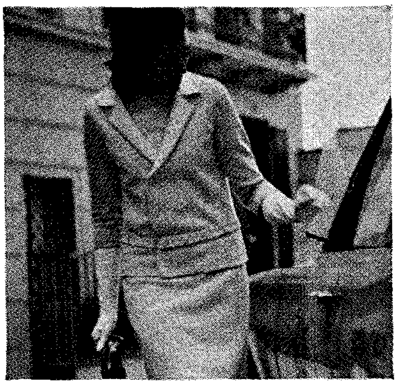
•

WHICH PAGE OF "BARRON'S" D'YA READ?

Some future historian doubtless will unearth and record the circumstances surrounding the abrupt decision to seek the suspension of accelerated depreciation for tax purposes, as well as of the 7% investment credit. Suffice to say for now that the move caught both Wall Street and Washington by surprise.—*Editorial in the issue of September 12th, page 1.*

The latest bit of bad news, i.e., the suspension of the investment credit, has been so widely known, and for so long in Washington, as probably to have been largely discounted in current stock levels. —*H. J. Nelson's column in the same issue, page 6.*

the overtime suit

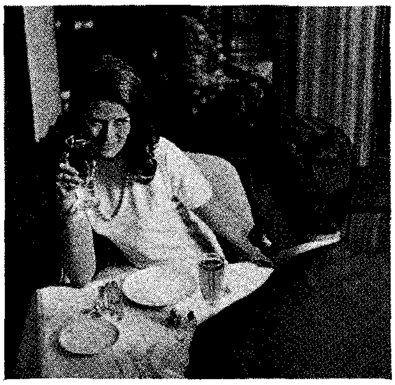

8:20—The rat-race begins . . .

10:10—Good idea . . .

1:00—Get the picture?

3:30—The client's always right!

8:30—Two on the aisle.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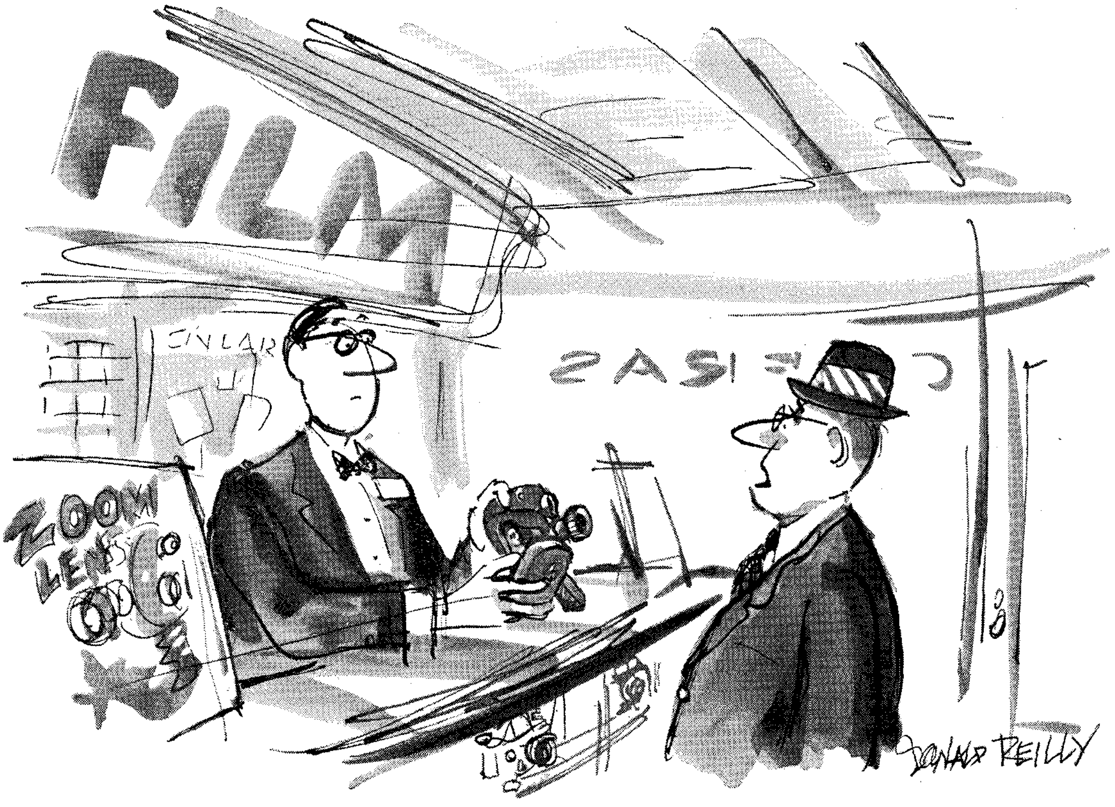
KALEIDOSCOPES are fascinating for children of any age, and so are fireworks, but to the adult eye the spectacle afforded by the grand ballroom of any hotel has become a tawdry, tinsel sight, with all the varicolored sequins, beads, and feathers, the wild lamés, the metallic glitter, and the like—often combined with real, actual jewels, which manage to make the rest look even worse. Never, never again, for as long as I live, do I want to see a high-waisted, glitter-topped dress with chiffon flowing below—particularly if the sequins thereon are iridescent. This getup was once Status Symbol, and I guess it looked great at the beginning; then it became Stereotype, and now it is Big Bore. The best of our designers of evening clothes must feel as surly as I do about the way ostentation is thus colliding with ostentation, for not at any time have there been more beautiful examples of pure Shape, without doodads or any other ornamentation, than are in evidence right now. Even real jewels could sit comfortably at home in the safe; with these clothes, who needs them? Long gliders are always to be admired, and this season we have Galanos doing a whole series (loads of them ended up in Lord & Taylor's custody) in a heavy black wool crêpe. Their décolletages, front or back or both, are savagely deep-V, and a tab just an inch wide, with a jet button at one end of it, appears a bit above the base of the V. That is all there is to any of these gliders, except for the distinction that goes with perfect line. Among the treasures acquired by Evelyn Byrnes is a Galanos wool jersey (I saw it in deep green) that swerves outward in exuberantly circular fashion and leaves one shoulder bare; $450. Trigère, forever a believer in fluidity, has checked in with something that was in a lightweight pale-beige jersey when I got around to it at Lee Hano (I encountered it in brick-red meshy wool at Rosette Pennington and I found it in some other shops, too). From the neck, it goes easily down the body. And Tassell's togas (at Bonwit Teller and Byrnes) are sensational in their simplicity. The round-necked top of one is of teal-blue crêpe, and this drifts into a deep, rippling, sleeveless cape—down below the hip on one side, down (sharply and diagonally) to the low hem on the other side. The underdress that goes with this is of white crêpe. Another Tassell wears an extra-wide contrasting band through its middle, and there is circular cape fullness high on one side, as well as that same diagonal slash, down to below the hip, on the other.

One of the most prolific of the short, impudent dance dresses (this is a real Ford) is Samuel Winston's black-and-white ensemble, at $625. Oh, well. Velvet crushed to look like Russian broadtail is the wherewithal. The coat, which is black, is collarless and swings wide; the tent dress is white. I remember it particularly at De Pinna, but I know that it was in practically every establishment I entered. What to wear when you are Tenting Tonight is a problem easily solved by Mollie Parnis, who has evolved a black or white satin dress that flares sharply almost to the knees—like a super ice-cream cone—from its very high bodice. Self-covered buttons begin at the center of the round neckline and slant outward to the armpits. This one is at Bonwit, but Hano has a variant of it in white honeycomb satin brocade. Complete underplaying of everything is the attitude of the short evening shirt dresses invented by Dominic for the house of Talmack—a solid mass of black sequins except for the black satin that makes the small turnover collar, the cuffs (at the wrists), and a shirtband that goes part way down the front. Bonwit is the owner. Bonwit, too, has a dress by Jean Louis in the same mood. This one is all narrow vertical stripes of cut velvet on black chiffon. White linen does the turnover collar and the deep, deep cuffs, and there is a belt of black patent leather, for heaven's sake. Brevity is the soul of the many poor-sparrow skimps of dresses, lots of them with string shoulder straps that are worked into sideways halter necks. Don't ask me how; I never was good at cat's cradles. Dominic has sent forth one in white wool (Bergdorf snaffled it) with a sin-



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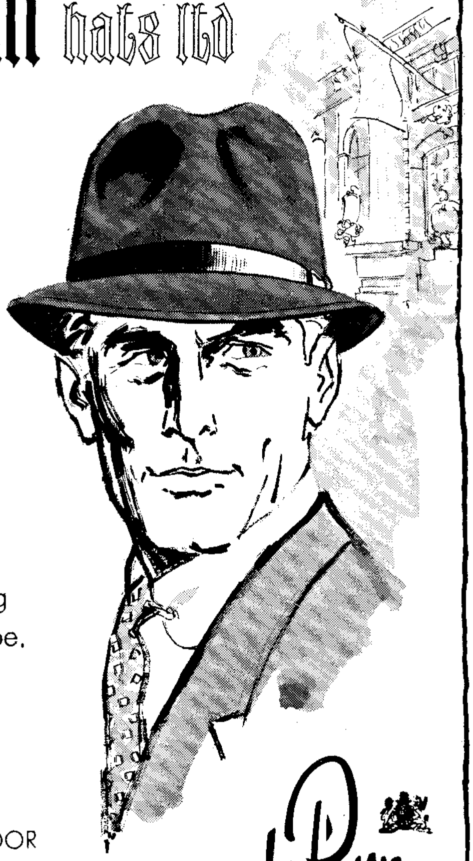

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gle, meagre shoulder strap that manages to tie in an oblique knot behind the other shoulder. Bergdorf also snaffled a Trigère dress of black wool (it's in both long and short versions) with the lowest possible armholes and a one-inch strap down the center of the back; in fact, the strap is just about all there is to the back as far south as the waist. Another Trigère, this at Bonwit, is a little black wool Nothing. Still, over the crossed-high-in-back shoulder straps there is, in compensation for the skimpiness of it all, one of Trigère's more flamboyant dance-length capes, of the same wool. Incrustations appear on a *band, an inch and a half wide, that* crosses under the brisk turnover collar, and they are in silver and gold.

This is not to say that demureness is absent—no, indeed. There was a time when a species of young, tiered black lace dance dresses was epidemic, and as a keepsake of those days a couple of them have shown up to prove to us all how shocking the neglect of this kind of thing can be. Ben Reig has confected one such, for Byrnes, of black reëmbroidered lace and in layers—the top tier shirred, bolero style, from a high yoke, and the five others descending slenderly below. And Rosalie Macrini has arrived at Rosette Pennington with another such, this one also artfully reduced to tiers. The top one is bolero, too, with pale-blue grosgrain ribbon shimmering horizontally under it; the eight tiers beneath are scalloped. It comes to $225.

I usually don't like fake furs, except the plushy ones that are used to line raincoats, but I *did* cotton to that bogus Russian broadtail (I've already discussed it) that Winston is using. There are, however, some other con goods that are well worth the attention. Bill Blass is using zigzag horizontal stripes of synthetic gold and silver thread on an amber background (the fabric is metallic brocade). This accomplishes, among other things, a costume involving a double-breasted top with a slightly gathered skirt, this over *an easygoing sheath with an oval neck*line (Bonwit); it also accomplishes a dress-and-jacket combination (Hano). Another venture by our alchemists (it's of nylon and cotton and, I guess, Ingredient X) looks exactly like silk, and effective and beguiling it is, too. Karshan's little shop, at 24 East 64th Street, has a white dress of the stuff concocted by Kiki Hart. The aspect of it is baby-doll; the ornamentation is a band collar and a narrow panel down the side front with five rhinestone buttons on it. This is $125, for quite a show. At Rosette Pennington there is a dress by Teal Traina in a wavy white brocatelle with buttons descending one side in back, where a bow is placed way down; $145. Arkin is represented at Rosette Pennington by an ensemble of a cream-and-cocoa material of mysterious origin. It's a single-breasted coat and a relaxed dress: $160.

To be fantastic without being flashy is a Trigère specialty, and an account of her newest brainwhirl must be included. The stunt is to do evening dresses of chiffon with single or double fronds of ostrich all over them. She says they are pasted on, but a magnifying glass disclosed no confirmation; they just seem to emerge from the fabric, looking (and this should not put anyone off) like false eyelashes, three inches long, scattered about in all their fragility. (They waver when you walk.) The dresses may be either long or short, but always they are high-necked and long-sleeved, with a very snug slip, often of black wool, beneath, so that there is no mystery, at least, about your silhouette. I wouldn't mortgage the old homestead for one (come to think of it, it is already mortgaged), but these dresses are terrific (the only available word) for anybody who doesn't plan to use one as the backbone of an evening wardrobe. Bergdorf and Byrnes are two of the admirers.

THIS, then, is my platform for how to walk in beauty like the night. Now for a walk, not a run, through the emporiums where these dreams come true.

Well, Bergdorf has a crush as big as mine on Trigère, and proves it with one of the most braggadocio costumes she has ever turned out—of red quilted velvet. The coat swings in vigorous cape fashion in back, and the dress, which is bateau-necked and sleeveless, slides down the torso. I began this week's treatise with a not particularly low moan about circus clothes for evening, and any exceptions to the rule I have made about them must be—well, exceptional. One of the exceptions is at Bergdorf—a Dior-New York evening coat (a bright indeed lavender velvet is the provender) that is so fitted that snap fastenings, well concealed, do the work the purely ornamental red and mauve jewelled buttons normally would do. The buttons go to the waist, may I add? Beneath is a lamé smock dress, all horizontal stripes in a variety of reds and purples. Parnis can be just as insistent with her dress of cut velvet over chiffon; lots of yellows and tans are concerned, and so are traces of

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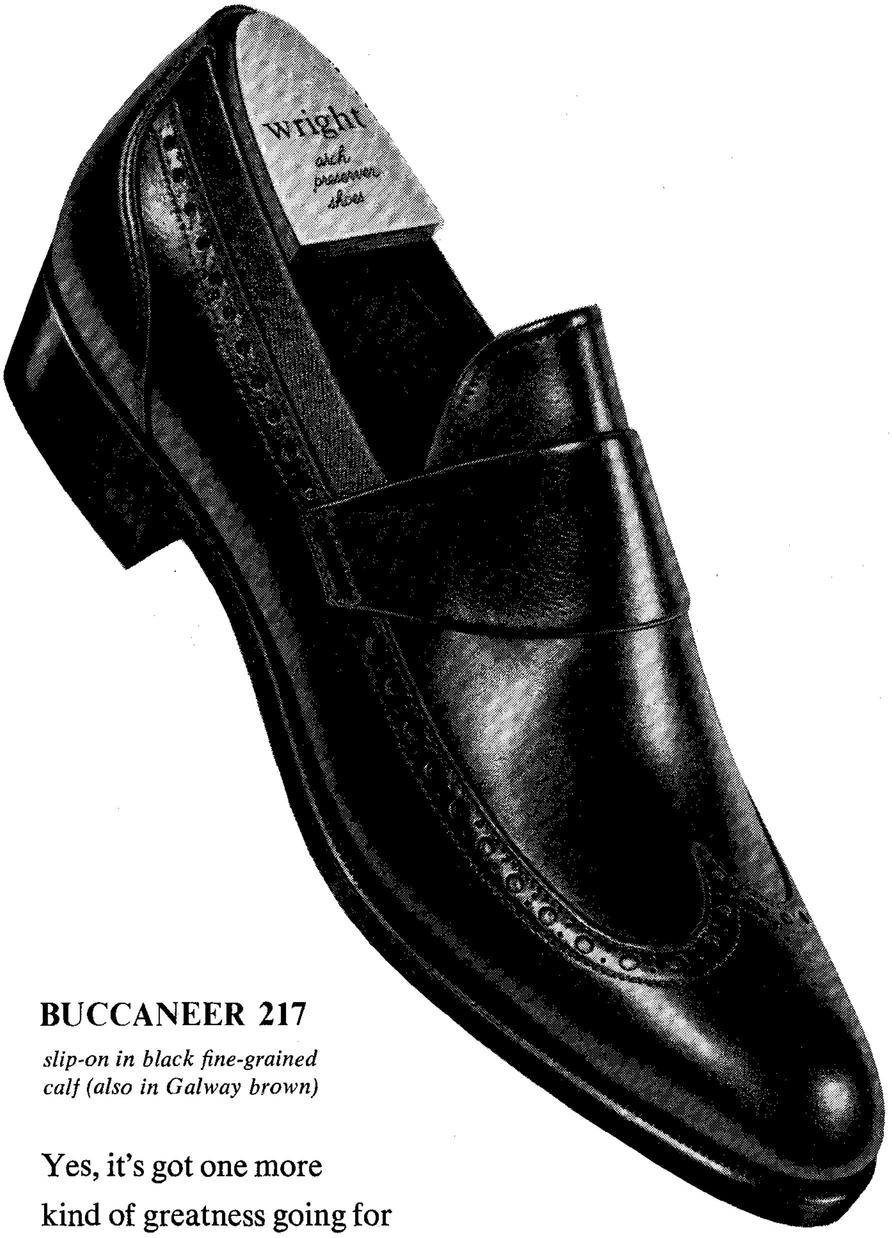

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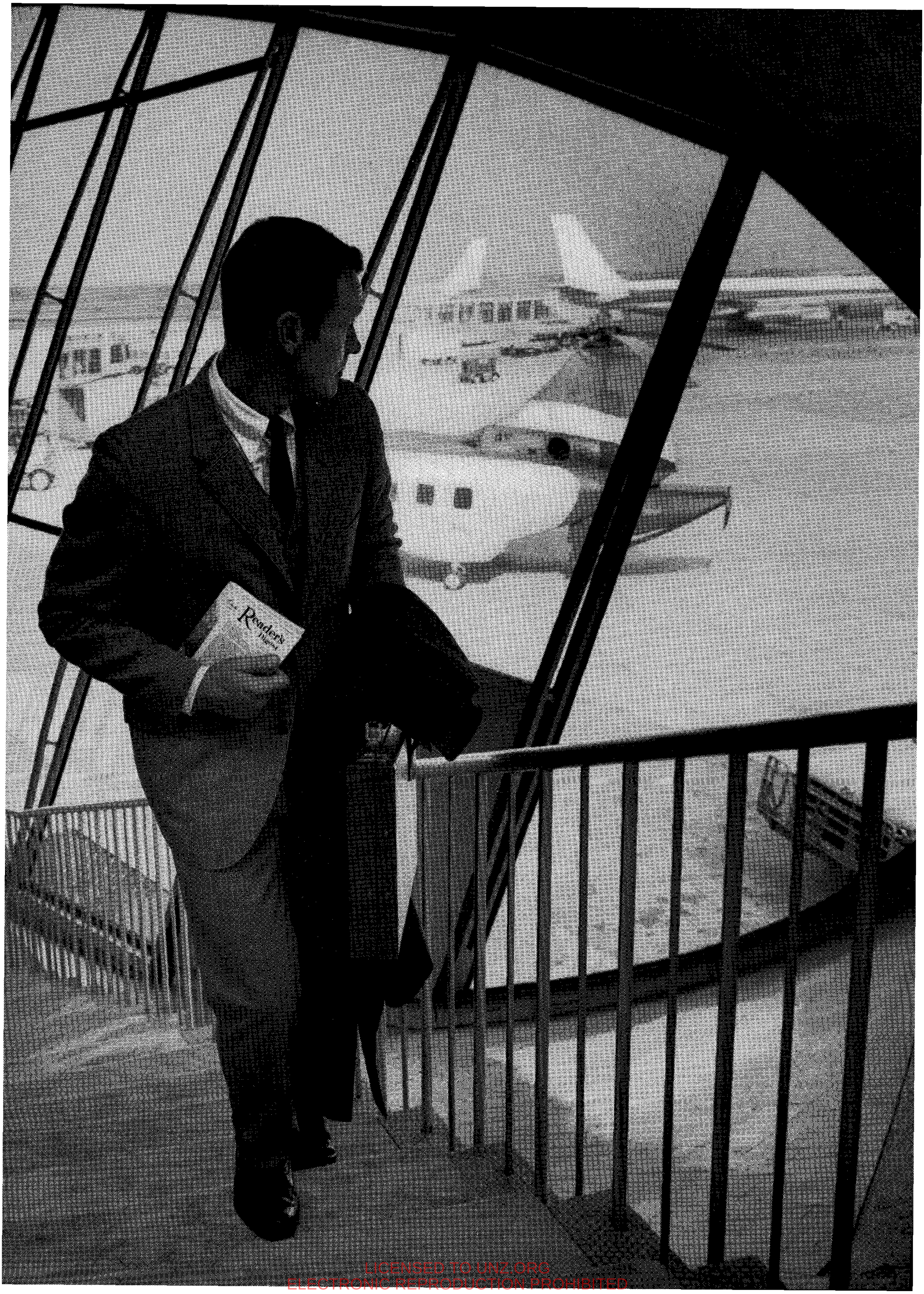
Reader's
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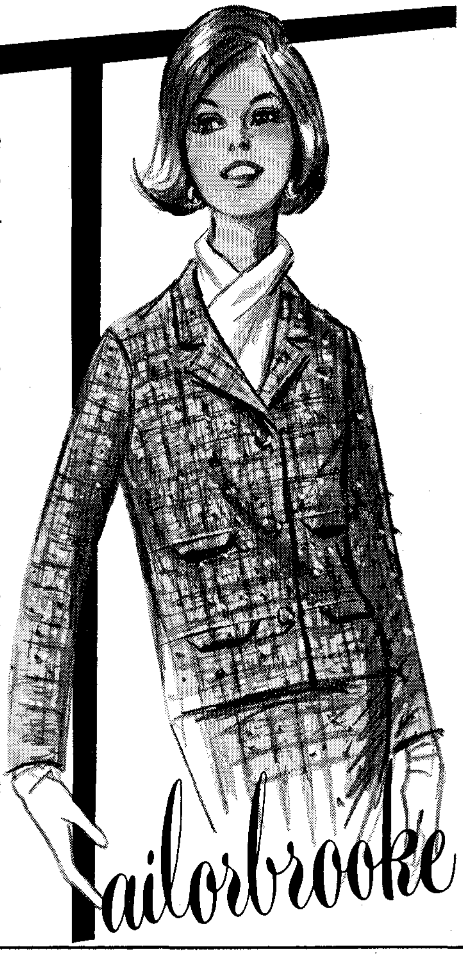
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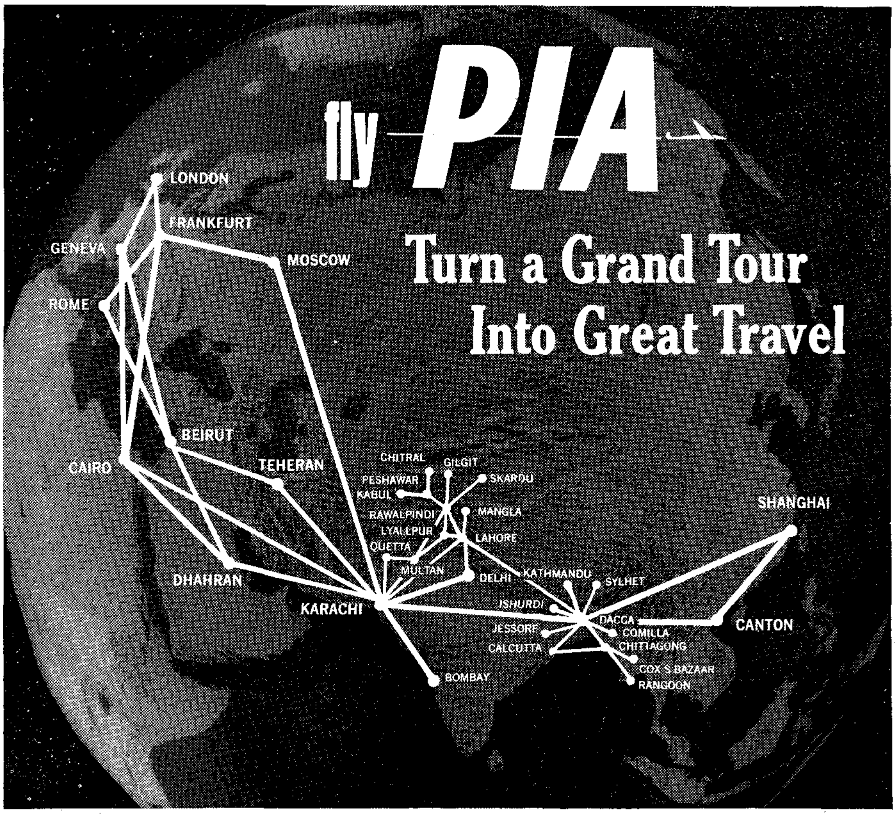
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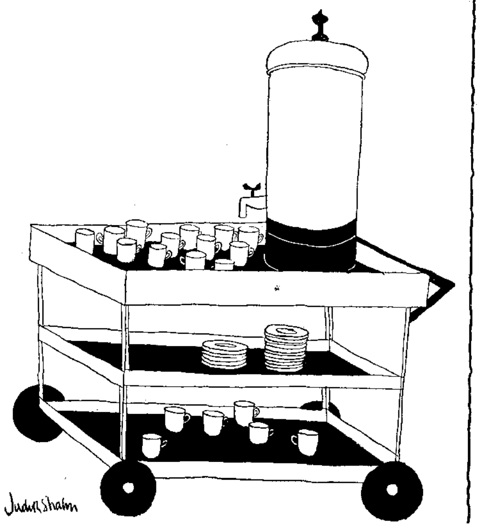
bright blue. It's a short job, and quite snaky. More for quietude, and more for the ingénue of this, that, and the other age, is Oscar de la Renta's long dress of white silk, puckered all over, on gold lamé; there are low godets, and the short jacket boasts an innocent round collar of white mink.

A STAND-IN for Bill Blass at Bonwit is his nipped-in coachman's coat of taupe wool that bears a mauve Paisley pattern. It is equipped with a large shawl collar of sable and cuffs of the likewise, and it goes over a dress of bone crêpe that is decorated with an extremely deep cowl collar. This is for informal evenings—if sable can be called informal. Ready for really regal nights is a Stavropoulos costume that can be either long or short. The silk coat is embroidered in silk floss with roistering Spanish-shawl décor; the dress, of red chiffon, is asymmetrical to a degree, thus producing great circular width on one side. From Jean Louis comes a ball gown for which the term (and kindly meant it is) must be "dainty." Black velvet on which are to be found bronze and yellow cabbage roses and shy little blue flowers is the main means to this end, which includes a tank top above a gathered skirt. The hipbone jacket wears cuffs and a small collar, all of black mink; $775 all told. Sarmi has got into a new state of mind—a sort of monk's robe, collarless and going straight down the front, but with full gathers in back below a big bow perched at the rear of the neck. This appears in a rich gold-and-brown brocade. I suppose that it could be called a hostess affair, except that Sarmi does going-out-at-night dresses in the same style.

THE only place I saw the work of Richard Tam is Evelyn Byrnes. The outstanding production of his is a ball gown of coupe de velours on black satin in a small-flower pattern—oranges and reds and mustards and deep pinks. (There was a time when redheads weren't allowed to wear anything but browns and oranges, and those *not* in juxtaposition with pinks.) Galanos is here accounted for by a mandarin coat of pale-gold-and-taupe lamé over a short dress of a snaky gold stuff with a low inverted pleat well to the fore at each side. One of the designers I had in mind when I was, a couple of pages ago, speaking of pure Shape is Sarmi, and this he has combined with his just-mentioned stunt of the big-back-bow-with-fullness-below to create a stately column in the palest of pink brocade with a single bias seam down the center front as well as plenty of gathers astern beneath the bow.

LEE HANO and her shop are both tiny, so it may be more than mere coincidence that they understand tiny women. Take, if you please, Zuckerman's short suit of white wool brocade in a diamond pattern. Its long jacket wears five single-breasted buttons, and its dress has a wide U neck and a low waist seam. For those who like to be brief at the ball, there is a brief Blass outfit of stitched peach velvet covered all over with a mauve dolphin design that is outlined by green and gold. The jacket is straight, and there is a side pleat in the skirt.

LITTLE, too, is the town house of Karshan, though the clothes there can go in price up to the Originala level. Still, the Karshan skill at finding high style at fairly low prices is what interests me. He is showing Arkin's small shirt dresses—black cut velvet in a horizontal-chevron design for ones with standup collars and cuffs that are below the elbows, at $90, to cite a single instance. Sam Friedlander, whose clothes are designed by Bob Bugnand, contributes a short, oval-necked dress of black satin with a frothy hem of huge, massed plastic sequins. There is nothing prettier in town for formal length than My Fair Lady, another Friedlander offering, which begins with an Empire top of black velvet that has a really deep square décolletage both front and rear (and how good this looks again, too). There is a band, three-quarters of an inch across, of rhinestones around the high waist and another at the base of the short sleeves. The long skirt is of white crêpe, and the whole thing amounts to



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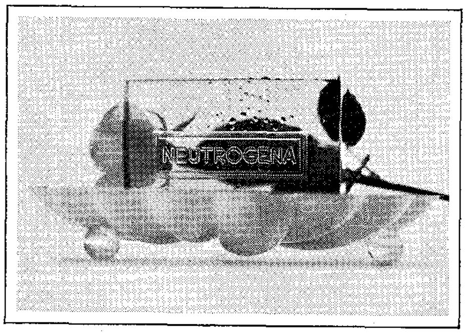

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$160. Another knockout is of black crêpe, and it, as well, gets a high-placed rhinestone belt, this one in a Grecian-key pattern. Karshan has also unearthed a manufacturer named Paul Blumenstein, who has contrived a three-piece outfit that can be made into a four-piece deal—that is, the skirt can be long or short. The goods is a white brocade with silver threads timidly twining through it. The short and single-breasted jacket has long sleeves and a notched collar. With this goes a loose overblouse, and four glistening buttons ride below the turnover collar; $185 for the lot. Another Arkin is a little love of a thing—a slender, bateau-necked dress with a side-slit skirt, at exactly $100. This time the goods is brocade of the scarf type, in champagne or blue, plus gold and silver.

ANOTHER item that hasn't been around much lately is black peau de soie, and it was good to find a dress of it at De Pinna, done by Donald Brooks, who could work in burlap and still make me like it. This job is round-necked and sleeveless, and thirty-one self-covered buttons appear on loops that go down one side, from the armpit to the hem. (There are snaps underneath to do the real fastening, or the tidiest girl of all could get fouled up.)

ROSETTE PENNINGTON is another constituent of Trigère, and Trigère, forever fond of the combination of sheer black wool and peau for nighttime, has done for her a dress with a willowy and low-waisted torso that ends in a deep flounce at the base. If white is the requisite for covered-up cocktail and evening clothes, there is Teal Traina's short arrangement in white crêpe, with a band at the neck that goes into a casual loop on the left shoulder, plus bands, an inch and a half wide and seething with rhinestones, at the tips of the bell sleeves and at the hem.

MORE such clean, emphatic, simple dresses, in black as well as in white, crop up at Saks Fifth Avenue. John Moore's symphonic orchestration of black wool crêpe results in a dress with a high cowl neck. It's very proper, and all that, except for the devilment that goes on in back. There, diamonds of bare You, ringed by rhinestones, are visible well down toward the waist. As is to be expected of Mr. M., the skirt is widely circular. Trigère is here, too, working on white satin, which she cuts with a high neck and a vastly circular sweep below because of the big trumpet or tulip flares she puts there. The back décolletage of this fashionable object is deep and U—or definitely not non-U. It is the kind of thing that could bring back glide and even slither—real poetry of motion—instead of the bounce that seems to have got the upper hand (or foot) on our ballroom floors.

—LOIS LONG

• •

REMEMBERING ALTHEA

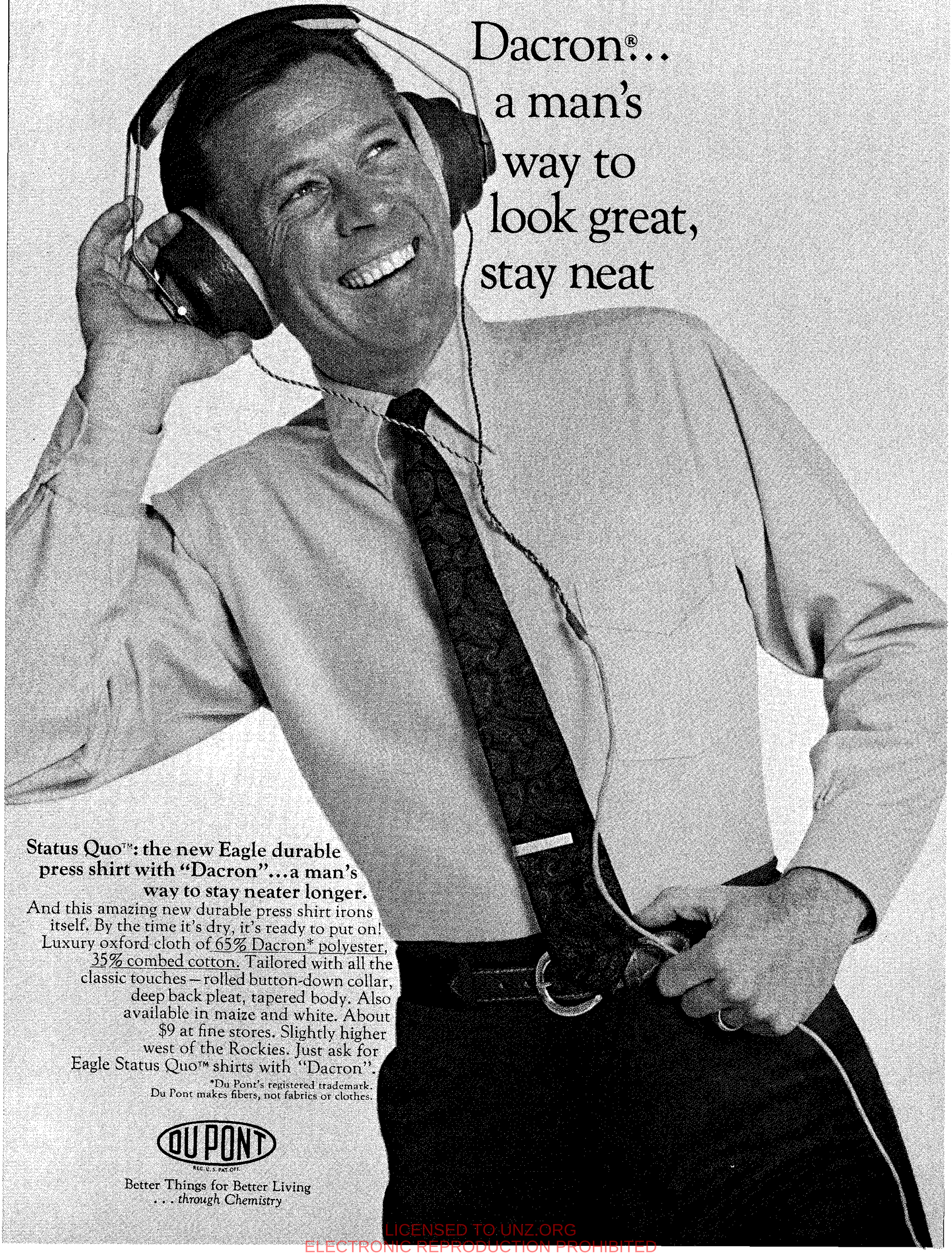
When you came out of your house
and put your hand on the August day,
walls of the barn, delicate in the light,
began the season that would ribbon away
all that we saw and blow it past the world,

For after we contended at school, we had
our war, sought outward for enemies, awarded
each other greatness; and you were left
forgotten a while. Why touch what was
already ours, when there was more—cities, glory?

For you held no power, Althea,
according to any of us; but after the others
asserted, claimed their place, posed for
every storm, your true beam found all. That
August day is yours, and every honor

You gave away. I remember Jeff,
who always won, and Ben, and his sister,
that whole class. They are only your chorus,
because you waved, and it was far and the end,
you knew, delicately, through amber, that August day.

—WILLIAM STAFFORD



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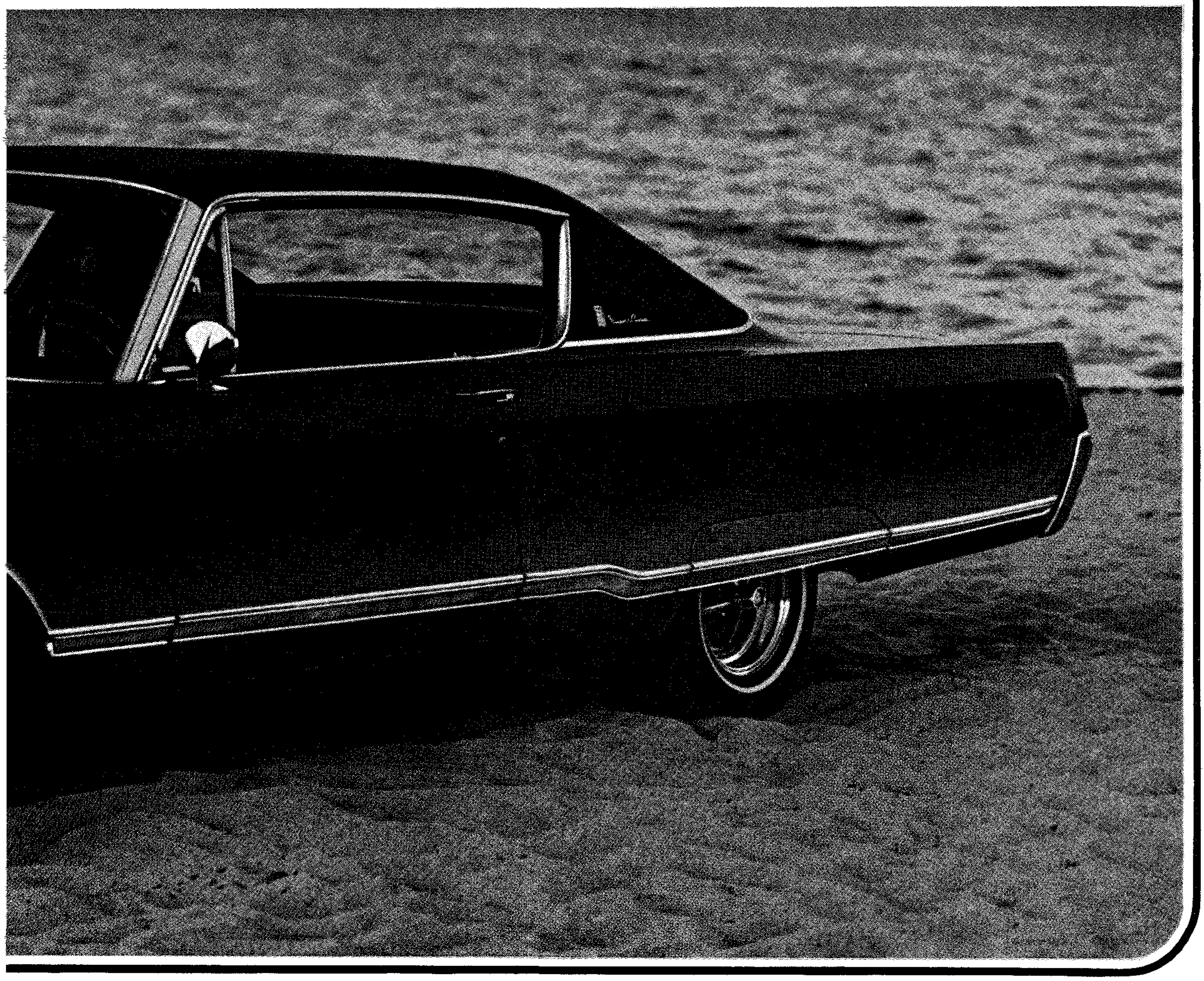

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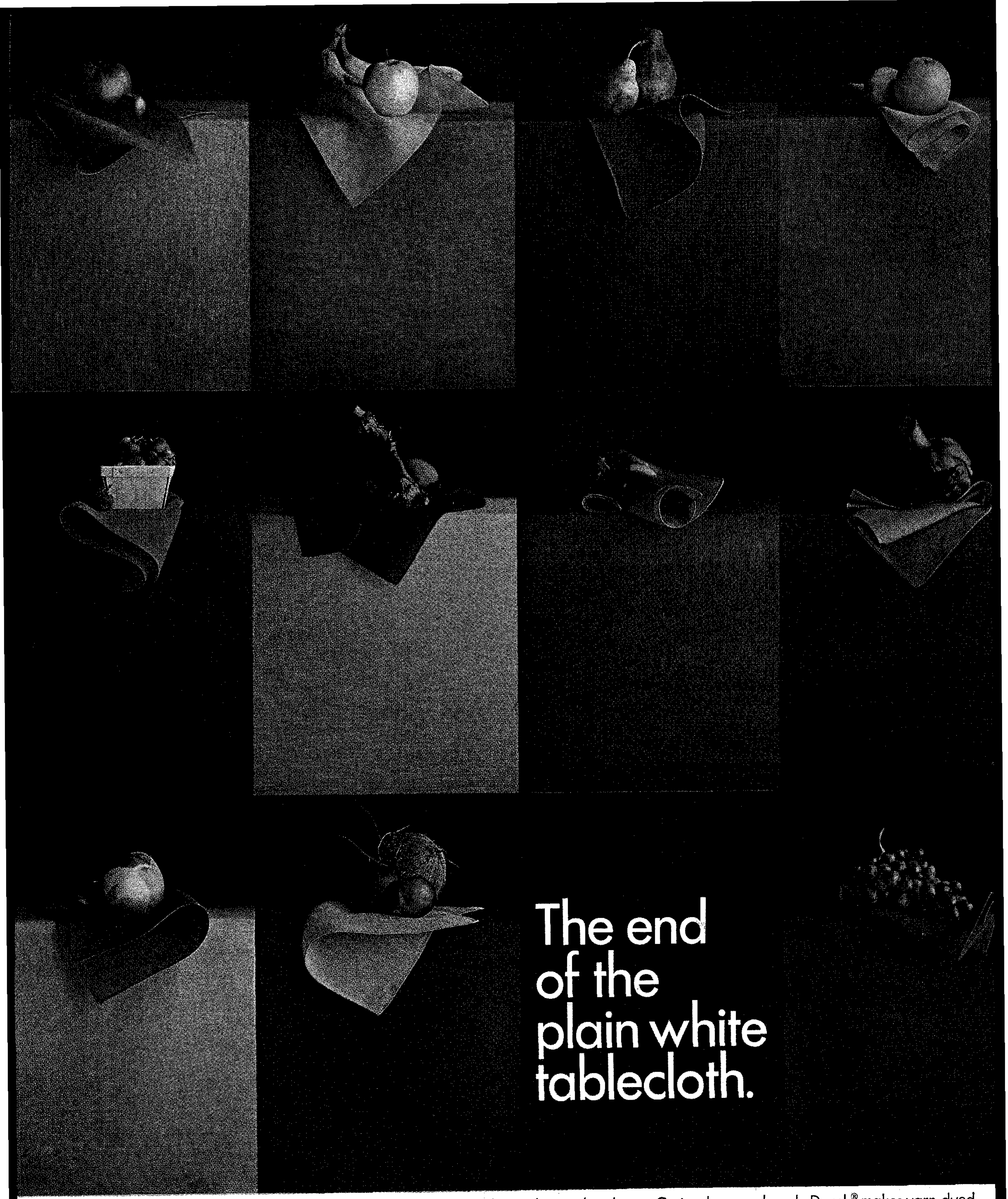

You'll still see a few around. In old-timey hotels. Grandma's house. But, really, white has had it. Behind this shift to color is a finicky Finnish fabric designer named Ritva Poutila. She designed this collection just for us.

How do you design a solid-color fabric? By not making it solid. Ours are woven from two colors of yarn. (Pistachio, for instance, is gold and green.) You can't get rich, glowing colors like these by dipping white cloth in a dye-vat.

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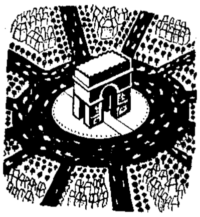
Dansk Designs Ltd.

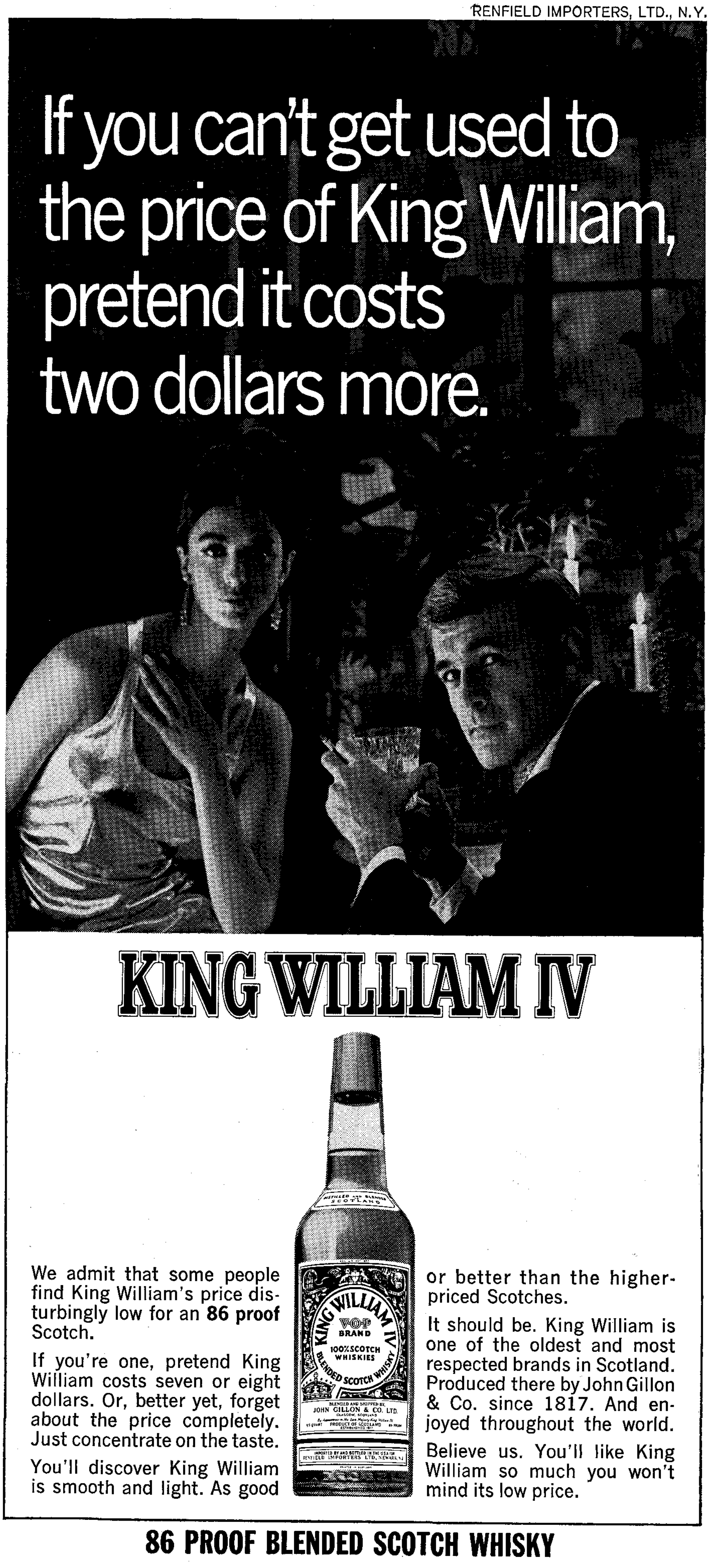
LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 29



EUROPE'S finest summer art show in many seasons, called "Dans la Lumière de Vermeer," patiently assembled for the splendid recent celebration in The Hague of the Mauritshuis' hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary, is now installed in honor at the Orangerie, with twelve glowing proofs of Vermeer's special Dutch genius, so mysteriously ignored until a century ago. In the middle eighteen-sixties, a young French traveller and art critic, Théophile Thoré-Bürger, published the first source book on Vermeer, inspired to curiosity about this then obscure painter by the Mauritshuis' single proof of his greatness—the "View of Delft." In a way, Vermeer was later rediscovered by another Frenchman, Marcel Proust, and emotionally revalued in "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu." Actually, Hippolyte Taine, the old French art philosopher, had mentioned Vermeer, and the two gossiping Goncourt Brothers in their 1861 diary had remarked that Vermeer was "*diantrement original*," or deucedly unusual, so Paris literary circles were already talking about him. There was then, as now, little to know except that he was baptized in 1632 in Delft; lived his life and died there at the age of forty-three; was acting president of the Delft painters' guild at thirty; and was a married man and the father of eight living children, for whose daily bread he owed the baker so big a bill that his widow paid it by giving the baker two of his pictures.

In the glorious, exceptional autumnal Paris sunshine, one carries the sun's radiance from the Tuileries gardens into the Orangerie itself, where it becomes part of the emotion of light that animates the Vermeer canvases. Among the twelve are the two from today's Mauritshuis that have become world-famous, the first being "Young Girl in a Turban," of that special Chinese blue—clearer than Delft blue—that he favored, in combination with the Chinese yellow of her turban's ponytail drapery, intensified by the bright, innocent white of her eyes, which matches the professional white of her large pendant-pearl earring. The other universal favorite is his "View of Delft," a triumph of light, painted like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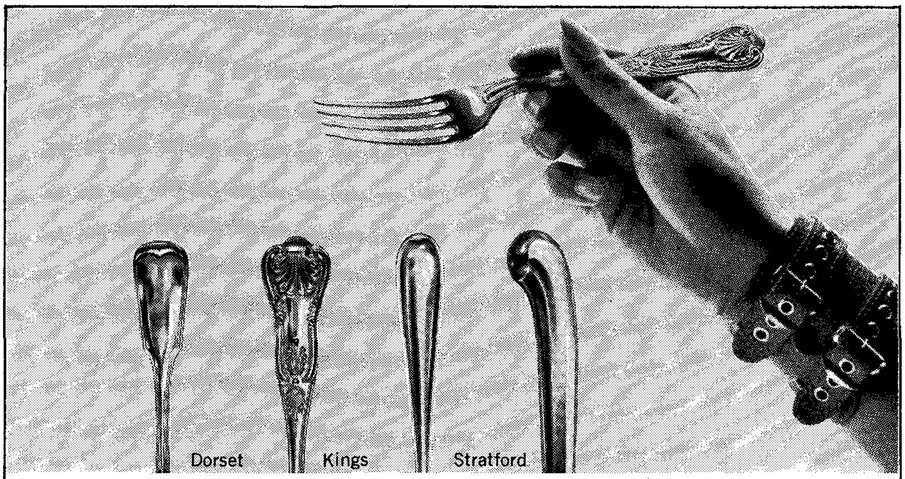

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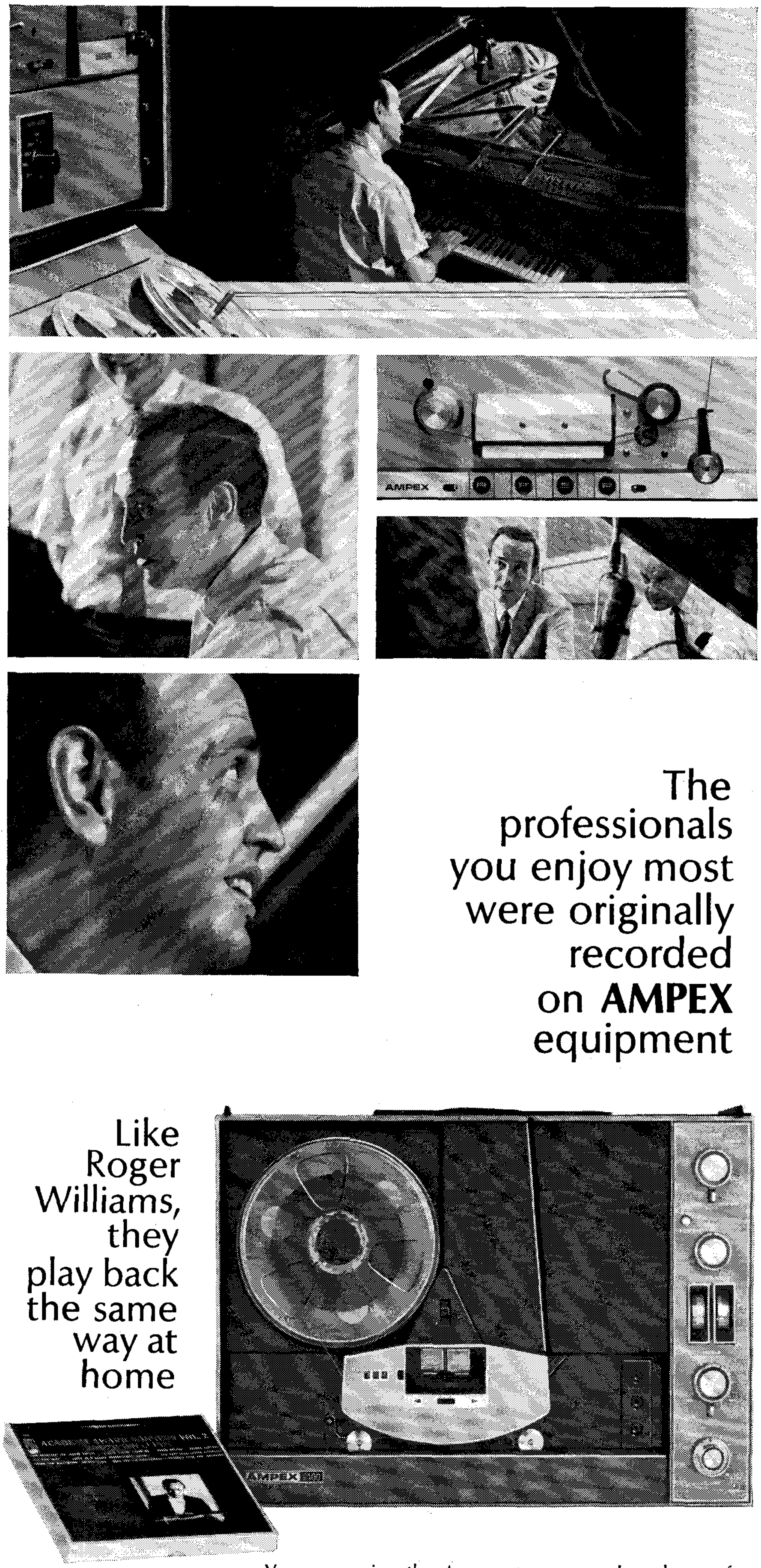
a vision on the River Schie's mirroring water and in the far shore's airy brightness, which picks out the city's gabled tan façades—a panorama of truth and affectionate familiarity. The greatest masculine portrait in the exhibition is "The Astronomer," from the Paris Rothschild collection, with his scientist's sensitive hand stretched to lie on the astral globe of the heavens. Vienna sent the other big picturesque male figure, in "The Artist in His Studio" (not included in the Hague exhibition), with the seated painter seen only from the back and supposed to be Vermeer himself—precisely because he thus avoided portraying his own face, he having significantly left no self-portrait. There is the "Woman with Water Jug," from New York. There is the "Lady Standing at the Virginals," from London, and "The Letter-Writer," from the Beit collection, in Ireland. The Vermeer pictures in the Orangerie are exceptionally accompanied by pictures by other artists, ranging from Cézanne on back through Caravaggio to Giorgione and his masterpiece "Le Concert Champêtre," brought across from the Louvre—a family of painters over the centuries who are related to Vermeer as painters of light or as a clan of genre artists who, like him, reported in paint on people quietly living their lives indoors: making lace, making music, studying the stars, or literately reading their correspondence.

In 1921, Marcel Proust saw the "View of Delft" at the Jeu de Paume in a Netherlands exhibition. He had already used Vermeer like a bystander in the love affair between Swann and Odette, just as he used the Sonate de Vinteuil for its musical accompaniment. As Proust grew more ill himself, he brought Vermeer into "Le Temps Perdu" like a witness to the approaching death of the writer Bergotte, who was struck down by apoplexy precisely while staring at the "View of Delft": "His giddiness increased; he fixed his eyes, like a child upon a yellow butterfly which it is trying to catch, upon the precious little patch of wall"—presumably that patch of wall, in yellow, on the lower right side of the canvas, just behind the town gate's left pepperpot tower. " 'That is how I ought to have written,' he said. 'My last books are too dry; I ought to have gone over them with several coats of paint, made my language exquisite in itself, like this little patch of yellow wall.' Meanwhile he was not unconscious of the gravity of his condition"—for he was dying. Vermeer was the only painter from the past whom Proust seemed repeatedly to consult and rely upon, like an occasional mentor of the emotions among his book's characters.

PREMIER POMPIDOU was interviewed on the state television on Monday evening and said, among other things, that after the elections next March he could, if necessary, envision governing without a majority—"though this is only my personal opinion," he added with a smile, in his well-articulated, unruffled fashion of speaking. He went on, "I believe that the political policy we have been conducting until now, which the country approved when it last reëlected General de Gaulle, should continue. I would form a government based on the possibility of modifications"—a euphemism for Gaullist losses—"in the National Assembly. Such modifications are normal; this is a democratic regime. It is what we have left of a Parliamentary regime, since it is basically half Presidential, half Parliamentary." This was a definition at last of the Fifth Republic's present format, and one that by its candor aroused astonishment among some of the French—until they thought it over carefully. The Gaullists' main adversary in the electoral campaign (and Pompidou was equally frank about this) will be young Jean Lecanuet, unheard of until he made his rocketlike rise through television last year as a new type of screen politician, with a good smile and teeth, and fresh conventional ideas. Of the Assembly itself Pompidou in his TV talk gave an unfamiliar new picture, with a Parliamentary majority no longer being necessary for a government to remain in place, and with Parliament's important function being to furnish Ministers from among its deputies. According to critics of what the Premier said—and they were numerous—the concept of a majority, on which the Gaullist regime founded the last two legislatures, has now lost much of its force. It seems to be giving way to a concept of empiricism, which might not be alien to the Premier's nature and philosophy, now adjusted to looking forward to the Gaullists' no longer having to win overpoweringly, as de Gaulle always demanded, with passion, of his voters. As one critic said, never had Pompidou given his TV listeners so little to hang on to. What he said was as smooth and shapely as an egg.

LE THÉÂTRE NATIONAL POPULAIRE, on the Chaillot hill, which under Jean Vilar played French classics or Péguy or Pirandello or Shakespeare, with inexpensive black velvet hangings,



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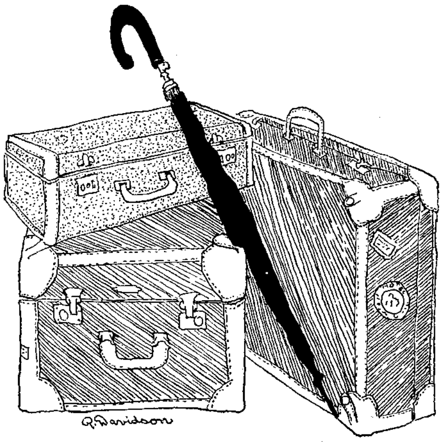
attracting devoted young auditors from factories or the university or the suburbs, who paid cheap prices for its tickets, now has entered a new phase, called "L'Expérience T.N.P. Chanson," and its devotees have to buy their tickets ten days in advance, for the theatre is packed and the tickets are still cheap. The program consists of two famously popular singers—Juliette Gréco and Georges Brassens—who divide the evening between them, the lady coming first. Her perfect, sinuous figure dressed in skintight black, her long-sleeved gown ending taut above her large, startlingly active bare hands, with bobbed red hair instead of the long black hair that she used to toss about, she is not the same Gréco, and does not mean to be. She is an artist, a *diseuse*, and her raucous voice has been trained, contained, and reshaped into a perfection of pitch and modulation. It is exquisite, it is admirable, and it does not kindle your listening heart. She still sings "J'ai le Cœur Aussi Grand Qu'une Place Publique," sings MacOrlan's "Jean de la Providence de Dieu" and Jean-Paul Sartre's violent "Rue des Blancs Manteaux," sings the comic songs of poor dead Robert Desnos and "Jolie Môme" of Léo Ferré, sings the witty things by the grammarian Raymond Queneau, and receives automatic cascades of applause. But no listeners hum with her, or shout or sigh after her love songs. She is not the singer they knew. They admire her as a new one, but their loud applause is not intimate. As for Brassens, now thinner, his rumbling, bearlike motions and almost metronomically exact rhythm are the same as ever, including his fashion of cutting a French word in two, as if he had lost his breath, to give it a feminine last syllabic beat. He is still the cross-grained gifted guitarist singing his own songs and his own words (often lubricious and very male)—a native café musician who has always been, on his own level, a master *chansonnier*. The two of them will be



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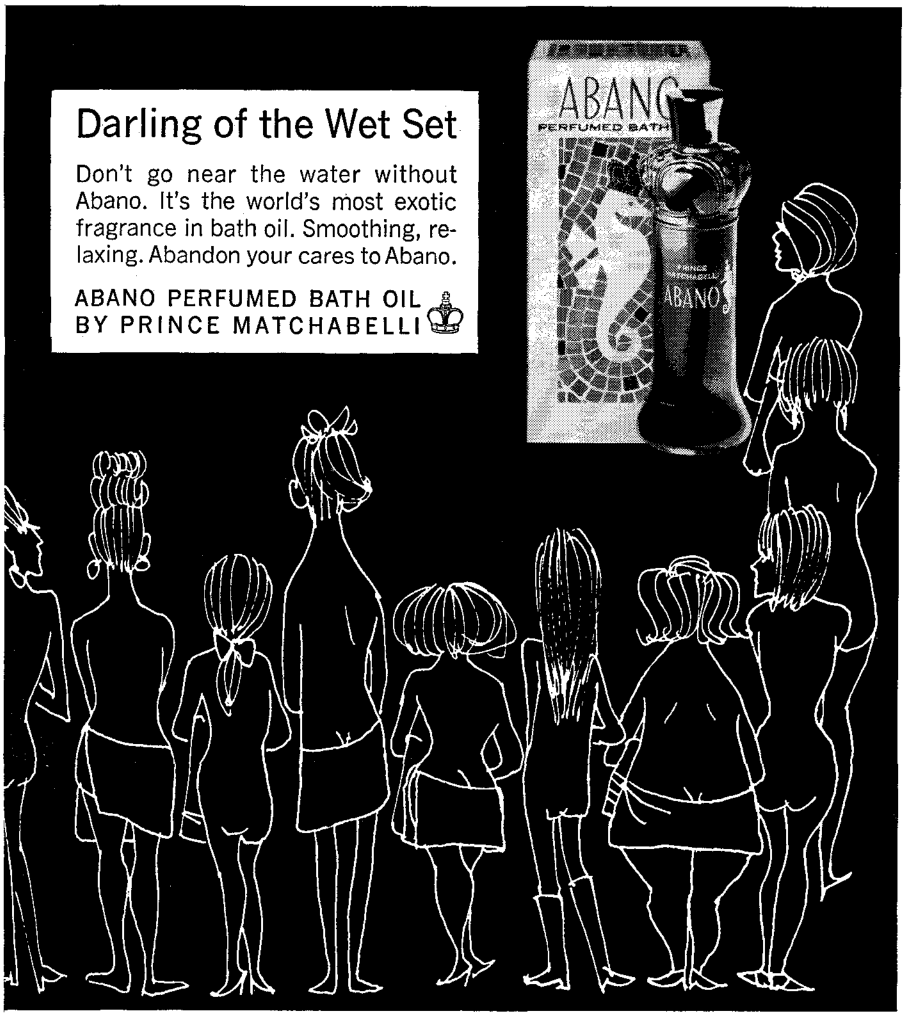

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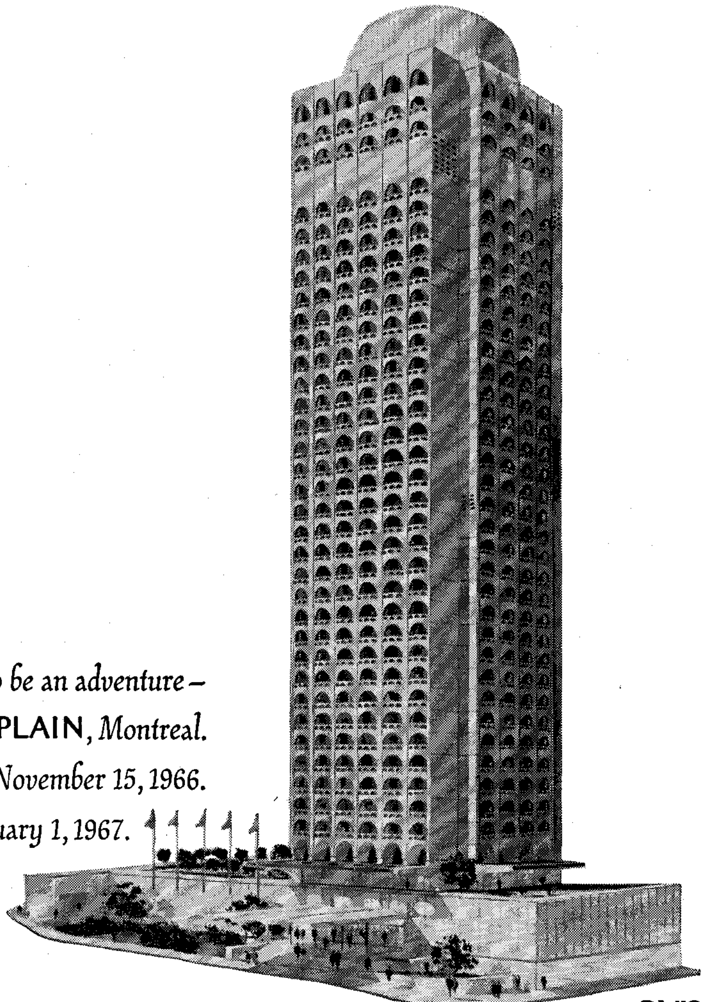

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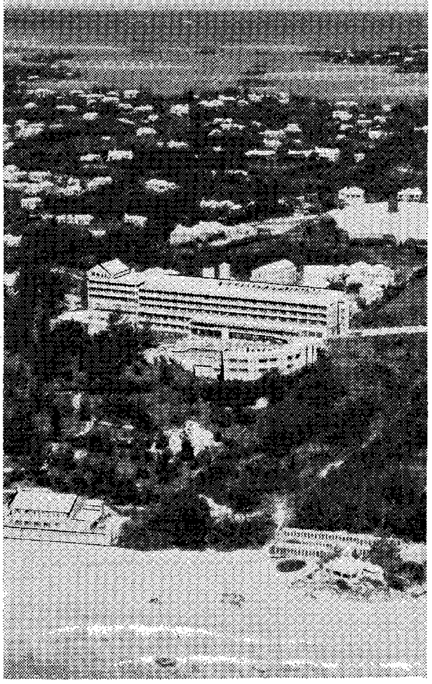

at the T.N.P. for another five weeks. Their success in that huge underground theatre, bigger than a Métro station, is phenomenal.

THE most remarkable small personal element in the most dramatic fortnight of the Second World War's early French history disappeared last week with the death at the American Hospital in Neuilly of eighty-eight-year-old Paul Reynaud, the littlest Premier France had ever seen—stretched to his full dapper height, he measured five feet three inches—on whom, as the final head of the amoral, shiftless Third Republic, fell the crushing weight in mid-June, 1940, of that hasty French defeat and debacle without precedent. Ironically, over years as a parliamentarian he had been almost a lone right-wing warning voice on the Nazis' war intentions, on Marshal Pétain's weak Army, and, at the last, on Pétain's molelike blind faith in the underground defense of the Maginot Line. He had been the early discoverer of a certain Lieutenant Colonel Charles de Gaulle and his plan for Europe's first mechanized army of tanks, proposed to the Chamber by Reynaud and rejected by the politicians and the *état-major* as inglorious garage-type arms, with which by 1940 the Nazi copyists were flattening northern France. After Dunkirk, when all seemed lost, Reynaud appointed Brigadier General de Gaulle his Under-Secretary of War and sent him to London to explore the possibility of continuing the fight in France's African empire, and as the feverish hope simply for an armistice weakened his Ministers, the Army, and much of the French nation, he advised the Third Republic's President, Albert Lebrun, to let the government's more popular new member, Pétain, take over. This only Lebrun had the constitutional power to decide on, though in the panicky politicians' collective memories Reynaud unjustly served for the rest of his life as the guilty scapegoat. After his tottering government's rejection of Winston Churchill's gallantly proposed Anglo-French Union, which only Reynaud favored, the clairvoyant little leader was replaced by Pétain as Premier. Vichy first put Reynaud under house arrest, then imprisoned him in the Pyrenees fortress of Portalet, where eventually it delivered him over to the Nazis. That is his brief Second World War history: a few anguished months as Premier, for the first time in his long political life, and nearly five years in prison for having been right, in ad-

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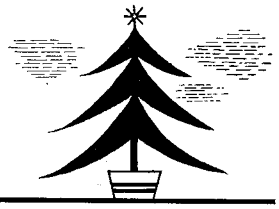

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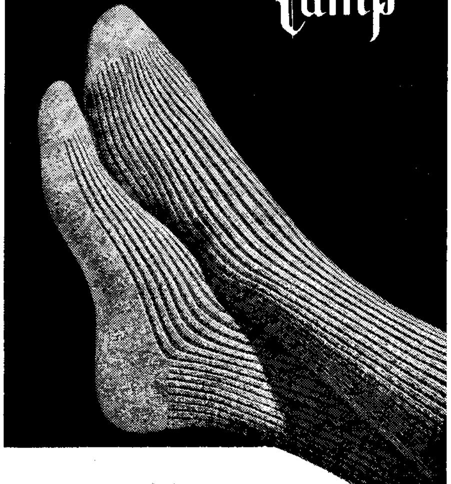

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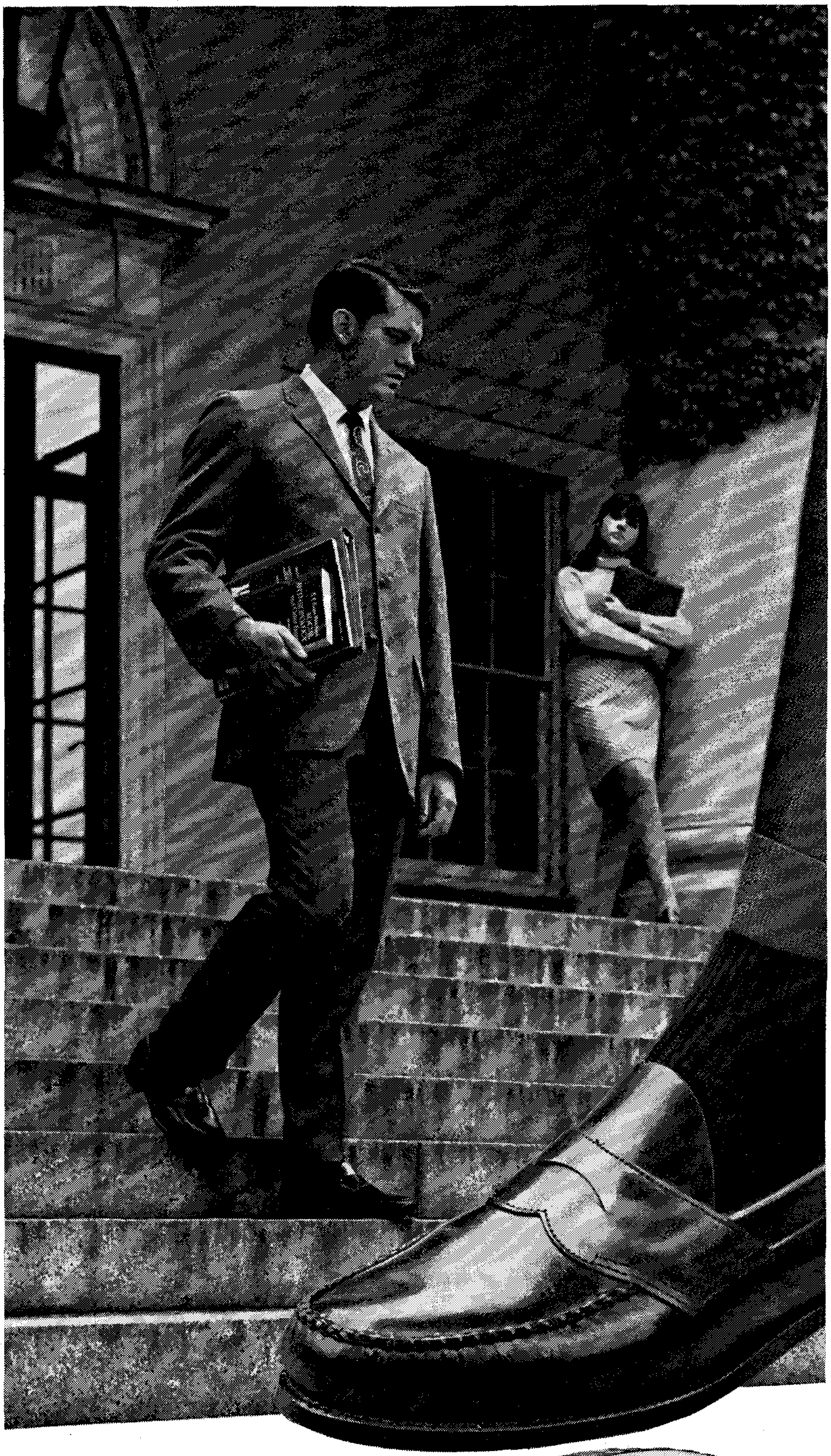
vance—for having seen and, like a Cassandra, early prophesied in Parliament that Germany would make war and that France's Army had been left too weak to resist by Marshal Pétain and by political maneuvers. At his funeral service last week in the Basilica of Ste. Clotilde, close behind Parliament, his funeral elegy was read by a Notre-Dame priest, Father Carré, who by chance had also been imprisoned as an anti-Vichy Frenchman in Portalet, at the same time as the deceased.

There was something alert and mouselike in Reynaud's intelligent miniature face, with his arched eyebrows and slanting, watchful, bright eyes. Graduated with *brio* from the Paris bar, he was a member of a Parliamentary family from the southern Basses-Alpes. From the beginning of his long Chamber career, which took place scenically over all three of the last republics, he was noted as a phenomenal, brilliant speaker who in Chamber debate filled the hemicycle and the visitors' loges with listeners hanging upon his words—rather than upon his progressive, pro-European ideas. He lacked the large, mirroring magnetism of a great political leader, and was repeatedly only a Cabinet Minister. In his closely applied French intelligence, he was an early believer in European collective security, and vainly favored sanctions against Italy after Mussolini took Abyssinia, vainly endorsed military movement against Germany when Hitler occupied the Rhineland, and logically disbelieved in Chamberlain's Munich. His personal standard of patriotism was never popular in France, because it always entailed independent action.

Though Reynaud was nearly seventy years old when released from captivity, on being elected deputy to the new Constituent Assembly in 1946 he again became France's most brilliant debater. At seventy-nine, he begot his last child (the last Mme. Reynaud was considerably taller and younger than her husband), and following the Algiers *Putsch* of 1958, though nominally a right-wing independent, he voted loyally for de Gaulle's investiture. But in 1960 there began the autumn of his disbelief in de Gaulle's republicanism, his disapproval of the General's exalted, waxing anti-parliamentarianism and his balancing authoritarianism. Republican to the bone by breeding and long second-rank political exercise, Reynaud was a leader of a group of deputies listed to vote "no" against de Gaulle in the October, 1962, referendum. In consequence, he lost his Assembly seat in the



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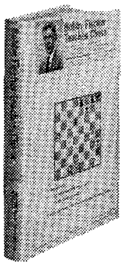

November national elections. Although eighty-four years old, he vigorously continued to attack the General in pamphlets and newspaper interviews for his slack backing of the Common Market, for his hostile attitude toward England and the United States, for his narrow Gallic anti-European conceptions. Last year, Reynaud began slowly dying.

In connection with the news of his death last week, *Le Figaro*, which had never admired him, paradoxically was given the privilege of publishing a rare communication sent in from the late Sir Winston's editor and friend Mr. Emery Reves, describing from memory the last talk between Churchill and Reynaud, which took place in Reves' Midi house in 1959—a talk in which the great Churchillian sense of fair play must finally have healed Reynaud's wound of injustice, still left from 1940. "You were unlucky because a large part of the French people did not want to continue the war, and the most eminent of the French generals and admirals were defeatists and demanded capitulation," Sir Winston reportedly declared candidly to Reynaud. "I felt great pity for you during those tragic days. If *my* generals had adopted that attitude, if the English people had been as demoralized as the French, I could never have saved England! I was lucky, so my name was associated with victory. Yours was associated with defeat, which was unjust. But history will recognize that you knew the truth and that nobody in your place could have done any better." For many Parisians, it was as if the great dead Sir Winston had somehow sent a laurel wreath to honor the burial of the small, brilliant dead Frenchman. —GENÊT

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Skipper John Simpson of the Colby Mules, who doesn't have the most envious job in the world, is one of the most optimistic gentlemen coaches in the business.

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[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

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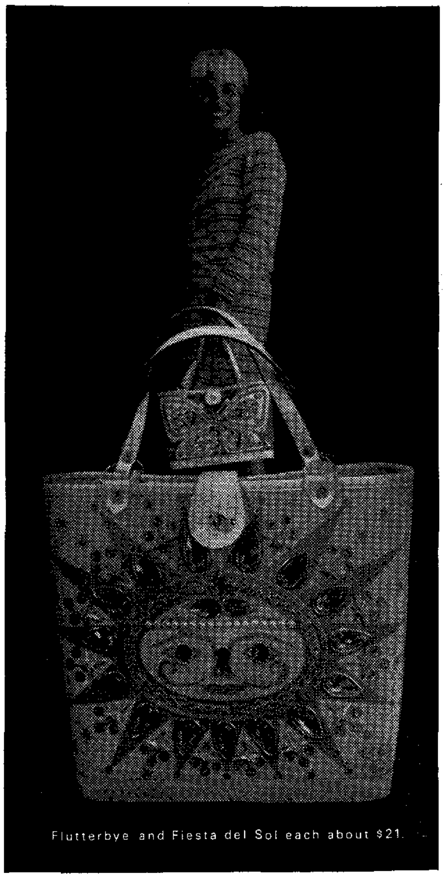

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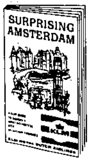

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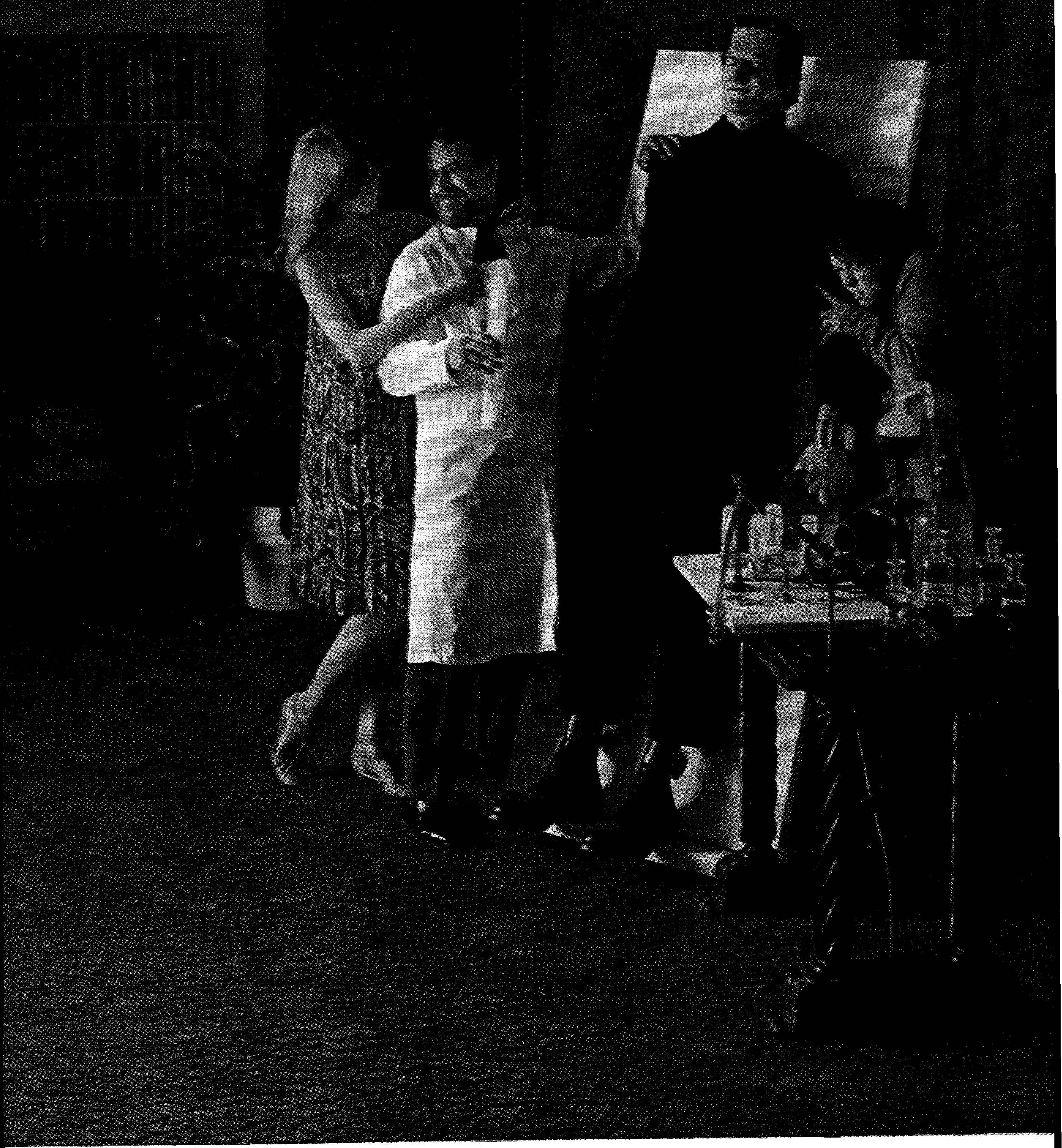

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

STOCKHOLDER SEASON

A COUPLE of years ago, a European diplomat was quoted in the *Times* as saying, "The American economy has become so big that it is beyond the imagination to comprehend. But now on top of size you are getting rapid growth as well. It is a situation of fundamental power unequalled in the history of the world." At about the same time, A. A. Berle wrote, in a study of corporate power, that the five hundred or so corporations that dominate that economy "represent a concentration of power over economics which makes the medieval feudal system look like a Sunday-school party." As for the power within those corporations, it clearly rests, for all practical purposes, with their directors and their professional managers (often not substantial owners), who, Berle goes on to suggest in the same essay, sometimes constitute a self-perpetuating oligarchy. Most fair-minded observers these days seem to feel that the stewardship of the oligarchs, from a social point of view, isn't anything like as bad as it might be, and in many cases is pretty good, yet, however that may be, the ultimate power theoretically does not reside in them at all. According to the corporate form of organization, it resides in the stockholders, of whom, in United States business enterprises of all sizes and descriptions, there are now more than twenty million. Even though the courts have repeatedly ruled that a director does not have to follow stockholder instructions, any more than a congressman has to follow the instructions of his constituents, stockholders nevertheless do elect directors, on the logical, if not exactly democratic, basis of one share, one vote. The stockholders are deprived of their real power by a number of factors, among which are their indifference to it in times of rising profits and dividends, their ignorance of corporate affairs, and their sheer numbers. One way or another, they vote the management slate, and the results of most director elections have a certain Russian ring—ninety-nine per cent or more of the votes cast in favor. The chief, and in many cases the only, occasion when stockholders make their presence felt by management is at the annual meeting. Company annual meetings are customarily held in the spring, and last spring I made the rounds of a few of them to get a line on what the theoretical holders of all that feudal power had to say for themselves, and also on the state of their relations with their elected directors. I took notes on what I heard and saw, and now that the stock market seems to be getting a certain amount of special attention here and there, I'd like to make my *own* report.

"Has it ever struck you as strange about us being people and all?"

I'd been meaning to attend some of these meetings for several years; what particularly commended the 1966 season to me was that it promised to be a particularly lively one. Various reports of a new "hard-line approach" by company managements to stockholders had appeared in the press. (I was charmed by the notion of a candidate for office announcing his new hard-line approach to voters right before an election.) The new approach, it was reported, was the upshot of events at last year's meetings, where a new high in stockholder unruliness was reached. The chairman of the Communications Satellite Corporation was forced to call on guards to eject bodily two badgering stockholders at his company's meeting, in Washington. Harland C. Forbes, who was then the chairman of Consolidated Edison, ordered one heckler off the premises in New York, and, in Philadelphia, American Telephone & Telegraph Chairman Frederick R. Kappel was goaded into announcing abruptly, "This meeting is not being run by Robert's [Rules of Order]. It's being run by me." (The executive director of the American Society of Corporate Secretaries later explained that precise application of Robert's rules would have had the effect not of increasing the stockholders' freedom of speech but, rather, of restricting it. Mr. Kappel, the secretary implied, had merely been protecting stockholders from parliamentary tyranny.) In Schenectady, Gerald L. Phillippe, chairman of General Electric, after several hours of fencing with stockholders, summed up his new hard line by saying, "I should like it to be clear that next year, and in the years to come, the chair may well adopt a more rigorous attitude." According to *Business Week*, the General Electric management then assigned a special task force to the job of seeing what could be done about cracking down on hecklers by changing the annual-meeting pattern, and early this year the bible of management, the *Harvard Business Review*, entered the lists with an article by O. Glenn Saxon, Jr., the head of a company that specializes in inves-

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tor services to management, in which he recommended crisply that the chairmen of annual meetings "recognize the authority inherent in the role of the chair, and resolve to use it appropriately." Apparently, the theoretical holders of fundamental power unequalled *in the history of the world* were about to be put in their place.

ONE thing I couldn't help noticing as I went over the schedule of this year's leading meetings was a trend away from holding them in or near New York. Invariably, the official reason given was that the move would accommodate stockholders from other areas who had seldom, if ever, been able to attend in the past; however, most of the noisiest dissident stockholders seem to be based in the New York area, and the moves were taking place in the year of the new hard line, so I found the likelihood of a relationship between these two facts by no means remote. United States Steel holders, for example, were to meet in Cleveland, making their second foray outside their company's nominal home state of New Jersey since its formation, in 1901. General Electric was going outside New York State for the third time in recent years—and going all the way to Georgia, a state in which management appeared to have suddenly discovered fifty-six hundred stockholders (or a bit more than one per cent of the firm's total roll) who were badly in need of a chance to attend an annual meeting. The biggest company of them all, American Telephone & Telegraph, had chosen Detroit, which was its third site outside New York City in its eighty-one-year history, the second having been Philadelphia, where last year's session was held.

To open my own meeting-going season, I tracked A.T. & T. to Detroit. Leafing through some papers on the plane going out there, I learned that the number of A.T. & T. stockholders had increased to an all-time record of almost three million, and I fell to wondering what would happen in the unlikely event that all of them, or even half of them, appeared in Detroit and demanded seats at the meeting. At any rate, each one of them had received by mail, a few weeks earlier, a notice of the meeting along with a formal invitation to attend, and it seemed to me almost certain that American industry had achieved another "first"—the first time almost three million individual invitations had ever been mailed out to any event of any kind anywhere. My fears on the first score were put to

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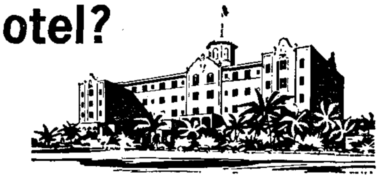

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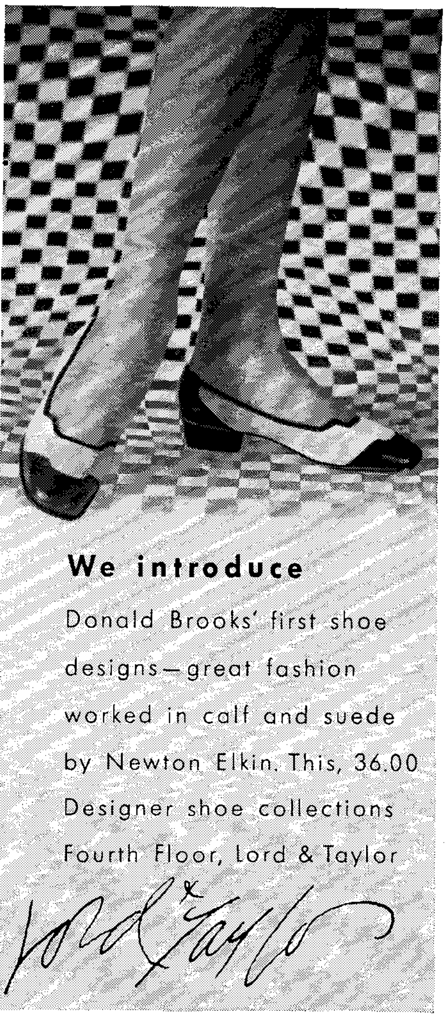

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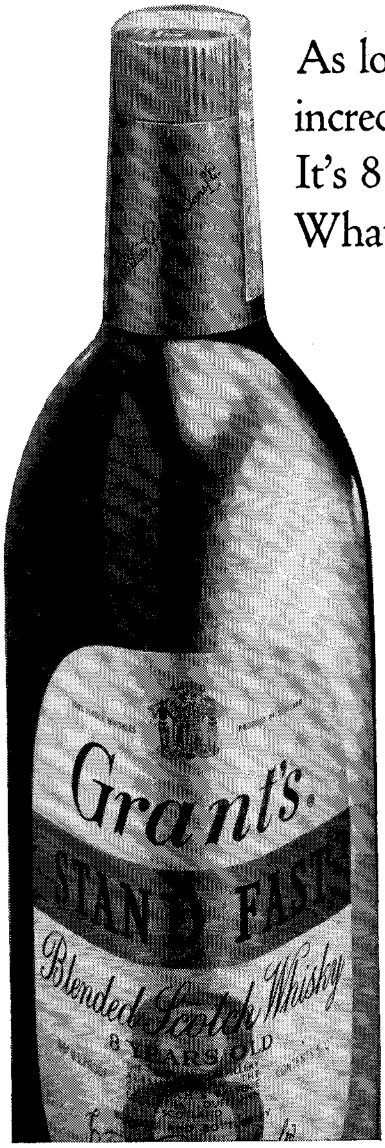
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rest when I got to Cobo Hall, a huge riverfront auditorium, where the meeting was to take place. The hall was far from filled; the Yankees in their better days would have been disgusted with such a turnout on any weekday afternoon. (The papers next day said the attendance was four thousand and sixteen.) Looking around, I noticed in the crowd several families with small children, one woman in a wheelchair, one man with a beard, and just two Negro stockholders—the last observation suggesting that the trumpeters of "people's capitalism" might well do some coördinating with the civil-rights movement. The announced time of the meeting was one-thirty, and Chairman Kappel entered on the dot and marched to a reading stand on the platform; the eighteen other A.T. & T. directors trooped to a row of seats just behind him, and Mr. Kappel gavelled the meeting to order.

From my reading and from annual meetings that I'd attended in past years, I knew that the meetings of the biggest companies are usually marked by the presence of so-called professional stockholders—persons who make a full-time occupation of buying stock in companies or obtaining the proxies of other stockholders, then informing themselves more or less intimately about the corporations' affairs and attending annual meetings to raise questions or propose resolutions—and that the most celebrated members of this breed were Mrs. Wilma Soss, of New York, who heads an organization of women stockholders and votes the proxies of its members as well as her own shares, and Lewis D. Gilbert, also of New York, who represents his own holdings and those of his family—a considerable total. Something I did not know, and learned at the A.T. & T. meeting (and at others I attended subsequently), was that, apart from the prepared speeches of management, a good many big-company meetings really consist of a dialogue—in some cases it's more of a duel—between the chairman and the few professional stockholders. The contributions of non-professionals run strongly to ill-informed or tame questions and windy encomiums of management, and thus the task of making cogent criticisms or asking embarrassing questions falls to the professionals. Though largely self-appointed, they become, by default, the sole representatives of a huge constituency that may badly need representing. Some of them are not very good representatives, and a few are so bad that their conduct raises a problem in American manners;

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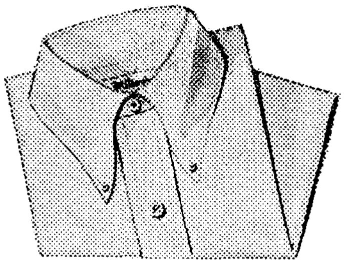

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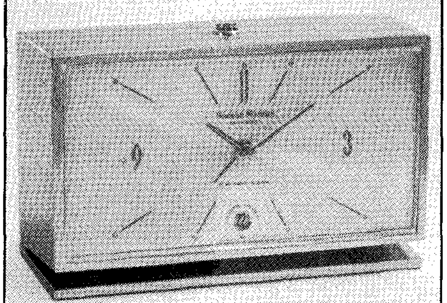

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these few repeatedly say things at annual meetings—boorish, silly, insulting, or abusive things—that are apparently permissible by corporate rules but are certainly impermissible by drawing-room rules, and sometimes succeed in giving the annual meetings of mighty companies the general air of barnyard squabbles. Mrs. Soss, a former public-relations woman who has been a tireless professional stockholder since 1947, is usually a good many cuts above this level. True, she is not beyond playing to the gallery by wearing bizarre costumes to meetings; she tries, with occasional success, to taunt recalcitrant chairmen into throwing her out; she is often scolding and occasionally abusive; and nobody could accuse her of being unduly concise. I confess that her customary tone and manner set my teeth on edge, but I can't help recognizing that, because she does her homework, she usually has a point. Mr. Gilbert, who has been at it since 1933 and is the dean of them all, almost invariably has a point, and by comparison with his colleagues he is the soul of brevity and punctilio as well as of dedication and diligence. Despised as professional stockholders are by most company managements, Mrs. Soss and Mr. Gilbert are widely enough recognized to be listed in *Who's Who in America*; furthermore, for what satisfaction it may bring them, they are the nameless Agamemnons and Ajaxes, invariably called "individuals," in some of the prose epics produced by the business Establishment itself. ("The greater portion of the discussion period was taken up by questions and statements of a few individuals on matters that can scarcely be deemed relevant. . . . Two individuals interrupted the opening statement of the chairman. . . . The chairman advised the individuals who had interrupted to choose between ceasing their interruption or leaving the meeting. . . ." So reads, in part, the official report of the 1965 A.T. & T. annual meeting.) And although Mr. Saxon's piece in the *Harvard Business Review* was entirely about professional stockholders and how to deal with them, the author's corporate dignity did not permit him to mention the name of even one of them. Avoiding this was quite a trick, but Mr. Saxon pulled it off.

Both Mrs. Soss and Mr. Gilbert were present at Cobo Hall. Indeed, the meeting had barely got under way before Mr. Gilbert was on his feet complaining that several resolutions he had asked the company to include in the proxy statement and the meeting agenda had been omitted from both. Mr.

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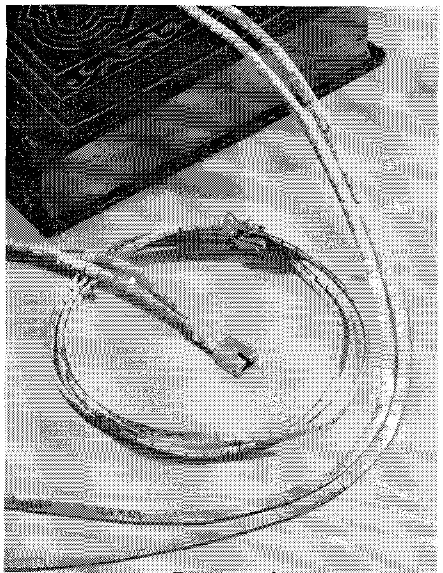

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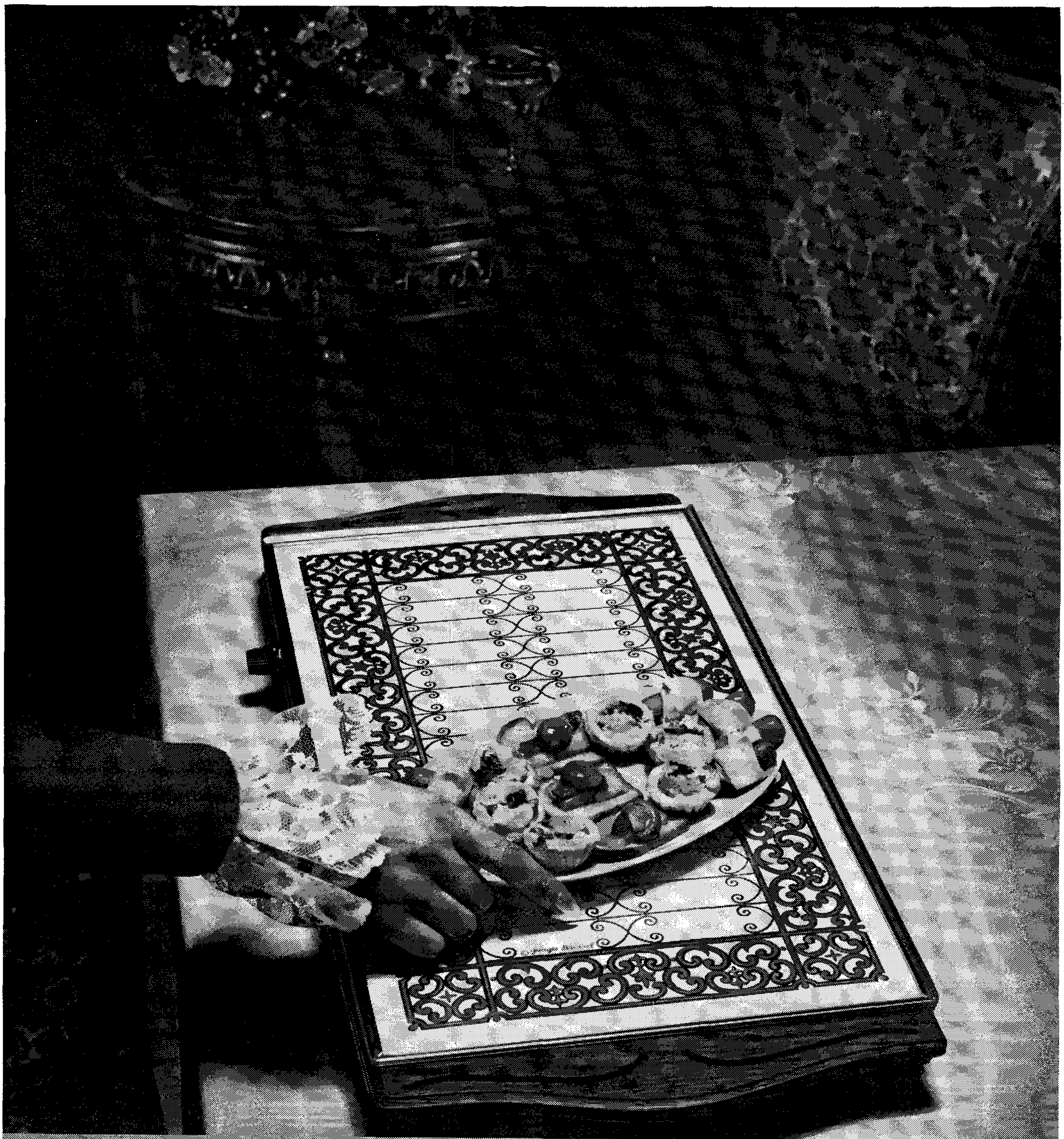

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Kappel—a stern-looking man with steel-rimmed spectacles, who was unmistakably cast in the old-fashioned, aloof corporate mold, rather than the new, more permissive one—replied shortly that the Gilbert proposals had referred to matters that were not proper for stockholder consideration, and had been submitted too late, anyhow. Mr. Kappel then announced that he was about to report on company operations, whereupon the eighteen other directors filed off the platform. Evidently, they had been there only to be introduced, not to field questions from stockholders. Exactly where they went I don't know; they vanished from my field of vision, and I wasn't enlightened when, later on in the meeting, Mr. Kappel responded to a stockholder's question as to their whereabouts with the laconic statement "They're here." Going it alone, Mr. Kappel said in his report that "business is booming, earnings are good, and the prospect ahead is for more of the same," declared that A.T. & T. was eager for the Federal Communications Commission to get on with its investigation of telephone rates, since the company had "no skeletons in the closet," and then painted a picture of a weird telephonic future in which "picture phones" will be commonplace and light beams will carry messages.

When Mr. Kappel's address was over and the management-sponsored slate of directors for the coming year had been duly nominated, Mrs. Soss rose to make a nomination of her own—Dr. Frances Arkin, a psychoanalyst. In explanation, Mrs. Soss said that she felt A.T. & T. ought to have a woman on its board, and that, furthermore, she sometimes felt some of the company's executives would be benefited by occasional psychiatric examinations. (This remark seemed to me gratuitous, but the balance of manners between bosses and stockholders was subsequently redressed, at least to my mind, at another meeting, when the chairman suggested that some of his firm's stockholders ought to see a psychiatrist.) The nomination of Dr. Arkin was seconded by Mr. Gilbert, although not until Mrs. Soss, who was sitting a couple of seats from him, had reached over and nudged him vigorously in the ribs. Presently, a professional stockholder named Evelyn Y. Davis protested the venue of the meeting, complaining that she had been forced to come all the way from New York by bus. Mrs. Davis, a brunette, is the youngest and best-looking of the professional stockholders but, on the basis of what I saw at the A.T. & T.

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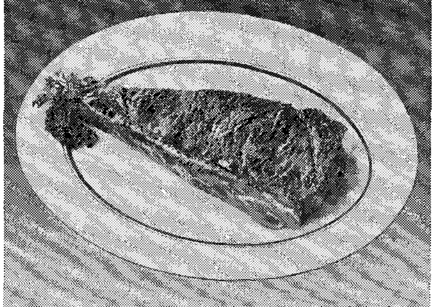

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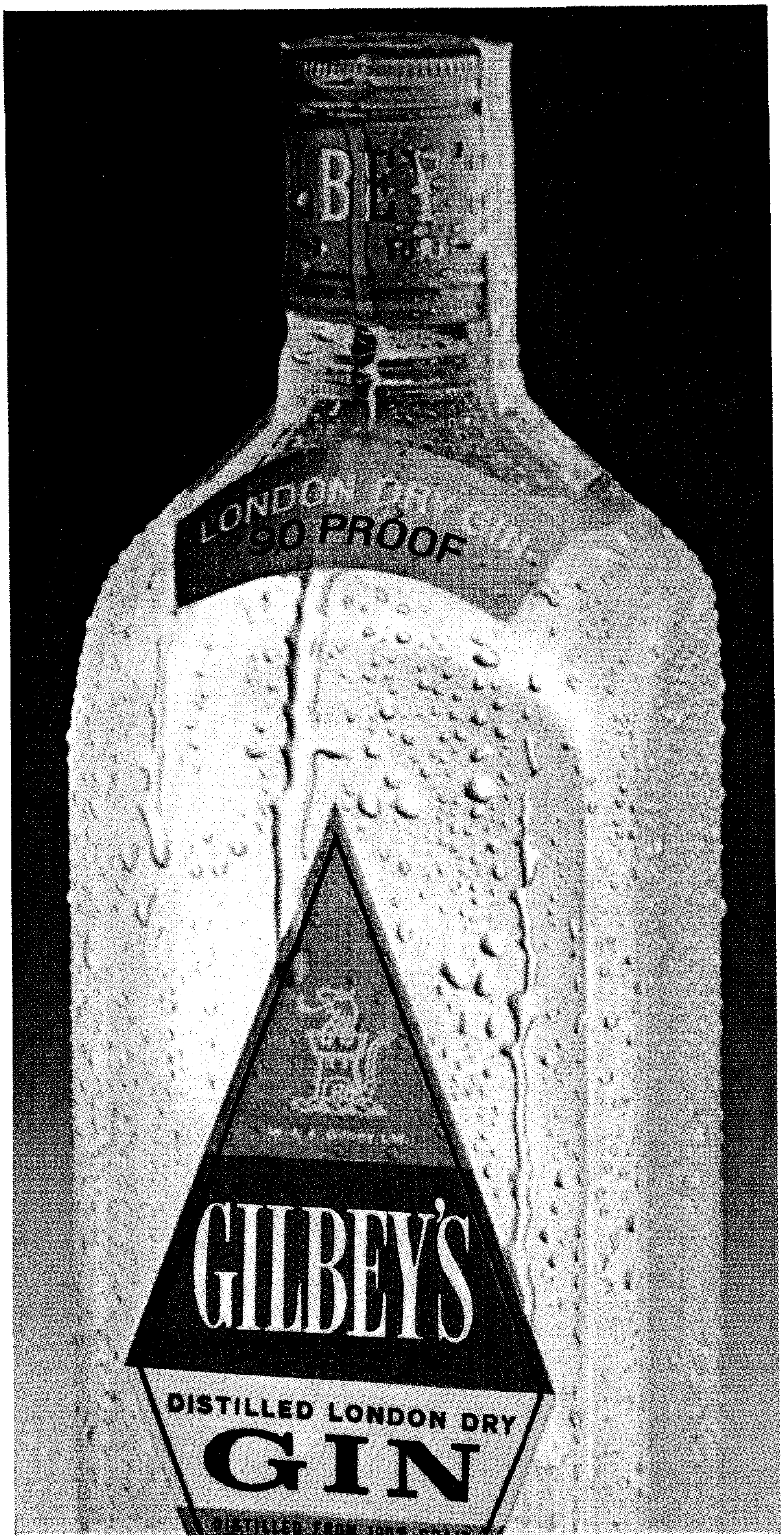
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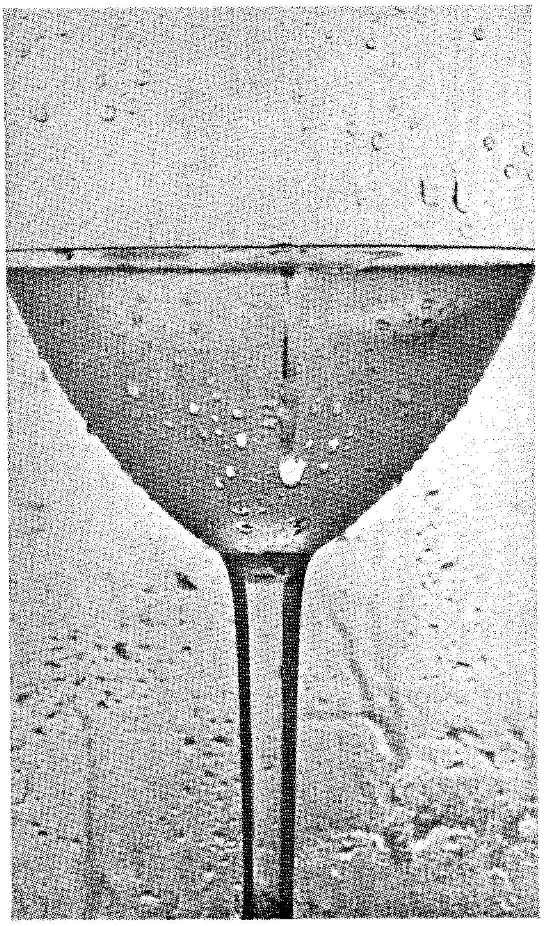

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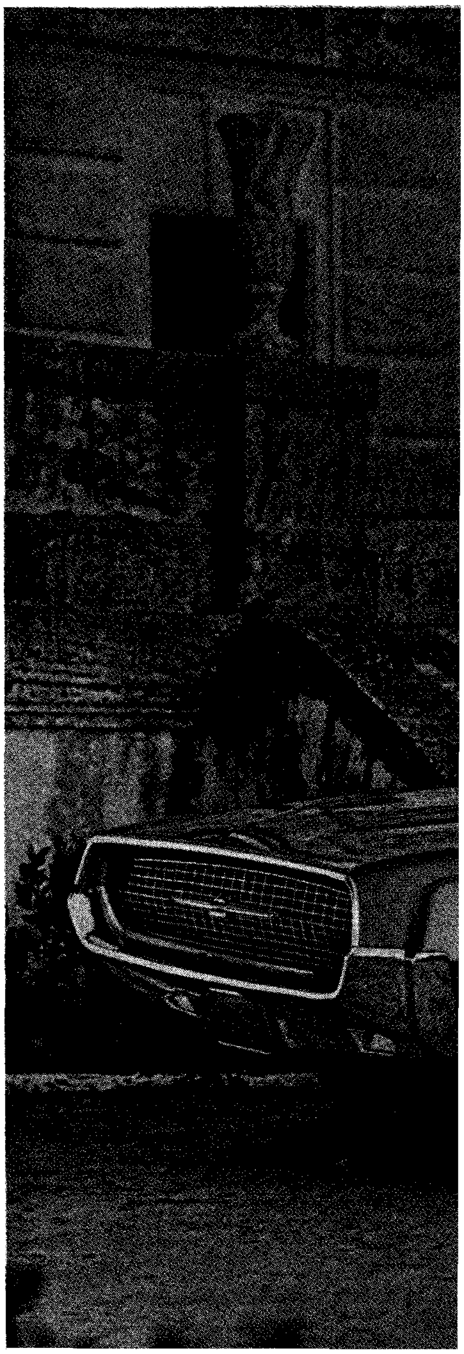

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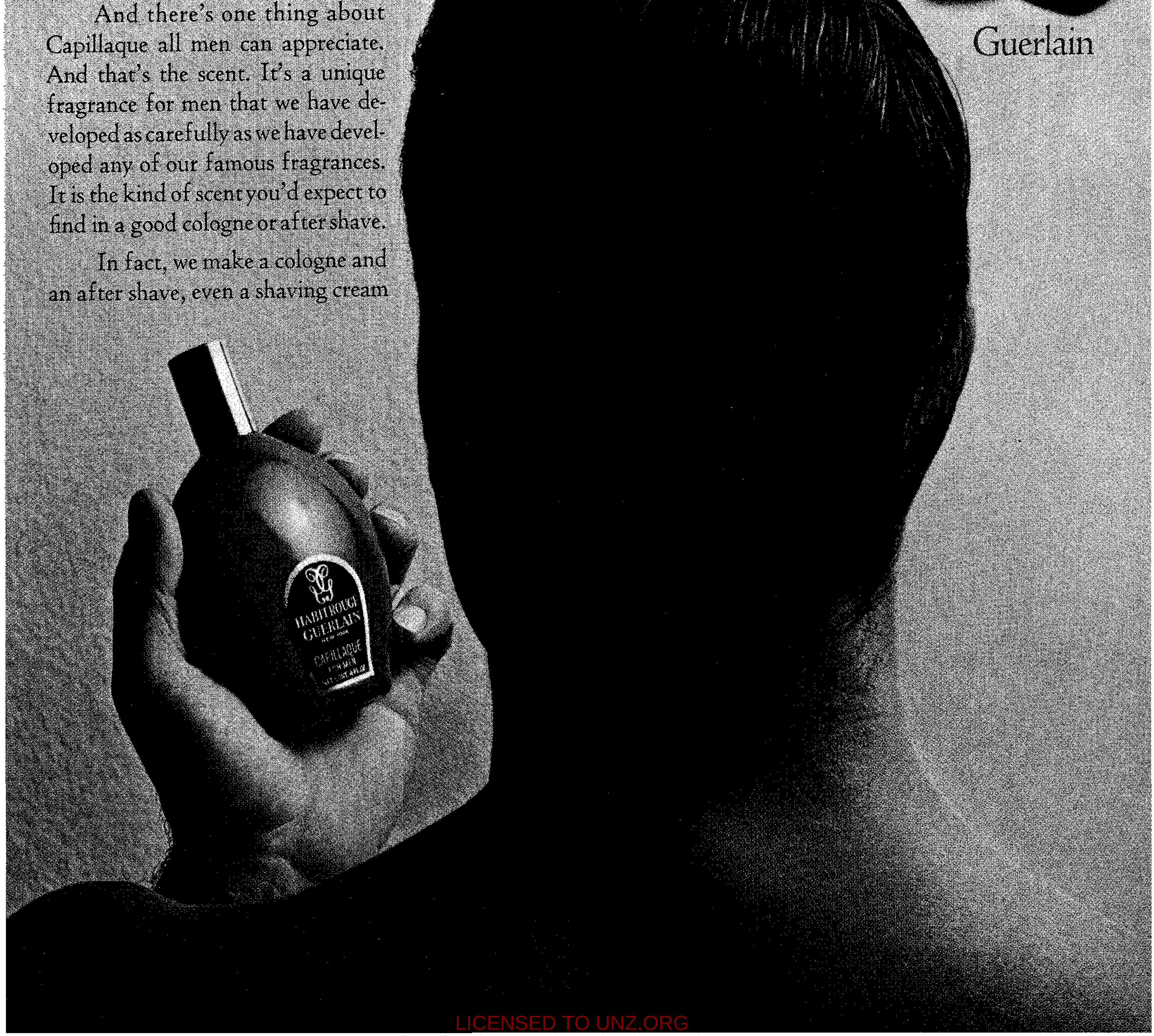

meeting and others, not the best informed or the most temperate, serious-minded, or worldly-wise. On this occasion, she was greeted by thunderous boos, and when Mr. Kappel answered her by saying, "You're out of order. You're just talking to the wind," he was loudly cheered. It was only then that I understood the nature of the advantage that the company had gained by moving its meeting away from New York: it had not succeeded in shaking off the gadflies, but it had succeeded in putting them in a climate where they were subject to the rigors of that great American emotion, regional pride. A lady in a flowered hat who said she was from Des Plaines, Illinois, emphasized the point by rising to say, "I wish some of the people here would behave like intelligent adults, rather than two-year-olds." (Prolonged applause.)

Even so, the sniping from the East went on, and by three-thirty, when the meeting had been in session for two hours, Mr. Kappel was clearly getting testy; he began pacing impatiently around the platform, and his answers got shorter and shorter. "O.K., O.K." was all he replied to one complaint that he was dictatorial. The climax came in a wrangle between him and Mrs. Soss about the fact that A.T. & T., although it had listed the business affiliations of its nominees for director in a pamphlet that was handed out at the meeting, had failed to list them in the material mailed out to the stockholders, the overwhelming majority of whom were not at the meeting and had done their voting by proxy. Most other big companies make such disclosures in their mailed proxy statements, so the stockholders were apparently entitled to a reasonable explanation of why A.T. & T. had failed to do so, but somewhere along the way reason was left behind. As the exchange progressed, Mrs. Soss adopted a scolding tone and Mr. Kappel an icy one; as for the crowd, it was having a fine time booing the Christian, if that is what Mrs. Soss represented, and cheering the lion, if that is what Mr. Kappel represented. "I can't hear you, sir," Mrs. Soss said at one point. "Well, if you'd just listen instead of talking—" Mr. Kappel returned. Then Mrs. Soss said something I didn't catch, and it must have been a telling bit of chairman-baiting, because Mr. Kappel's manner changed completely, from ice to fire; he began shaking his finger and saying he wouldn't stand for any more abuse, and the floor microphone that Mrs. Soss had been using was abruptly turned off. Followed at a distance of ten or fifteen

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feet by a uniformed security guard, and to the accompaniment of deafening booing and stamping, Mrs. Soss marched up the aisle and took a stand in front of the platform, facing Mr. Kappel, who informed her that he knew she wanted him to have her thrown out and that he declined to comply.

Eventually, Mrs. Soss went back to her seat and everybody calmed down. The rest of the meeting, given over largely to questions and comments from amateur stockholders, rather than professional ones, was certainly less lively than what had gone before, and not noticeably higher in intellectual content. Stockholders from Grand Rapids, Detroit, and Ann Arbor all expressed the view that it would be best to let the directors run the company, although the Grand Rapids man objected mildly that the "Bell Telephone Hour" couldn't be received on television in his locality anymore. A man from Pleasant Ridge, Michigan, spoke up for retired stockholders who would like A.T. & T. to plow less of its earnings back into expansion, so that it could pay higher dividends. A stockholder from rural Louisiana stated that when he picked up his telephone lately, the operator didn't answer for five or ten minutes. "Ah brang it to your attention," the Louisiana man said, and Mr. Kappel promised to have somebody look into the matter. Mrs. Davis raised a complaint about A.T. & T.'s contributions to charity, giving Mr. Kappel the opportunity to reply that he was glad the world contained people more charitable than she. (Tax-exempt applause.) A Detroit man said, "I hope you won't let the abuse you've been subjected to by a few malcontents keep you from bringing the meeting back to the great Midwest again." It was announced that Dr. Arkin had been defeated for a seat on the board, since she had received a vote of only 19,106 shares against some four hundred million, proxy votes included, for each candidate on the management slate. (By approving the management slate, a proxy voter can, in effect, oppose a floor nomination, even though he knows nothing about it.) And that was how the 1966 annual meeting of the world's largest company went—or how it went until five-thirty, when all but a few hundred stockholders had left, and when I headed for the airport to catch a plane back to New York.

THE A.T. & T. meeting left me in a thoughtful mood. Annual meetings, I reflected, can be times to

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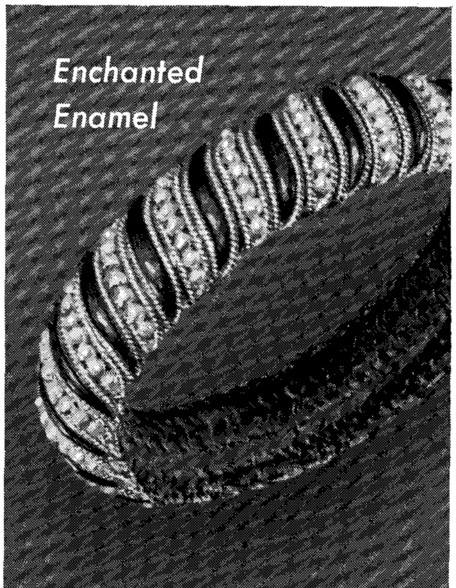

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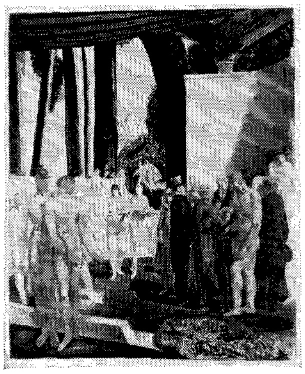

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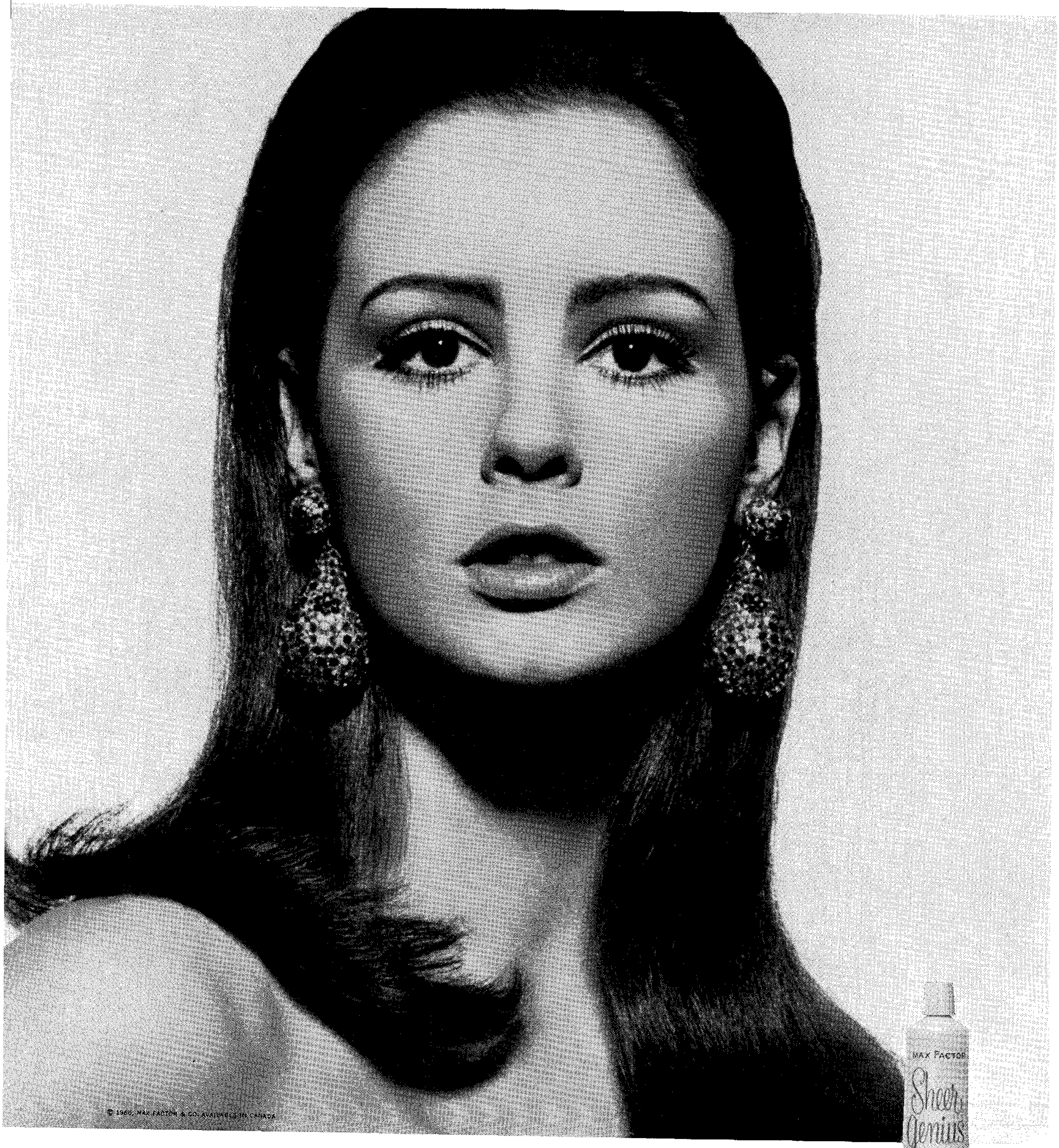

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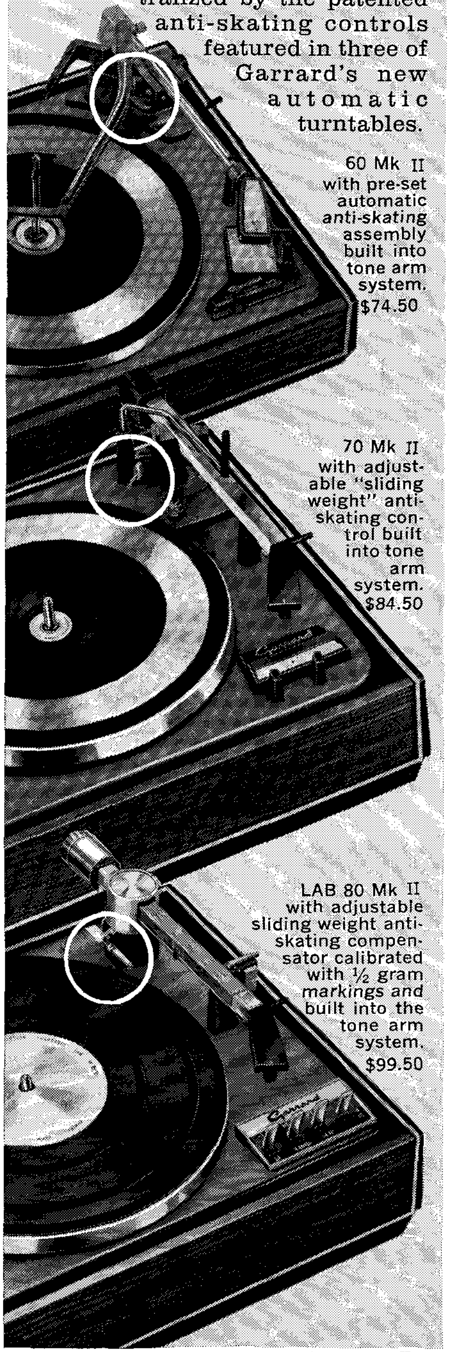

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try the soul of an admirer of representative democratic government, especially when he finds himself guiltily sympathizing with the chairman who is being badgered from the floor. The professional stockholders, in their wilder moments, are management's secret weapon; a Mrs. Soss and a Mrs. Davis at their most strident could have made Commodore Vanderbilt and Pierpont Morgan seem like affable old gentlemen, and they can make a latter-day magnate like Mr. Kappel seem like a henpecked husband, if not actually a champion of stockholders' rights. At such moments, the professional stockholders become, from a practical standpoint, enemies of intelligent dissent. On the other hand, I thought, they deserve sympathy, too, whether or not one believes they have right on their side, because they are in the position of representing a constituency that doesn't want to be represented. It's hard to imagine anyone more reluctant to claim his democratic rights, or more suspicious of anyone who tries to claim them for him, than a dividend-fattened stockholder—and, of course, most stockholders *are* thoroughly dividend-fattened these days. Berle speaks of the estate of stockholding as being by its nature "passive-receptive," rather than "managing and creating;" most of the A.T. & T. stockholders in Detroit, it seemed to me, were so deeply devoted to the notion of the company as Santa Claus that they went beyond passive receptivity to active cupboard love. And the professional stockholders, I felt, had taken on an assignment almost as thankless as that of recruiting for the Young Communist League among the junior executives of the Chase Manhattan Bank.

In view of Chairman Phillippe's warning to General Electric stockholders at Schenectady last year, and of the report about the company's hard-line task force, it was with a sense of being engaged in hot pursuit that I boarded a southbound Pullman for the General Electric annual meeting. This one was held in Atlanta's Municipal Auditorium, a snappy hall, the rear of which was brightened by an interior garden complete with trees and a lawn, and in spite of the fact that it was held on a languorous, rainy Southern spring morning, more than a thousand G.E. stockholders turned out. As far as I could see, three of them were Negroes, and it was not long before I saw that another of them was Mrs. Soss.

However exasperated he may have become last year in Schenectady, Mr. Phillippe, who also conducted this year's

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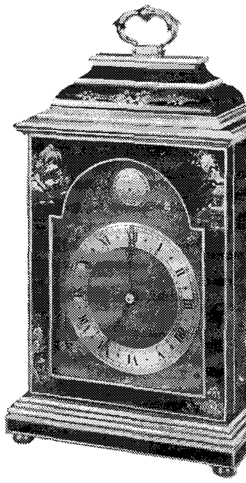

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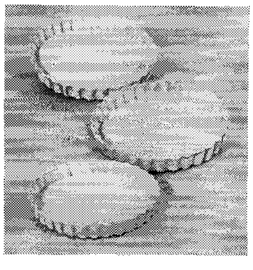

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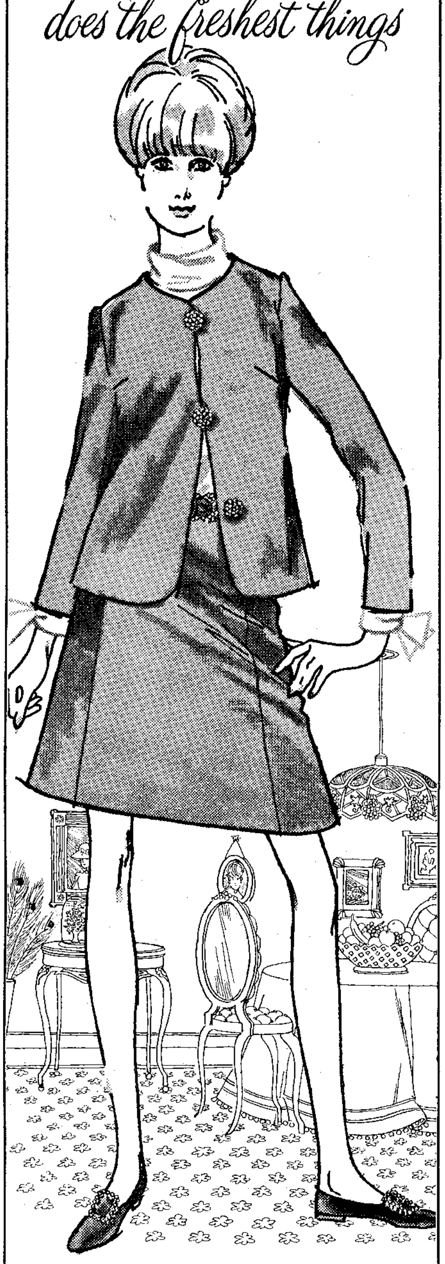

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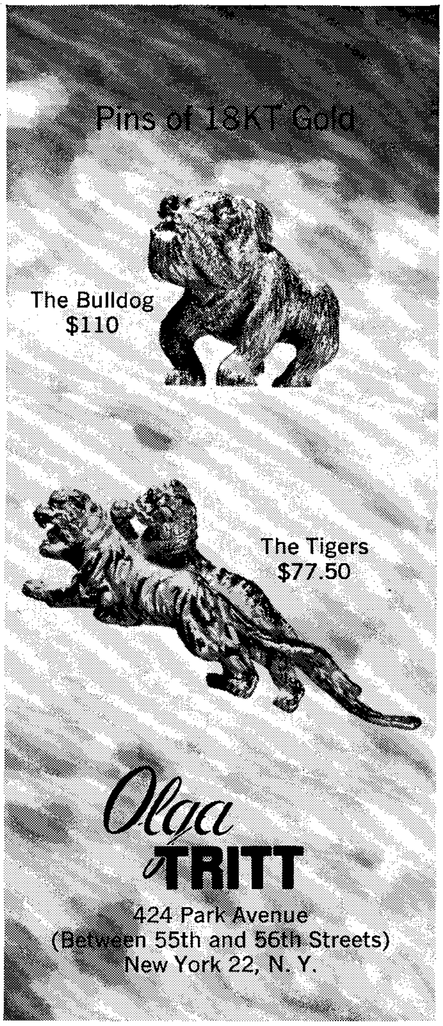
meeting, was in perfect control of himself and of the situation this time around. Whether he was expatiating on the wonders of G.E.'s balance sheet and its laboratory discoveries or sparring with the professional stockholders, he spoke in the same singsong way, delicately treading the thin line between patient, careful exposition and irony. Mr. Saxon, in his *Harvard Business Review* article, had written, "Top executives are finding it necessary to learn how to lessen the adverse impact of the few disrupters on the majority of shareowners, while simultaneously enhancing the positive effects of the good things which do take place in the annual meeting," and, having learned some time earlier that the same Mr. Saxon had been engaged by G.E. as an adviser on stockholder relations, I couldn't help suspecting that Mr. Phillippe's performance was a demonstration of Saxonism in action. The professional stockholders, for their part, responded by adopting precisely the same ambiguous style, and the resulting dialogue had the general air of a conversation between two people who have quarrelled and then decided, not quite wholeheartedly, to make it up. (The professional stockholders might have demanded to know how much money G.E. had spent in the interest of keeping them under control, but they missed the chance.) One of the exchanges in this vein achieved a touch of wit. Mrs. Soss, speaking in her sweetest tone, called attention to the fact that one of the board-of-directors candidates—Frederick L. Hovde, president of Purdue University and former chairman of the Army Scientific Advisory Panel—owned only ten shares of G.E. stock, and said she felt that the board should be made up of more substantial holders, whereupon Mr. Phillippe pointed out, just as sweetly, that the company had many thousands of holders of ten or fewer shares, Mrs. Soss among them, and suggested that perhaps these small holders were deserving of representation on the board by one of their number. Mrs. Soss had to concede a fine stroke of chairmanship, and she did. On another matter, although decorum was stringently maintained by both sides, outward accord was less complete. Several stockholders, Mrs. Soss among them, had formally proposed that the company adopt for its director elections the system called cumulative voting, under which a stockholder may concentrate all the votes he is entitled to on a single candidate rather than spread them over the whole slate, and which therefore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gives a minority group of stockholders a much better chance of electing one representative to the board. Cumulative voting, though a subject of controversy in big-business circles, for obvious reasons, is nevertheless a perfectly respectable idea; indeed, it is mandatory for companies incorporated in more than twenty states, and it is used by some four hundred companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Nevertheless, Mr. Phillippe did not find it necessary to answer Mrs. Soss's argument for cumulative voting; he chose instead to stand on a brief company statement on this subject that had been previously mailed out to stockholders, the main point of which was that the presence on the G.E. board, as a result of cumulative voting, of representatives of special-interest groups might have a "divisive and disruptive effect." Of course, Mr. Phillippe did not say he knew, as he doubtless did know, that the company had in hand more than enough proxies to defeat the proposal.

Some companies, like some animals, have their private, highly specialized gadflies, who harass them and nobody else, and General Electric is one. In this instance, the gadfly is Louis A. Brusati, of Chicago, who at the company's meetings over the past thirteen years has advanced thirty-one proposals, all of which have been defeated by a vote of at least ninety-seven per cent to three per cent. In Atlanta, Mr. Brusati, a gray-haired man built like a football player, was at it again—not with proposals this time but with questions. For one thing, he wanted to know why Mr. Phillippe's personal holdings of G.E. stock, listed in the proxy statement, now were four hundred and twenty-three shares fewer than they had been a year ago. Mr. Phillippe replied that the difference represented shares that he had contributed to family trust funds, and added, mildly but with emphasis, "I could say it's none of your business. I believe I have a right to the privacy of my affairs." There was more reason for the mildness than for the emphasis, as Mr. Brusati did not fail to point out, in an impeccably unemotional monotone; many of Mr. Phillippe's shares had been acquired under options at preferential prices not available to others, and, moreover, the fact that Mr. Phillippe's precise holdings had been included in the proxy statement clearly showed that in the opinion of the Securities and Exchange Commission his holdings *were* Mr. Brusati's business. Going on to the matter of fees paid directors, Mr. Brusati elicited from

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Mr. Phillippe the information that over the past seven years these had been raised from twenty-five hundred dollars per annum first to five thousand dollars and then to seventy-five hundred. The ensuing dialogue between the two men went like this:

"By the way, who establishes those fees?"

"Those fees are established by the board of directors."

"The board of directors establish their own fees?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

"Thank *you*, Mr. Brusati."

Later on in the morning, there were several lengthy and eloquent orations by stockholders on the virtues of General Electric and of the South, but this rather elegantly elliptical exchange between Mr. Brusati and Mr. Phillippe stuck in my mind, for it seemed to sum up the spirit of the meeting. Only after adjournment—which came at twelve-thirty, following Mr. Phillippe's announcement that the unopposed slate of directors had been elected and that cumulative voting had lost by 97.51 per cent to 2.49 per cent—did I realize that not only had there been no stamping, booing, or shouting, as there had been in Detroit, but regional pride had not had to be invoked against the professional stockholders. It had been General Electric's hole card, I felt, but General Electric had won on the board, without needing to turn it up.

EACH meeting I attended had its easily discernible characteristic tone, and that of Chas. Pfizer & Co., the diversified pharmaceutical and chemical firm, was amicability. Pfizer, which customarily holds its annual meeting at its headquarters in Brooklyn, reversed the trend by moving this year's meeting right into the lair of the most vocal dissenters, midtown Manhattan, but everything that I saw and heard convinced me that the motivation behind this move had been not a brash resolve on the company's part to beard the lions in their den but a highly unfashionable desire to get the maximum possible turnout. Pfizer seemed to feel self-confident enough to meet its stockholders with its guard down. For instance, in contrast with the other meetings I attended, no stockholder tickets were collected or credentials checked at the entrance to the Grand Ballroom of the Commodore Hotel, where the Pfizer meeting was held; Fidel Castro himself, whose oratorical style I have occasionally felt that the professional stockholders were using as

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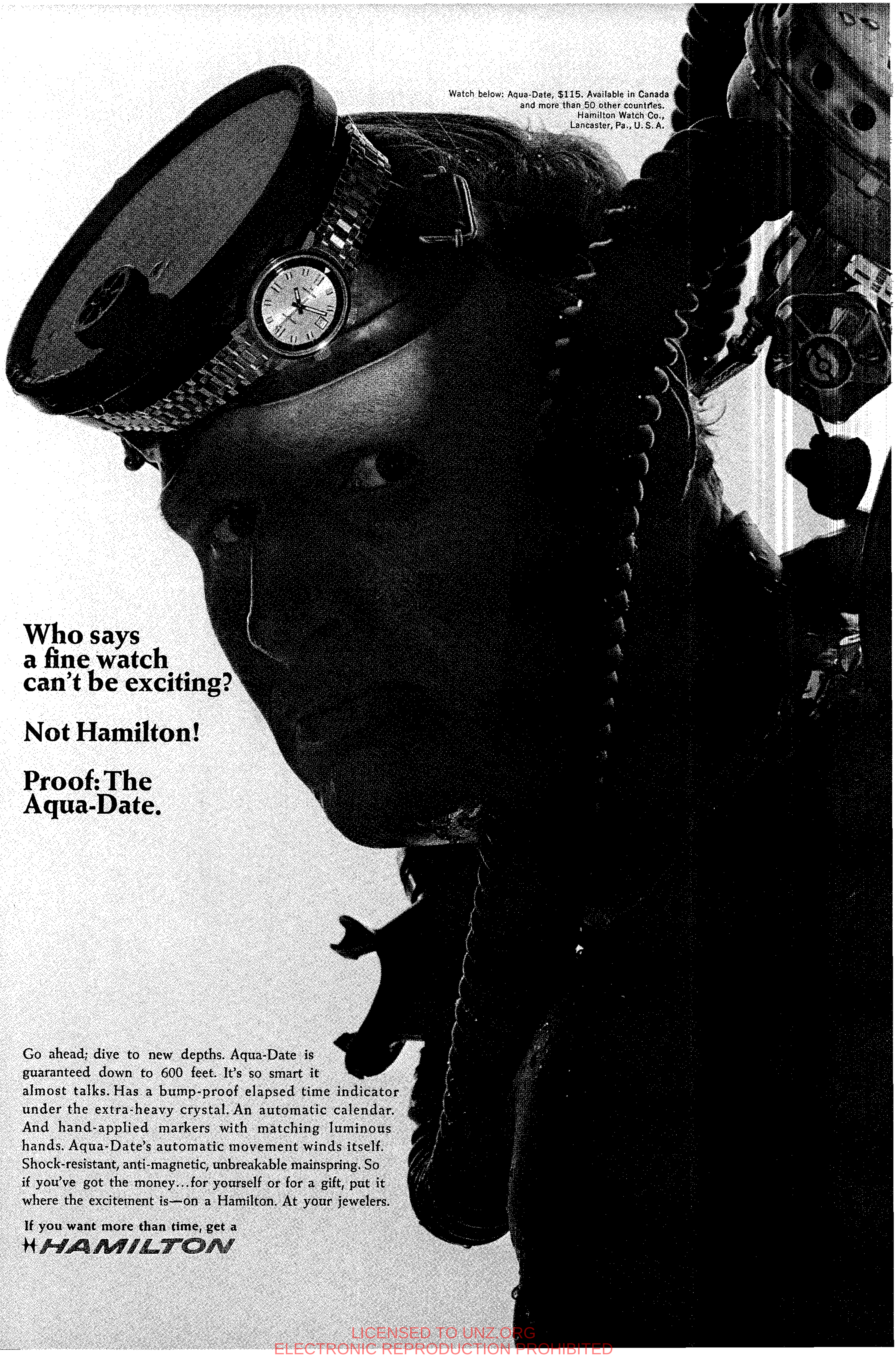

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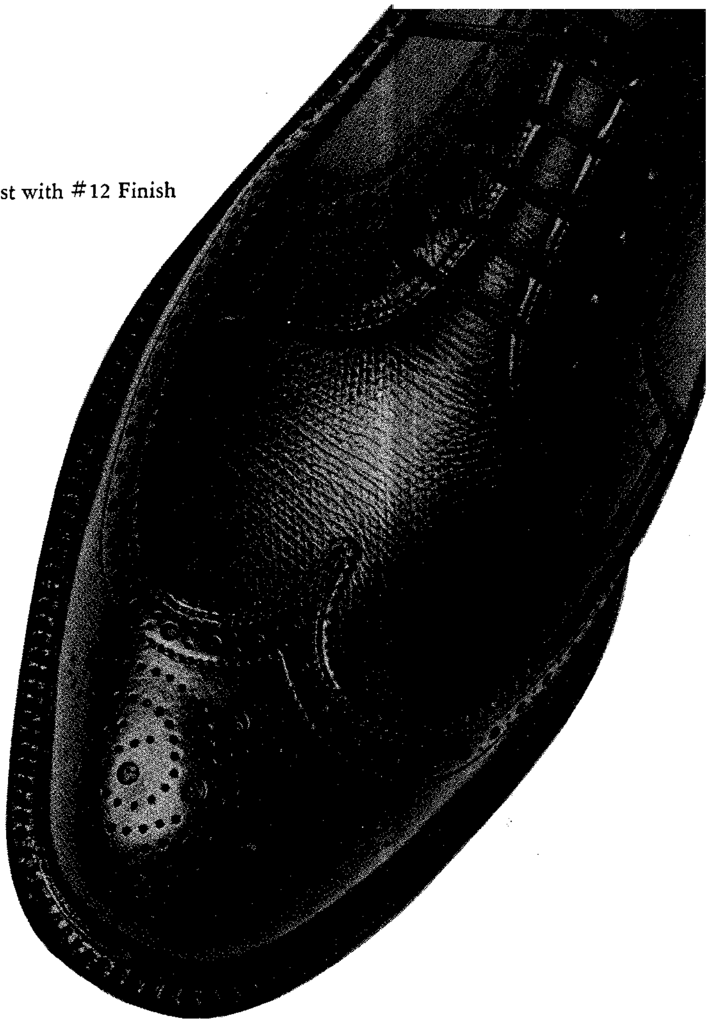

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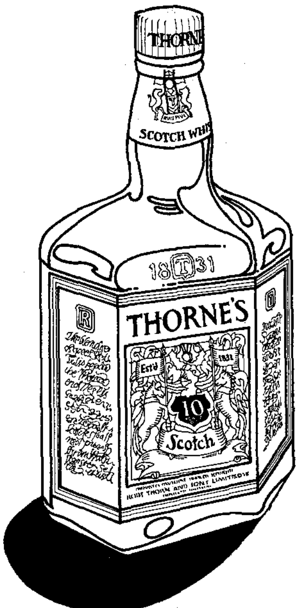
a model, could presumably have walked in and said whatever he chose. Some seventeen hundred persons, or nearly enough to fill the ballroom, showed up, and all the members of the Pfizer board of directors sat on the platform from start to finish and answered any questions addressed to them individually.

Speaking, appropriately, with a faint trace of a Brooklyn accent, Chairman John E. McKeen welcomed the stockholders as "my dear and cherished friends" (I tried to imagine Mr. Kappel and Mr. Phillippe addressing their stockholders that way, and couldn't, but then their companies are bigger), and said that on the way out everyone present would be given a big free-sample kit of Pfizer consumer products, such as Barbasol, Desitin, and Imprévu. Wooed thus by endearments and the promise of gifts, and further softened up by the report of President John J. Powers, Jr., on current operations (records all around) and immediate prospects (more records expected), the most intransigent professional stockholder would have been hard put to it to mount much of a rebellion at this particular meeting, and, as it happened, the only professional present seemed to be John Gilbert, brother of Lewis. (I learned later that Lewis Gilbert and Mrs. Davis were in Cleveland that day, attending the U.S. Steel meeting.) John Gilbert is the sort of professional stockholder the Pfizer management deserves, or would like to think it does. With an easygoing manner and a habit of punctuating his words with self-deprecating little laughs, he is the most ingratiating gadfly imaginable (or was on this occasion; I'm told he isn't always), and as he ran through what seems to be the standard Gilbert-family repertoire of questions—on the reliability of the firm's auditors, the salaries of its officers, the fees of its directors—he seemed almost apologetic that duty called on him to commit the indelicacy of asking such things. As for the amateur stockholders present, their questions and comments were about like those at the other meetings I'd attended, but this time their attitude toward the role of the professional stockholder was noticeably different. Instead of being overwhelmingly opposed, they appeared to be split; to judge from the volume of clapping and of discreet groaning, about half of those present considered Gilbert a nuisance and half considered him a help. Powers left no doubt about how *he* felt; before adjourning the meeting he said, without irony, that he had welcomed Gilbert's questions, and made a point of inviting



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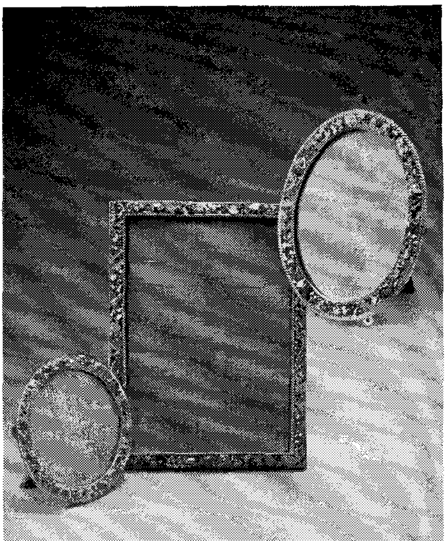
him to come again next year. And, indeed, during the later stages of the Pfizer meeting, when Gilbert, in a conversational way, was praising the company for some things and criticizing it for others, and the various members of the board were replying to his comments just as informally, I got for the first time a fleeting sense of genuine communication between stockholders and managers.

THE Radio Corporation of America, which had held its last two meetings far from its New York headquarters—in Los Angeles in 1964, in Chicago last year—reversed the current trend even more decisively than Pfizer by convening this year in Carnegie Hall. The entire orchestra and the two tiers of boxes were completely filled with stockholders—about twenty-three hundred of them, of whom a strikingly larger proportion than at any of my other meetings was male. Mrs. Soss and Mrs. Davis were on hand, though, along with Lewis Gilbert and some professional stockholders I hadn't seen before, and, as with Pfizer, the company's whole board of directors sat on the platform, where the chief centers of attraction in R.C.A.'s case were David Sarnoff, the company's seventy-five-year-old chairman, and his forty-eight-year-old son, Robert W. Sarnoff, who has been its president since the beginning of this year. For me, two aspects of the R.C.A. meeting stood out: the evident respect, amounting almost to veneration, of the stockholders for their celebrated chairman, and an unaccustomed disposition of the amateur stockholders to speak up for themselves. The elder Mr. Sarnoff, looking hale and ready for anything, conducted the meeting, and he and several other R.C.A. executives gave reports on company operations and prospects, in the course of which the words "record" and "growth" recurred so monotonously that I, not being an R.C.A. stockholder, began to nod. I was brought wide awake with a jolt on one occasion, though, when I heard Walter D. Scott, chairman of R.C.A.'s subsidiary the National Broadcasting Company, say in connection with his network's television programming that "creative resources are always running ahead of demand."

No one objected to that statement or to anything else in the glowing reports, but when they were over the stockholders had their say on other matters. Mr. Gilbert raised some favorite questions of his about accounting procedures, and a representative of



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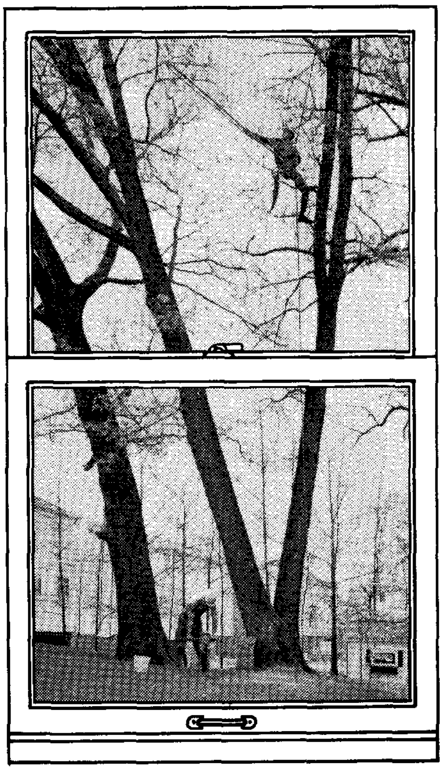

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R.C.A.'s accountants, Arthur Young & Co., made replies that seemed to satisfy Mr. Gilbert. A Dickensian elderly lady, who identified herself as Mrs. Martha Brand and said she held "many thousands" of shares of R.C.A. stock, expressed the view that the accounting procedures of the company should not even be questioned. I have since learned that Mrs. Brand is a professional stockholder who is an anomaly within the profession, in that she leans strongly toward the management view of things. Mr. Gilbert then advanced a proposal for the adoption of cumulative voting, supporting it with about the same arguments that Mrs. Soss had used at the G.E. meeting. Mr. Sarnoff opposed the motion, and so did Mrs. Brand, who explained that she was sure the present directors always worked tirelessly for the welfare of the corporation, and added this time that she was the holder of "many, many thousands" of shares. Two or three other stockholders spoke up in favor of cumulative voting—the only occasion at any meeting on which I saw stockholders not easily identifiable as professionals speak in dissent on a matter of substance. (Cumulative voting was defeated, 95.3 per cent to 4.7 per cent.) Mrs. Soss, still in as mild a mood as in Atlanta, said she was delighted to see a woman, Mrs. Josephine Young Case, sitting on the stage as a member of the R.C.A. board, but deplored the fact that Mrs. Case's principal occupation was given on the proxy statement as "housewife." Couldn't a woman who was chairman of the board of Skidmore College at least be called a "home executive"? Another lady stockholder set off a round of applause by delivering a paean to Chairman Sarnoff, whom she called "the marvellous Cinderella man of the twentieth century."

Mrs. Davis—who had earlier objected to the site of the meeting on the ground, which I found dumfounding, that Carnegie Hall was "too unsophisticated" for R.C.A.—advanced a resolution calling for company action "to insure that hereafter no person shall serve as a director after he shall have attained the age of seventy-two." Even though similar rulings are in effect in many companies, and even though the proposal, not being retroactive, would have no effect upon Mr. Sarnoff's status, it *seemed* to be aimed at him, and thus Mrs. Davis demonstrated again her uncanny knack of playing into management's hands. Nor did she appear to help her cause by putting on a Batman mask (the symbolism of

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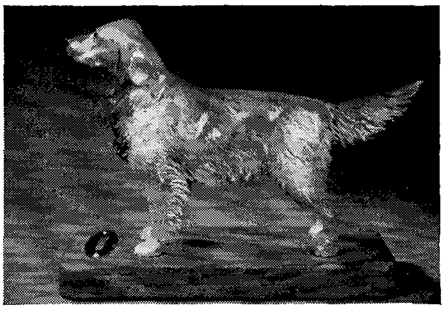

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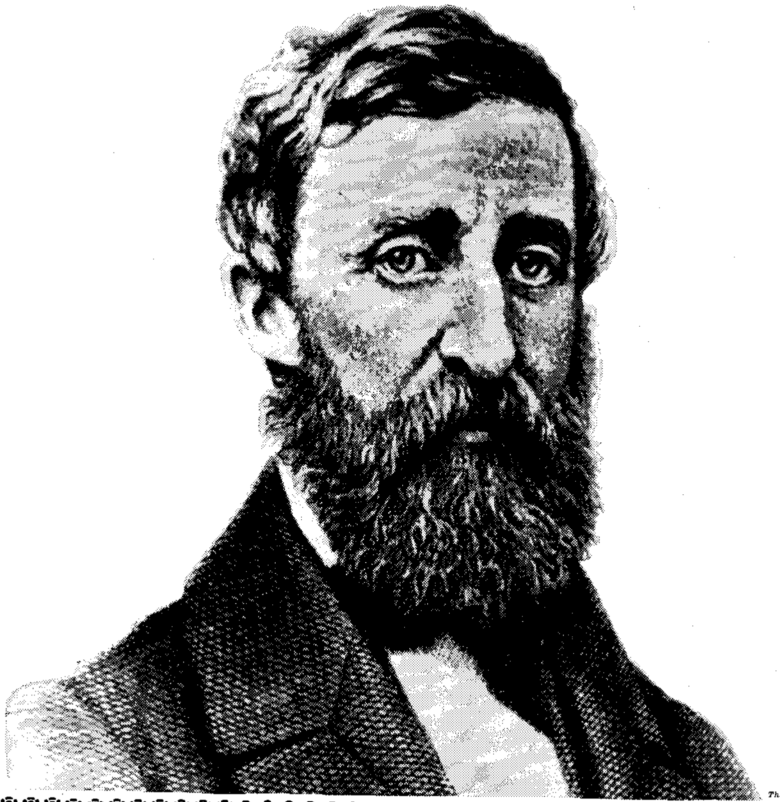

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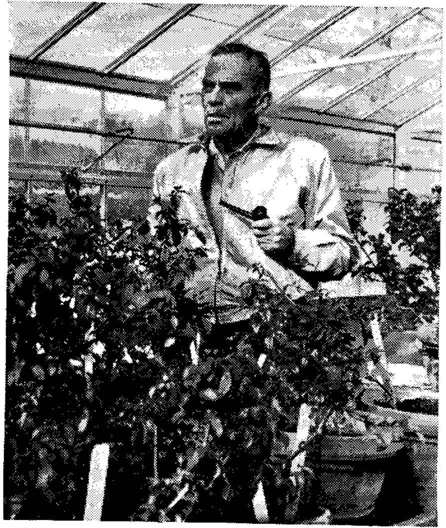

He urges gardeners to pitch in and have at it. 'Let us get down to earth, get our hands dirty, our face sunburned, our muscles deliciously tired. That's where to start being an artist in the garden—not up on a cloud, thinking.'"

In the tradition of Thoreau

This story, "The Flowering of a Connecticut Yankee," appeared in the National Observer, early in 1966. The author, David W. Hacker, describes the literal blossoming of one Amos Pettingill, philosopher, nature lover and proprietor of White Flower Farm nursery, who spends Monday to Friday under his real name, William B. Harris, former senior editor at Fortune Magazine, currently a partner in a Wall Street brokerage house. On weekends, Mr. Harris, alias Amos Pettingill, lives his version of Thoreau's simple life in "a restored barn filled with magnificent Early American furniture at White Flower Farm just south of Litchfield on Strait's Turnpike, wears old clothes, scuffed shoes, and putters about the nursery's 100 acres, puffing on a pipe (filled with Balkan Sobranie Flake imported from England.)"

Mr. Hacker writes with a great respect for the tradition of great American journalism which gave birth to Thoreau, Whitman, London, Twain and so many of our revered men of letters. He expresses himself with clarity, knowledge, a sense of humour as well as a sense of irony about a real-life character who leaves his Wall Street office every Friday for his modern-style Walden retreat, a thriving nursery.

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which I didn't grasp) when she made it. At all events, the proposal gave rise to several impassioned defenses of Mr. Sarnoff, and one of the speakers went on to complain bitterly that Mrs. Davis was insulting the intelligence of everyone present. At this, the serious-minded Mr. Gilbert leaped up to say, "I quite agree about the silliness of her costume, but there is a valid principle in her proposal." In making this Voltairian distinction, Mr. Gilbert, to judge from his evident state of agitation, was achieving a triumph of reason over inclination that was costing him plenty. Mrs. Davis's resolution was defeated overwhelmingly; the margin against it served to end the meeting with what amounted to a rousing vote of confidence in the Cinderella man.

CLASSIC farce, with elements of slapstick, was the dominant mood of the meeting of the Communications Satellite Corporation, with which I wound up my meeting-going season. Comsat is, of course, the glamorous space-age communications company that was set up by the government in 1963 and turned over to public ownership in a celebrated stock sale in 1964. Upon arriving at the meeting site—the Shoreham Hotel, in Washington—I was scarcely startled to discover Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Soss, and Lewis Gilbert among the thousand or so stockholders present. Mrs. Davis, decked out in stage makeup, an orange pith helmet, a short red skirt, white boots, and a black sweater bearing in white letters the legend "I Was Born to Raise Hell," had planted herself squarely in front of a battery of television cameras. Mrs. Soss, as I had learned by now is her custom, had taken a place on the opposite side of the room from Mrs. Davis, and this meant that she was now as far as possible from the television cameras. Considering that Mrs. Soss does not ordinarily seem to be averse to being photographed, I could write down this choice of seat only as a hard-won triumph of conscience akin to Mr. Gilbert's at Carnegie Hall. As for Mr. Gilbert, he took a place not far from Mrs. Soss, and thus, of course, a long way from Mrs. Davis.

Since last year, Leo D. Welch, the man who had conducted the 1965 Comsat meeting with such a firm hand, has been replaced as chairman of the company by James McCormack, a West Point graduate, former Rhodes Scholar, and retired Air Force general with an impeccably polished manner, who bears a certain resemblance to the Duke of Windsor, and Mr. McCor-

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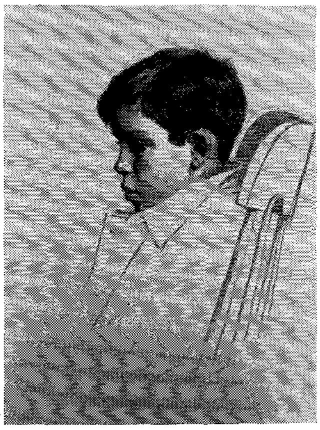

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mack was conducting this year's session. He warmed up with some preliminary remarks in the course of which he noted—smoothly, but not without emphasis—that as for the subject of any intervention that a stockholder might choose to make, "the field of relevance is quite narrow." When Mr. McCormack had finished his warmup, Mrs. Soss made a brief speech that may or may not have come within the field of relevance; I missed most of it, because the floor microphone supplied to her wasn't working right. Mrs. Davis then claimed the floor, and *her* mike was working all too well; as the cameras ground, she launched into an earsplitting tirade against the company and its directors because there had been a special door to the meeting room reserved for the entrance of "distinguished guests." Mrs. Davis, in a good many words, said she considered this procedure undemocratic. "We apologize, and when you go out, please go by any door you want," Mr. McCormack said, but Mrs. Davis, clearly unappeased, went on speaking. And now the mood of farce was heightened when it became clear that the Soss-Gilbert faction had decided to abandon all efforts to keep ranks closed with Mrs. Davis. Near the height of her oration, Mr. Gilbert, looking as outraged as a boy whose ball game is being spoiled by a player who doesn't know the rules or care about the game, got up and began shouting, "Point of order! Point of order!" But Mr. McCormack spurned this offer of parliamentary help; he ruled Mr. Gilbert's point of order out of order, and bade Mrs. Davis proceed. I had no trouble deducing why he did this. There were unmistakable signs that he, unlike any other corporate chairman I had seen in action, was enjoying every minute of the goings on. Through most of the meeting, and especially when the professional stockholders had the floor, Mr. McCormack wore the dreamy smile of a wholly bemused spectator.

Eventually, Mrs. Davis's speech built up to a peak of both volume and content at which she began making specific allegations against individual Comsat directors, and at this point three security guards—two beefy men and a determined-looking woman, all dressed in gaudy bottle-green uniforms that might have been costumes for "The Pirates of Penzance"—appeared at the rear, marched with brisk yet stately tread up the center aisle, and assumed the position of parade rest in the aisle within handy reach of Mrs. Davis, whereupon she abruptly concluded her speech and

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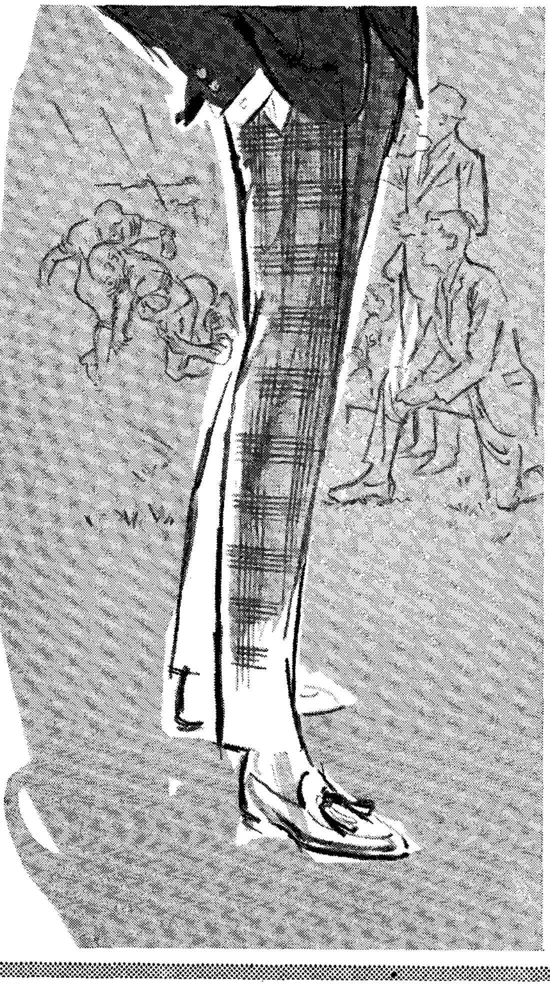

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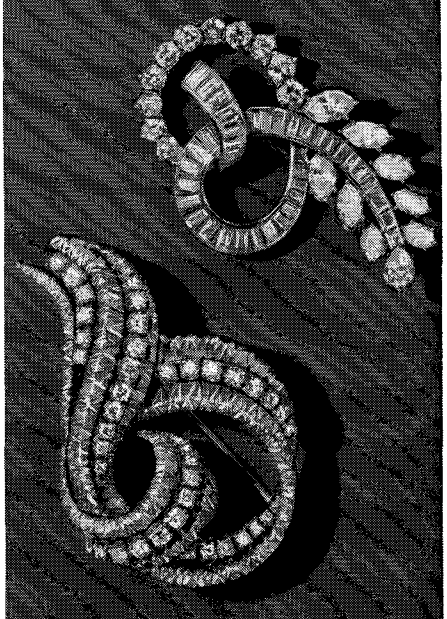
sat down. "All right," Mr. McCormack said, still grinning. "Everything's cool now."

The guards retired, and the meeting proceeded. Mr. McCormack and the Comsat president, Joseph V. Charyk, gave the sort of glowing report on the company that I had grown accustomed to, Mr. McCormack going so far as to say that Comsat might start showing its first profit next year rather than in 1969, as originally forecast. Mr. Gilbert asked what fee, apart from his regular salary, Mr. McCormack received for attending directors' meetings. Mr. McCormack replied that he got no fee, and when Mr. Gilbert said, "I'm glad you get nothing, I approve of that," everybody laughed and Mr. McCormack grinned more broadly than ever. (Mr. Gilbert was clearly trying to make what he considered to be a serious point, but this didn't seem to be the day for that sort of thing.) Mrs. Soss took a dig at Mrs. Davis by saying pointedly that anyone who opposed Mr. McCormack as company chairman was "lacking in perspicacity;" she did note, however, that she couldn't quite bring herself to vote for Mr. Welch, the former chairman, who was now a candidate for the board, inasmuch as he had ordered her thrown out last year. A peppy old gentleman said that he thought the company was doing fine and everyone should have faith in it. Once, when Mr. Gilbert said something that Mrs. Davis didn't like and Mrs. Davis, without waiting to be recognized, began shouting her objection across the room, Mr. McCormack gave a short irrepressible giggle. That single falsetto syllable, magnificently amplified by the chairman's microphone, was the motif of the Comsat meeting.

On the plane returning from Washington, as I was musing on the meetings I had attended, it occurred to me that if there had been no professional stockholders at them I would probably have learned almost as much as I did about the companies' affairs but that I would have learned a good deal less about their chief executives' personalities. It had, after all, been the questions, interruptions, and speeches of the professional stockholders that brought the companies to life, in a sense, by forcing each chairman to shed his official portrait-by-Bachrach mask and engage in a human relationship. More often than not, this had been the hardly satisfactory human relationship of nagger and nagged, but anyone looking for humanity in high corporate affairs can't afford to pick and choose. Still,



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some doubts remained. Being thirty thousand feet up in the air is conducive to taking the broader view, and, doing so as we winged over Philadelphia, I concluded that, on the basis of what I had seen and heard, both company managements and stockholders might well consider a lesson King Lear learned—that when the role of dissenter is left to the Fool, there may be trouble ahead for everybody. —JOHN BROOKS

•

POLITICAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Eagle Pass* (*Texas*) *News-Guide*]

The candidacy of Albert R. Smith for State Representative of the 65th District has been announced by his daughter Mildred (Mimie) Smith, who says:

"My daddy loves me— I can see it in his eyes. I will be going to school someday, and there will be changes as time goes by. That is why my daddy is interested in little girls like me and you, and little boys, too. That is why he wants to go to Austin and do his best to see that we'll have the best. He wants good teachers—willing, patient and true. He wants them well-paid for the good work that they do.

"He is for a life that is fair and just, and a home for all of us. He will work for every good thing that his counties need, because he will represent all of us. He is a believer in the county running the show, and if the government doles it out the county should say where it will go.

"My daddy is a qualified man. He knows the language of the working man—the store keeper, the rancher, the oilfield worker, the real estate broker and the theatre, too. He has owned and worked in all of these and his experience will help him to decide how to vote. These fields can help be his guide, for he can talk on the levels of them all.

"My daddy is getting a little old and he knows the thoughts of the old. Their pensions are too small to have a decent life; therefore, he wants them all raised to buy the good things of life. He is a believer in a strong and united America—a free society for every man—free enterprise for us all, and to quit worrying about DeGaulle. We have given away billions, so let's give ourselves a few million to see how it feels, like a bronc kicking up its heels.

"Free from fear and want is every man's goal, so let's work together—it's good for the soul. The good things of life all of us need, but you can't have this by just planting the seed. It takes time, toil and sweat to enjoy this life—and, above all, a good wife. My Mommy is good to Daddy and me. She goes to church where the candlesticks burn and she burns one to shine up on our Christ in our house at night. It looks real nice.

"My daddy believes there is good in every man—he just needs our helping hand. So please vote for my daddy if you can. I know he will make you a good man."

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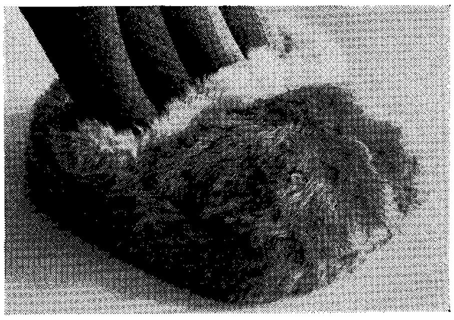

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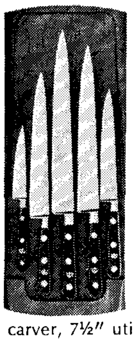

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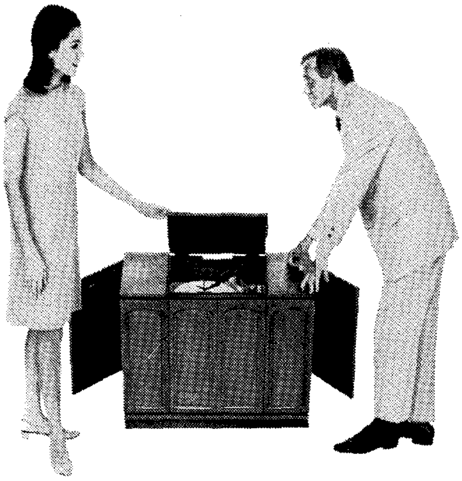
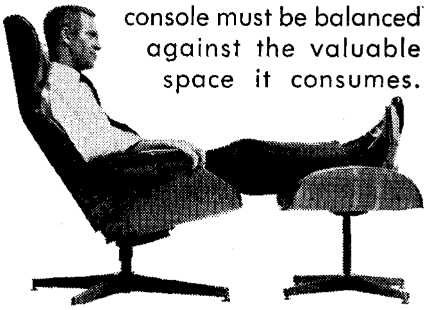
The Considerate Console.

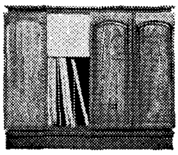


The new KLH* Model Twenty-Five is not like most consoles.

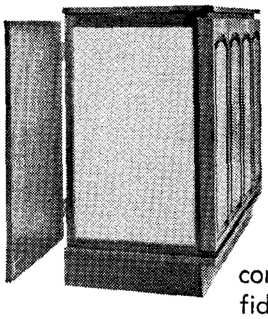
To start with, it is relatively small. About as long as the distance from your chin to your outstretched hand, and not much taller than a three-year-old. The Twenty-Five will fit gracefully into any room and any decor. It won't take up the better part of a wall, or crowd a comfortable chair into an uncomfortable corner. Its compact design makes particular sense for the small apartment where the furniture value of a console must be balanced against the valuable space it consumes.



The Twenty-Five is different in another way, too. It is a high-performance instrument; its sound is more spacious than that of far larger consoles.

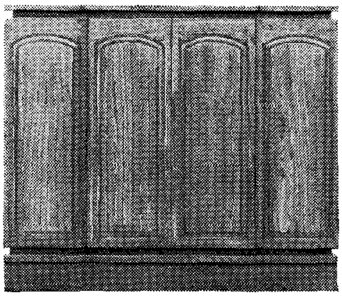


One reason for the excellent stereo effect from the Model Twenty-Five is the "outboard" placement of its speakers at the sides of the cabinet. The sound from the speakers reflects off the opened side doors of the cabinet and provides an increased sensation of stereo depth and separation.



The speakers themselves are in completely sealed acoustic-suspension enclosures. (This design is used only in the most sophisticated component high fidelity systems; rarely in consoles.) And their response is specifically tailored to their "outboard" placement in the Twenty-Five.

The Model Twenty-Five will play monaural and stereo records and monaural and stereo FM broadcasts. It also has input and output jacks so that you can connect a tape recorder or other sound equipment.



All of the major components of the Twenty-Five—the amplifier, the sensitive drift-free FM stereo tuner and the high-performance speakers—are designed and manufactured by KLH in our own plant. The automatic turntable is made to KLH specifications by Garrard.

Just a few more words about the considerate design of the Model Twenty-Five. Although the cabinet is small, it will hold up to one hundred records. The controls are easy to get at and easy to operate. And the solid-state electronics will probably never need servicing.

We've tried to make the Model Twenty-Five the most considerate console on the market. We've even given it a considerate price. $425.†

For more information and a list of stores where you can see and hear the Twenty-Five, write: KLH Research and Development Corp., 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, Dept. NY-3.

†Suggested Price in Traditional fruitwood cabinet illustrated; other cabinet styles slightly less.

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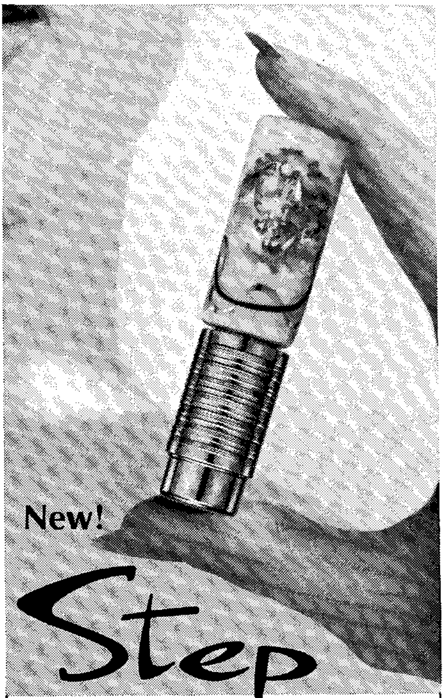
THE ART GALLERIES

New Museum in Town

I KNOW that all things change, but the trouble is that the changes are usually unpredictable. I was struck a decade ago by the fact that the center of real inventiveness in modern architecture had shifted, with striking effect, from skyscraper and other commercial structures to the ecclesiastical. While office buildings have been bogged down for years in an identical pattern of enormous egg crates done in glass and chromium, church buildings from Vermont to the Riviera have gone A-frame, elliptical, rhomboidal, and any other geometrical shape you can name, including the cruciform. Now, with the opening of the Whitney Museum in its new and much-discussed building on upper Madison Avenue, it has been borne in on me that the focus on venturesomeness in design may be shifting to the museums. Whereas once—and not so long ago at that—the prescription for an art museum's façade was inviolably pseudo-classical, involving a row of massive fluted pillars, usually Corinthian, pedimented, and approached by an intimidatingly high and broad array of marble steps, the limitations on the design (if, indeed, they exist anymore) have grown suddenly more lightsome and variable. The change, I must say, has been generally for the better; for one thing, the old design was frequently so elaborate and costly to maintain that, especially in the case of smaller museums, little money was left over for the contents.

At any rate, the new vogue, or whatever we can call it, began with the Modern Museum, which opened in 1939. Designed by Edward Durell Stone and Philip Goodwin, it was the first to adapt the International Style—glass curtain walls on a boxlike steel frame—to museums. Perhaps they went too far, for they seem to have overlooked the fact that the glass outer walls would sharply reduce the amount of space left for the hanging of pictures, at the same time increasing the amount of outside distraction for the visitor, and it is worth noting that the Gallery of Modern Art, also designed by Mr. Stone, has almost no windows at all.



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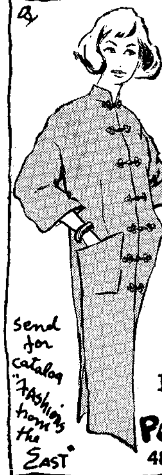

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And there was Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim, in 1959, the most radical of all, with its ascending spirals and uncompromisingly curvilinear design. (I can't recall at the moment any structural features or elements of the building that meet at right angles, and even the elevators are cylindrical.) It will be a long time indeed, I imagine, before any architect planning a museum turns his eyes in the direction of the Parthenon.

It must be said that although the new Whitney follows the general line of the other innovators in museum construction, it does so cautiously—and, I think, successfully. The one feature that has been most discussed is the series of overhangs on the Madison Avenue façade, by which, beginning with a basement forecourt set back thirty feet or so from the sidewalk, the upper part of the building is cantilevered out in three stages, until the upper floors are nearly flush with the building line. There are some who find that this feature of the design gives it a disconcertingly beetling quality. I do not. Fundamentally, it's a topsy-turvy application of the setback pattern so often used for office buildings—a sort of inversion of that device, which is designed to get the maximum of floor space while meeting the Building Code regulations about light and air space over a given area of ground. The basement forecourt, with those upper stories shelving out over it, looks a trifle dim and moatlike as one peers down into it from the bridge that leads over it to the entrance. Otherwise, it seems to me that the cantilevering gives the structure—designed by Marcel Breuer and Hamilton P. Smith—an airy springiness, rather than the reverse. The interior, from the smallest to the largest appointments, I thought unexceptionable.

Our main interest here, though, must be in the inaugural exhibition. This, appropriately, is a survey of American art from its very beginnings, called

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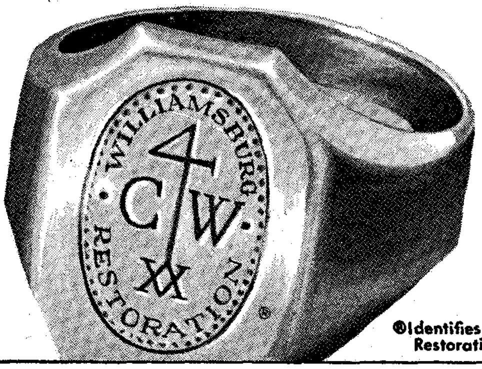
A patent lawyer we know had it chiseled into a ring



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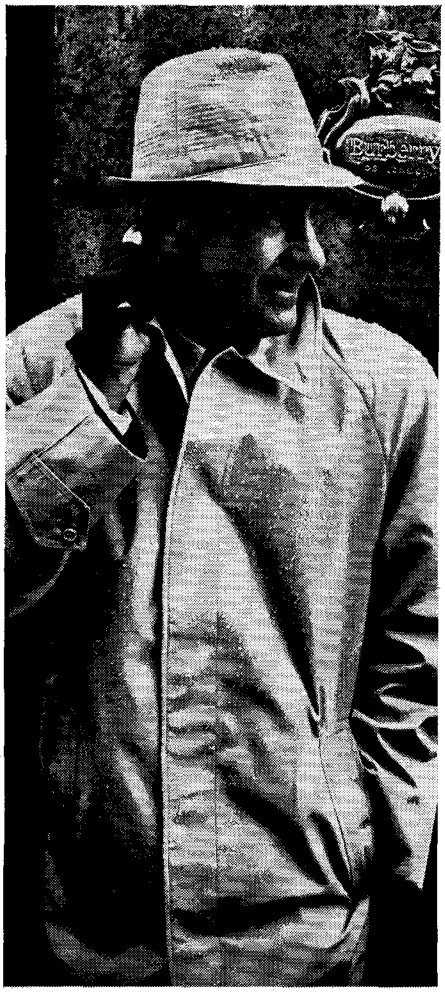

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"Art of the United States: 1670-1966." It's a huge affair, with close to four hundred items, many of them loans. My feelings about it are as mixed as the showing itself, which is a fascinatingly unsettling combination of the unexpected and the cut-and-dried, the prosaic and the brilliantly illuminating. If contradictions occur here and there in my account, they will simply reflect the contradictoriness of my reactions to the various aspects of the show. Beginning with John Singleton Copley's "Nicholas Boylston" (you know, the portrait of the foxy-looking gentleman in the turbanlike red hat) and going on, through Frederic Edwin Church's "Rainy Season in the Tropics" (with the rainbow), to Thomas Cole's "The Oxbow (The Connecticut River Near Northampton)," and on again to Ben Shahn's "The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti" and "The Liver Is the Cock's Comb," by Arshile Gorky—to choose at random—one could compile a sizable list of paintings that are so well known as to merit inclusion in the category of the cut-and-dried. For that matter, the show even has the immortal "Dempsey and Firpo," by George Bellows! Yet the Cole, the Shahn, and the Gorky are fine paintings, as are others that might be put in the same category, while against every well-known canvas one would have to note another instance (examples: John Peto's super-realist "Ordinary Objects in the Artist's Creative Mind," and the charming, naïve "The Garden of Eden," by Erastus Salisbury Field, and "Mourning Picture," by Edwin Romanzo Elmer) in which the work is refreshingly new. The collection is further distinguished by its perspicacity in bringing back to our notice a considerable number of artists—George Grosz, O. Louis Guglielmi, and Alfred Maurer among them—whose work now seems in danger of being overlooked. In at least one instance, that of Gorky, this effect of the novel and of the *déjà vu* is combined in one man, for Gorky's late Abstract Expressionist canvas, mentioned above, is balanced by an earlier and quite attractive "The Artist and His Mother," done in his now almost forgotten figurative period. The rather slight sculpture section, incidentally, suffers from the same mixture of the unknown and the too well known, with the same mildly confusing results—and, again, contains some handsome pieces to compensate.

The arrangement of the exhibition is broadly chronological, and a bit perfunctory. A small group of Colonial paintings in a room off the entrance

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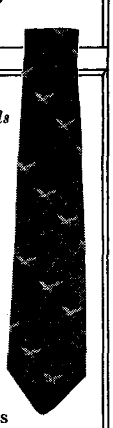

lobby starts it off, and it proceeds in ascending fashion, more or less century by century, with some overlappings—the second floor being given over to the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the third to late-nineteenth-century artists, and the fourth, and final, exhibition floor to the men of subsequent decades, up to the present. Here, too, one might quibble, and I think with more reason, for this cutting off of things floor by floor and century by century is more than a little arbitrary, like slicing off sections of a *bâton* of French bread. It did seem to me that an arrangement taking into account the progression of influences that marked the development of American art might have been more instructive. It might also, of course, have been depressing, for it could have demonstrated more forcibly than ever our almost slavish dependence on European inspiration from Colonial times right up to a generation ago, when we suddenly took things over. On second thought, the Hudson River School was an exception. For all its bombast—or perhaps partly because of it—it was healthily indigenous in spirit. But this again is quibbling, and I've done enough of it. All in all, it's a thoughtfully researched, well-arranged, and handsomely presented inauguration of what is probably the city's most loved museum.

—Robert M. Coates

•

HUNTER'S MOON

An airborne dragon-
fly, brash with first frost,
buzzed me where I lay
in the open, still,
considering a
juniper lap and
vein of clouds.
                    Floating
like seaweed or a
mote down the eye's film,
he stained the sky with
four mica-seamed wings,
just able to hold
onto his outrigged
eyes, spying—a head?
—a stone?
            Circling or,
in the sunless air,
coasting, he hovered,
the wing whirr missing,
flaking, taking me
again—his insect
candor!—and again
for a window, a
door, a sun-banked stone,
or any warm thing.

—Stephen Sandy

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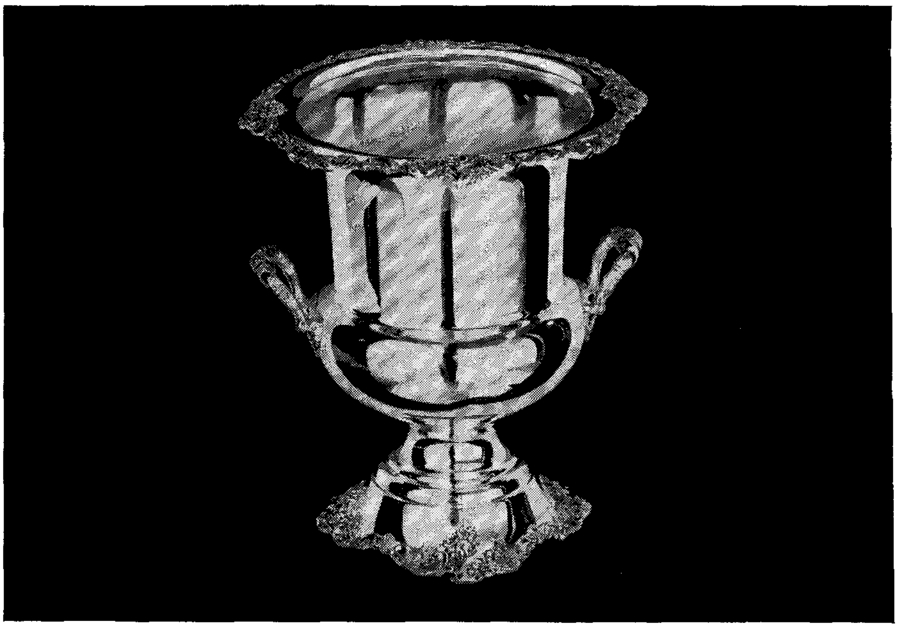

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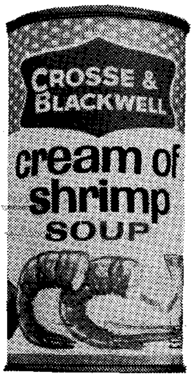

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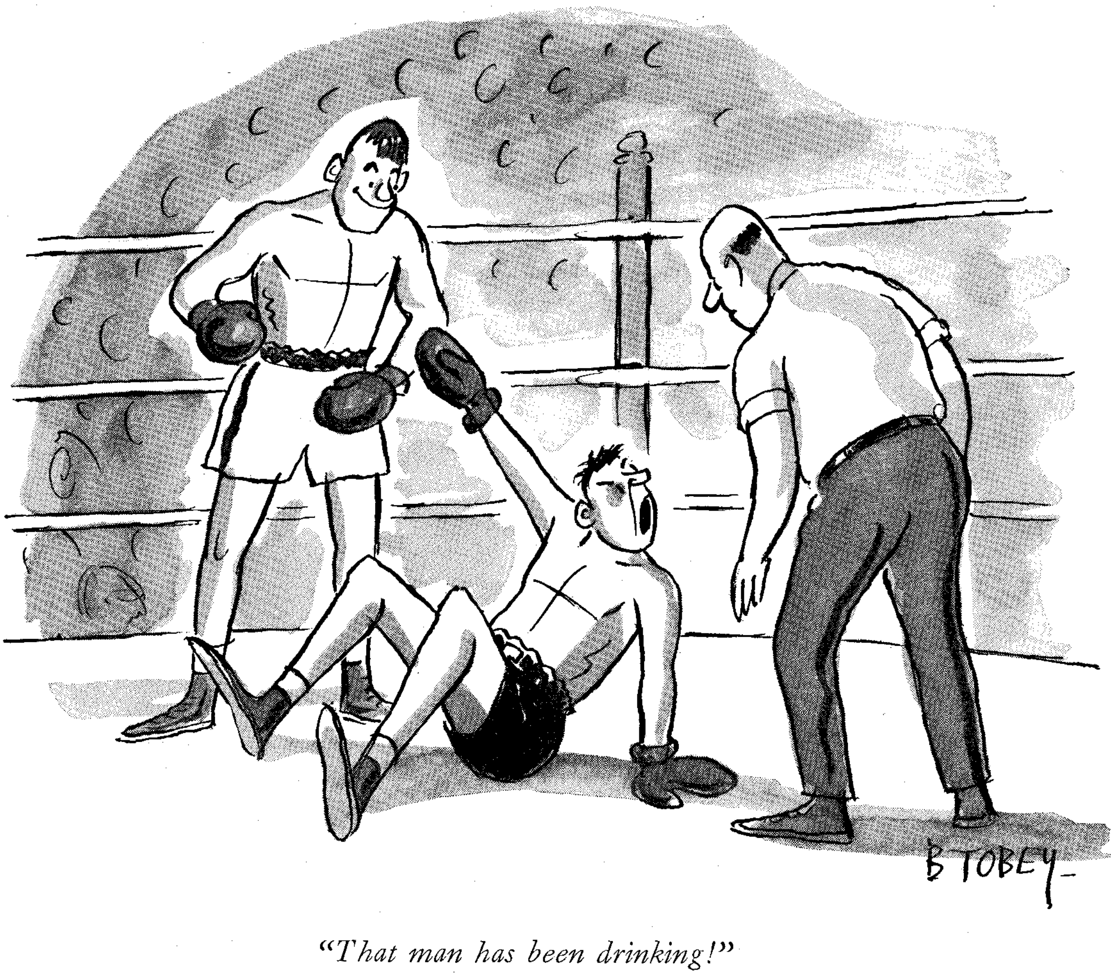
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 1

THE feeling grows that we are moving rapidly into an ugly and dangerous time similar to that which lasted through the first half of the fifties. Many of the circumstances seem dreadfully familiar. Casualties mount in an Asian war. Demagogues are being listened to and favored in elections. Conspiracy theories abound and are more and more being used to account for our internal disorders. Like President Truman, President Johnson is losing public confidence; the White House has just announced a fall schedule that will have him either out of the country or behind his desk most of the time. Certain circumstances are different, of course—some more favorable, perhaps, and some very much less so. There may be a certain consolation in the fact that none of the current demagogues have, as of today, a national stature or a nationwide audience. None seem to have the talent for creating confusion and tumult that Senator Joe McCarthy had. Today's warhawks are offering essentially the same counsel that General MacArthur offered fifteen years ago, but none have his prestige or his flair. No one now is in a position to challenge civilian authority as he did. If there is no General MacArthur, there is no new General Eisenhower, either—no hero who also happens to be a physician with an agreeable bedside manner and the ability to persuade the nation to go on a bland political diet. Moreover, such a prescription would not do this time. Peace in Korea was already in sight when Eisenhower ran; negotiations were in progress. And there was nothing in the early Eisenhower years that aroused passion, hatred, and violence in the way that the Negro's quest for justice and power has fired them in this decade. Senator McCarthy did remarkably well with an issue that could scarcely be said to exist; he had to invent his own occasions for tumult. Men like Ronald Reagan and Lester Maddox, the fried-chicken and axe-handle entrepreneur from Atlanta who could be the next governor of Georgia, may lack McCarthy's skill, but the issues they exploit are anything but synthetic. Some of those issues have been around since Adam.

If opinion polls, primary returns, and other soundings are being properly read, no other President in this century except Herbert Hoover has made so swift a descent from immense popularity to the kind of disfavor that makes congressional candidates reluctant to be seen in his presence. Two years ago, no one here would have believed this turn of events to be within the realm of the possible. President Johnson seemed a wizard in forging consensus and national unity. He had sure command of a party that by almost all measures of strength—voter preference, congressional seats, governorships, seats in state legislatures—had approximately twice the strength of its rival. The Congress elected with him was the first in a quarter century that could respond to national mandates. In his Cabinet and in other executive agencies he had placed, with very few exceptions, men of the highest calibre—he was freed by his strength to do this, and doing it seemed to add to his strength. All the main lines of his policy, including his policy in Vietnam, had clear national approval. In 1964, no observer here would have wasted his time speculating on the odds for his downfall in 1968; breaking the hold of the coalition he had built would be the work of at least a generation. That it will happen in 1968 still seems less than a probability, but it is distinctly a possibility. If disapproval of the administration's conduct of the war has developed among half the voters in the past two years, then—in theory, anyway—it would be almost total in another two years. This is not to say that an earlier end to the war is considered out of the question. For all anyone here knows, Hanoi may not much longer be able to stand the drain on its resources. Nor is anyone sure, despite the support for the policies of Marshal Ky and President Johnson that many experts say was shown in last month's election in South Vietnam, that the Saigon government can maintain authority for another two years. But all the evidence on hand at present suggests that Hanoi and the National Liberation Front want a military victory as well as a political one and are encouraged to believe this possible by what they hear and what they imagine about dissension in the United States. At any rate, it seems not to be within the President's power to bring the war

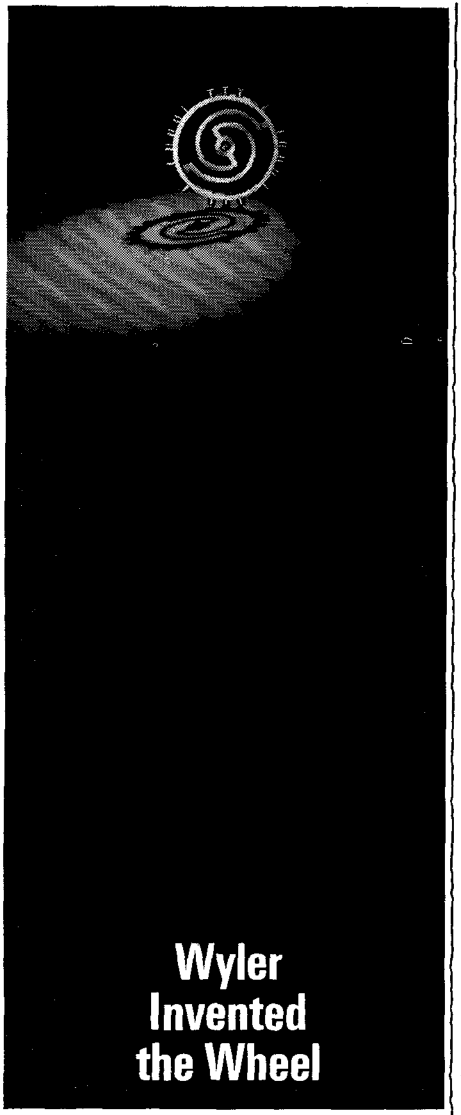


"That man has been drinking!"

to any kind of end that would not subject him to immense humiliation. If it were to end in defeat, he could hardly be expected even to run for office, much less be reëlected. If, on the other hand, it drags on as it has for the last year and a half, with diplomatic initiatives failing to bring peace and military initiatives failing to bring victory, the electorate may well wish, as it did in 1952, to put the war under new management.

Nothing of what the war has done to his popularity can have come as a surprise to the President. He knew and said two years ago that there would be no hope for him if he had to run in 1968 with the country still engaged in war—and at that time, of course, our "engagement" was approximately five per cent of what it is today. In early 1965, he felt that he could not safely go into this year's congressional elections if the war was still in progress. Secretaries Rusk and McNamara were under firm instructions to get it over with by this autumn at the very latest. Some people here believe that the President who was talking this way in 1964 and early 1965 no longer exists. He is no longer, that is, the man who felt in 1964 that he had inherited from Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy an inglorious war that menaced his dream of going down in history as a national leader effectively dedicated to the peace and well-being of his own people, the ultimate destroyer of prejudice and poverty in American life. The Lyndon Johnson of today, some hold, is a man seized with martial fever and a new dream—a messianic one, of himself as the scourge of Communism everywhere. He has sometimes sounded as if such a transformation had taken place, but those who have most often been right in predicting his behavior and his moods do not believe a word of it. They insist that he still regards himself as a victim of events, and that the frustration he feels is as intense as that of any of the doves and hawks who press in on him from opposite directions, compelling him to fight a rearguard political action on two fronts while in Vietnam itself he fights a bloody war that has no front at all. But no matter what his dreams may be, he remains the country's closest student of public opinion, and he is getting the message of the polls, which is that the war in Vietnam has shattered the very core of his consensus beyond any hope of early repair.

The polls and some scattered returns from primary elections also seem to demonstrate that what appeared to be



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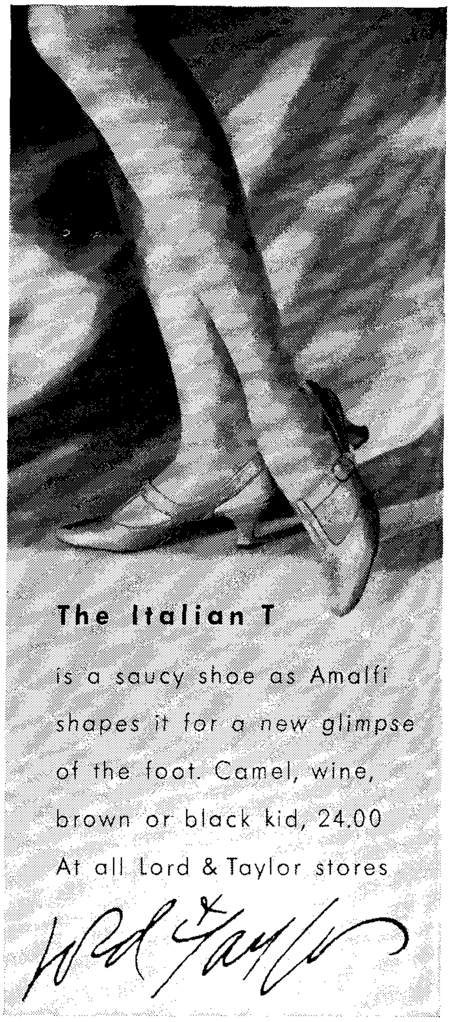

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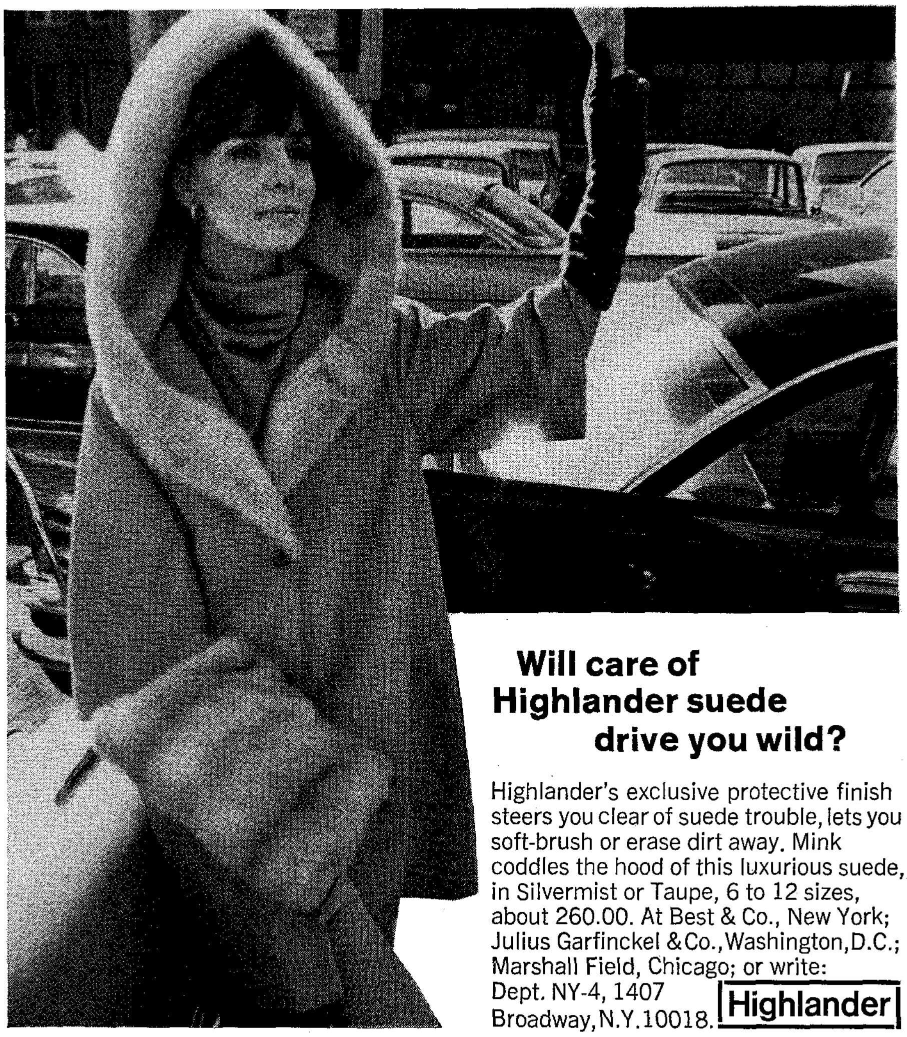
a consensus on race relations in 1964 has come apart in the wake of violence in the Negro ghettos and the implementation of civil-rights laws passed in earlier sessions and by earlier Congresses. There seems no doubt that the "white backlash" that materialized in some primaries in 1964 but was an almost negligible factor, except in the Deep South, in that year's national election is this year far from negligible. Its political consequences have been unpleasantly evident here all summer. It prevented the latest civil-rights bill from being voted upon in the Senate; it made the Minority Leader, Senator Dirksen, veer off course once again and give strategic support to the Southern Democrats; and it led the Majority Leader, Senator Mansfield, who is a man of unquestionable compassion and integrity, to ask federal agencies charged with administering the civil-rights legislation of earlier years to slacken the pace of integration in Southern schools and hospitals—a request that seemed as gratuitous as warning a snail not to exceed the speed limit. Whether all this means that there is no longer or never was a solid foundation of white support for ending segregation and other oppressive features of Negro life in America seems open to question—in fact, to several questions. What white allies the Negroes have had have always come mainly from the middle class, and, more specifically, from its more highly educated segments. In Georgia, where the Democratic gubernatorial primary last week was won by Lester Maddox, a fear-haunted man whose schooling stopped in the eleventh grade, the educated middle-class whites have never shown much strength; they probably enjoy less power than Georgia's middle-class Negroes. But this does not show that any great change has occurred; in 1964 Georgia delivered its electoral vote to Barry Goldwater because he had opposed that year's civil-rights legislation. The backlash will help the rightist film actor who is the Republican candidate for governor of California, but even if he is elected in November this will not in itself show that racism and illiberalism are alarmingly on the increase in that state. Both have flourished there for years, and although President Johnson carried the state in 1964, so did a proposition reinstituting the legality of discrimination in the sale of real estate. Bigotry is asserting itself menacingly this year, together with the fears and anxieties that underlie it, but there is no evidence that bigots are becoming more numerous. On the contrary, most



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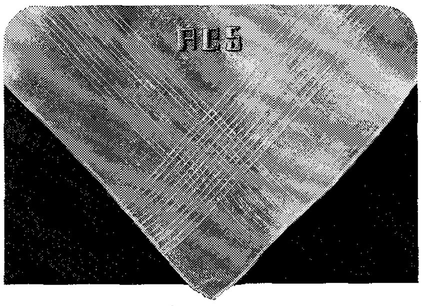
studies show a direct correlation between the spread of education and support for Negro aspirations; the spread of education and the consequent enlargement of the middle class are factors that in themselves inflame the bigots and lead them to further acts of self-assertion—such as attacks on representatives of the press. But what is relevant for the moment, and may turn out to be a large element in a tragedy of long duration, is that politicians whose sense of decency functions only when prudence allows it—and most politicians may be described in this way—are likely, for fear of the mob, to be silent and inactive in a desperate time.

THE President, though he has been losing much of what a democratic politician needs most, public confidence, remains a superb political strategist. He may be unable to affect the course of events as he would like to in Vietnam, Georgia, or California, but he still has the immense resources of the Presidency, and he has the adroitness and guile to use them more effectively than Harry Truman did in a roughly comparable period. Short of producing peace or victory, there is little he can do to win back those disaffected by his failure thus far to do either. He can, however, make it difficult for anyone else to profit much from his losses. Congressional candidates who are trying to capitalize on the growing anti-Johnson sentiment can appeal to the dissatisfied merely by identifying themselves as critics of the President. Not many of them are outright doves or hawks, for to be either one is to alienate a powerful body of opinion and at the same time to lose those who continue to stand behind the President. In the direct confrontation of a Presidential election, a man who seeks to replace the incumbent has to be fairly specific about what he would do in the White House if he should be elected. If the 1968 Republican candidate were to adopt, say, the present position of Richard Nixon, he might promise both bolder military operations and more vigorous diplomatic ones. This might seem a politically sound approach to a divided public, but it happens to be the President's approach, too, and he, as the country's chief military and diplomatic officer, can demonstrate to the country that he is actively following both lines. It is not quite clear what in the next couple of years he can do in the way of military escalation; the only remaining step of any consequence would be the invasion of North Vietnam, and even the most militant of his advisers believe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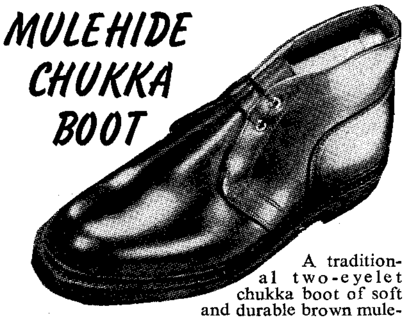
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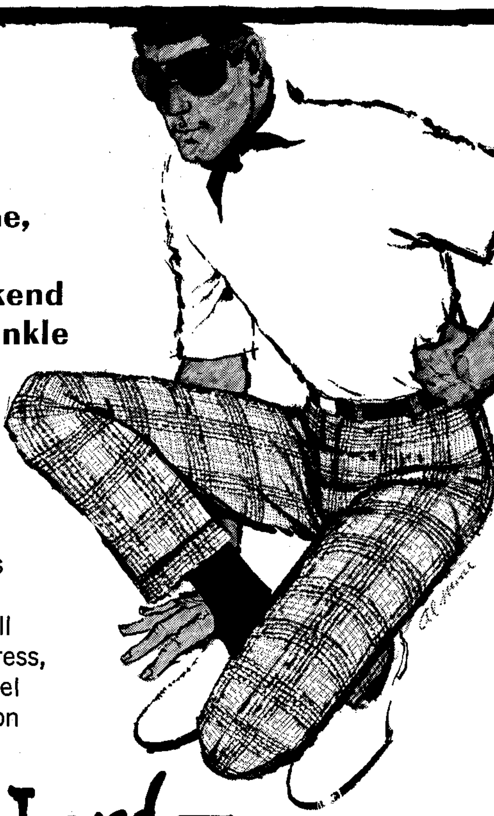
that this would mean almost certain war with China, which none would welcome and only a few would care to risk. But there are things he could do that would have the appearance of escalation—the dispatching of more troops is always an obvious one—and there is no end to the number of shows he can star in as a passionate pleader for an end to the war and a negotiated settlement. It might be that none of them would make much impression on officials in Hanoi or on his critics here, but they would enable him to accuse a rival who took anything like the Nixon line of offering the country no more than he himself had been giving it. When an incumbent can do this, his advantage is great, and his opponent must either concede it or move to new and less tenable ground—in this case, either that held by the hawks or that held by the doves.

The consensus is broken, and what this undoubtedly suggests to the President is that a new one must be built. He might go about it by abandoning the Negro leaders who have befriended him and been befriended by him, so that he could attempt to mend his Southern fences. It is possible that this would work. Many Southerners regard him as a turncoat and want nothing to do with him for the rest of their lives; at the same time, many Southern Democrats are threatened by Republicans on the one hand and the growing Negro vote on the other, and some sort of new alliance with Lyndon Johnson might be their salvation. If he turned in their direction, he would probably also turn toward the hawks, for their position is popular in the South, and the hawks elsewhere, with only occasional exceptions, have no great sympathy with the civil-rights movement. A realignment of this sort would embarrass and pain him greatly, for while his thirst for power has led him to do some strange and contradictory things, he be-



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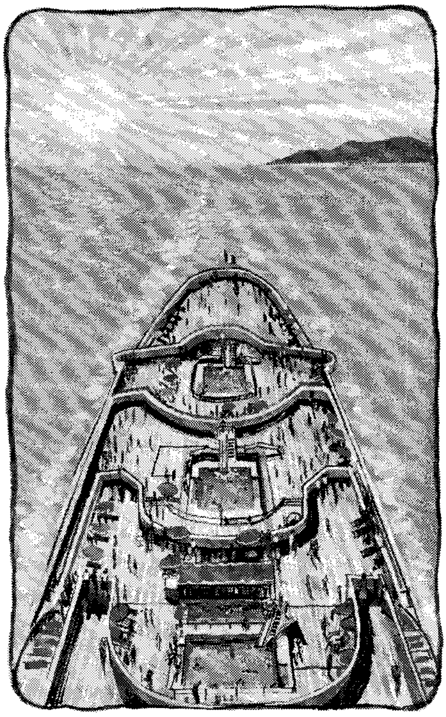

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lieves in the rightness of the policies he has pursued as President and could never be comfortable among the bigots and the militarists. About the only other possibility would be to stay where he is on domestic policy and seek to win back, or at least to neutralize, the Northern Democrats and independents currently disaffected. Since large numbers of them now look for leadership to Senator Robert Kennedy, this would require an accommodation between the two that would embarrass and pain both of them. Until a few weeks ago, talk of a Johnson-Kennedy ticket in 1968 was dismissed by almost everyone here. The President, it was pointed out, places a high value on personal loyalty—his own to his friends as much as his friends' to him. After subjecting Hubert Humphrey to four years of a kind of frustration he himself has known, he could not push Humphrey aside and deny him the opportunity he had paid for in so much anguish. And Lyndon Johnson, it was being said, could never abide the thought of owing his election to a Kennedy in 1968 and then having a Kennedy *owe* his election in 1972 to Lyndon Johnson. But the latest polls have led many people to give this matter further thought. No embarrassment could be as great for the President as defeat in 1968. From his point of view, which he easily identifies with that of the nation, a loss of pride could be endured far more easily than the loss of the 1968 election. As for Hubert Humphrey, the opportunity he seeks would never be his anyway if he should be second man on a losing ticket two years from now. And as for being responsible for the election of Robert Kennedy in 1972, that would surely be less of a burden on the conscience than allowing Richard Nixon to become President in 1968. It can be objected that Robert Kennedy, now running ahead of both the President and the Vice-President in the opinion polls, might not want to participate in any such arrangement. No doubt he would find it galling in many ways. But if the proposal came from the President, he would find it almost impossible to decline—and this not only because it is always hard to deny a President of the United States but also because it damages a man's standing in his party if he refuses to come to its aid when he is called.

NO one is likely to make, or even discuss, new alignments and agreements before the results of this year's elections are known. There is

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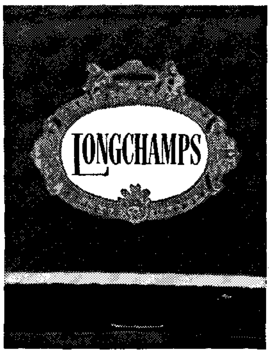

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extreme caution on all sides. The President has said he will regard the situation as normal if the Republicans gain no more than seventy-five seats in the House. Support for the Democratic Party would have to fall off far more than the polls show that it has for a loss of that magnitude to occur. Richard Nixon has said that there will be great hope for the rebuilding of the Republican Party if its candidates replace twenty Democrats in November. If this is all that that hope requires, the future of the Republican Party is assured. It is almost certain that both of these eminent prophets will be saying in November that they are more than satisfied with the results. Actually, the figures on party gains and losses will not tell the most important part of the story. If seventy-five Northern Republicans replaced seventy-five Northern Democrats, it might make rather little difference in terms of the temper of Congress, for by and large the Republican Party in the North has been choosing candidates who differ rather little from the administration's Democratic supporters. And if Nixon's twenty Republicans came mostly from the South, their victories would perhaps mean the end of hope for his party and certainly for his candidacy.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

The next meeting of the Defense of Prisoners Committee will be on Wednesday . . . commencing at 12:15 P.M. Our guest speaker at this meeting will be Robert J. Cooney who will speak on the subject of opening and closing arguments in criminal jury trials. As many of you know, Bob was an Assistant State's Attorney for many years and certainly is one of the most successful prosecutors in the history of Cook County. He was the prosecutor in the James Dukes case which resulted in Dukes' being electrocuted and also successfully prosecuted Paul Crump on two different occasions, both times succeeding in having Crump sentenced to be electrocuted.

This promises to be an interesting and informative meeting and I urge all of you to attend.—*Letter received by a Chicago attorney.*

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—*Christian Science Monitor.*

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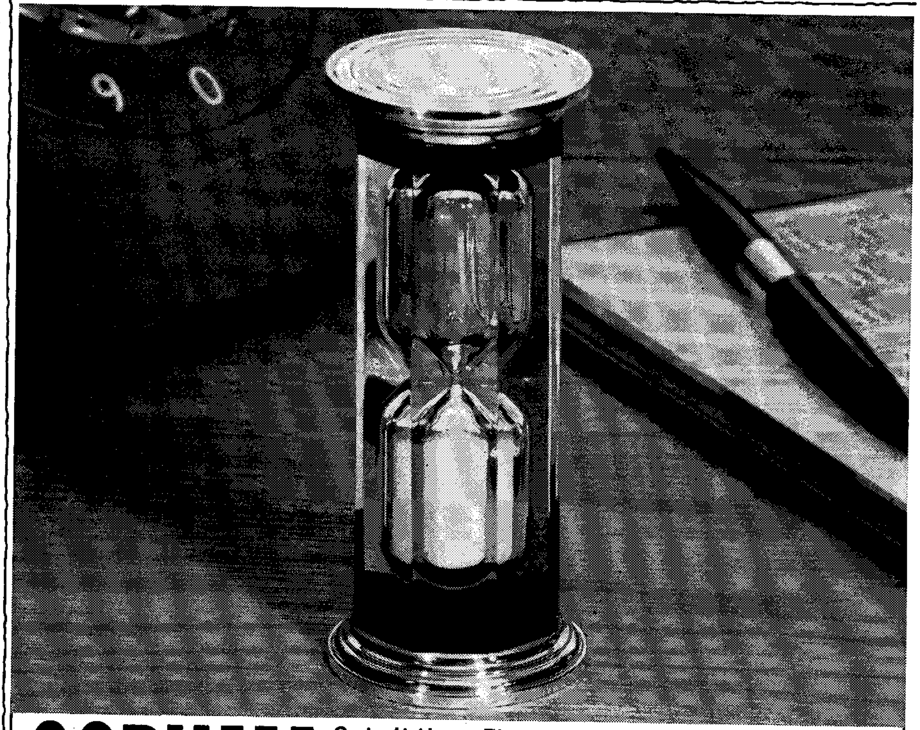

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THE RACE TRACK

The Champ!

·MAURICE FREED·

WHERE top honors for the year belong was shown beyond all question of doubt at Aqueduct last Saturday, when Buckpasser beat a representative collection of runners in the Woodward Stakes. The test for merit was comprehensive and the triumph complete. Other winners of this race—Sword Dancer and Kelso, for instance—have had brilliant careers, too, but I've a notion that no one who watched the Woodward last weekend could say with any certainty that he had ever seen a better three-year-old than Buckpasser. If ever a stage was set for an upset, this was it. Rain poured down on the course throughout the windy, cold, and altogether miserable afternoon, and there wasn't a dry shoe in the crowd in the saddling paddock before the race. It was Buckpasser's first start since he went on holiday after the Travers at Saratoga in August, and from a physical point of view this strapping son of Tom Fool, always a handsome colt, looked particularly fit. Tom Rolfe did, too, although he was dwarfed by his medium-sized stable pony. Buffle was hard and trim, and so was Malicious, who was on his toes. Of the others, I liked Royal Gunner best.

From a first-class start for everybody, Malicious immediately bulled his way through the pack to dispute the lead with Poker, the stablemate of Buckpasser. Buffle was closest behind them. Malicious, who is at his best on a sloppy track (remember how he romped off with the Stymie Handicap in the same sort of going?), led for nearly a mile, with Poker and Buffle forcing the pace. Then Malicious weakened and Buffle took the lead, and I remembered that Max Hirsch, who trains Buffle, had talked about mudders earlier that afternoon and made no secret of the fact that he had one. Buckpasser had kept within striking distance of the leaders from the beginning. Passing the far turn, he lengthened his stride, and the crowd roared encouragement, for he was a 9–10 favorite. About three furlongs from home, the runners in front of him bunched up, but as they swung into the stretch he slipped through the gap left when Malicious dropped back. It takes a good horse and a game one to come through on the rail in that kind of footing, and at the end he won by three-quarters of a length from Royal Gunner, who was about the same distance in front of Buffle. Tom Rolfe, who didn't get going until it was too late, was fourth, five lengths behind. Amberoid, the Belmont Stakes winner, was down the course, a distant sixth.

If you care for statistics, the Woodward was Buckpasser's tenth consecutive victory, and his ninth stakes, in eleven starts this season. His share of the purse was $73,190, which brought his earnings so far in 1966 to $543,463—slightly less than those in 1965—and his grand total to $1,111,559. He thus moves into fifth place on the list of money-winners, displacing Citation. Ogden Phipps, who owns him, says his next race will be the fifty-thousand-dollar Lawrence Realization Stakes, at a mile and five furlongs, week after next, which should tune him up nicely for the Jockey Club Gold Cup, at two miles, on October 29th.

ALTOGETHER, it was quite a week for the horses of Ogden Phipps and the Wheatley Stable, all trained by Eddie Neloy. To start it, the Wheatley Stable's Irish County won the Astarita Stakes at Aqueduct from Pepperwood, Green Glade, and seven other two-year-old fillies. The day before the Woodward, Mr. Phipps's Destro, a three-year-old daughter of Ribot, beat Priceless Gem, last year's wonder filly, and that same afternoon the Wheatley Stable's Disciplinarian won the To Market Stakes at Hawthorne, in Chicago. All told, Neloy has sent out thirty-five stakes-race winners so far this season. Nobody remembers when another trainer had such success. Not even Ben Jones could match it in Calumet Farm's palmiest days.

A MEMO for people who bet on jockeys: Earlie Fires, a young rider from the Middle West, had thirty-eight losing mounts at Aqueduct before he brought home a winner there one day last week. Then, first crack out of the box in Jersey last weekend, he won the Atlantic City Handicap by five lengths on Swinging Mood. Make what you can of that.

—AUDAX MINOR

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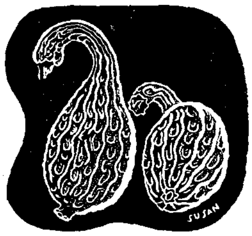
KATHY'S PAPA

SIR, after I did that thing and got time, I come out in a year. They give me six months remission for exemplary good conduct and I leave with fifteen pounds saved out of prison pay, working on the farms. Well, I dressed myself neat and respectable in a new suit and I got the job as guard and night watch on the dock gates. I dropped my name David Cupido and changed it to Desmond Adonis and I said I come from Oudtshoorn. You can see I look different, too—the marks on my face is from smallpox and my teeth gone in front, but that's another story. I have no family anymore and my woman is dead, the one I call my second wife. But I have Kathy from her. She is four years old and she is so light she could be your own daughter. You will help Kathy? Tell her wait for me, her papa will come back again—the Lord save me.

It is not so bad working on this farm. We are locked up just at nights and I am A-class prisoner. I should get a year remission this time, it's a longer stretch. I pleaded guilty in court and I say what's good for me. I mean, it could be worse, like breaking stones on the Island, and I am not complaining. But I never did it.

The way I found this job, there was a riot and some of the black men were shot and some were chased away and I got one of their places. I have to watch the gate and let people in and out and see no contraband comes through. I get to know the fishermen and the dock hands and the different kinds of night prowlers. The other types, the rich people with these cabin cruisers and power launches, they don't come much at night. There's jetties and moorings for a lot of boats—nothing bigger than a trawler. And I see the police. I am very easy with them, and you can say I am almost a policeman myself, the things I do.

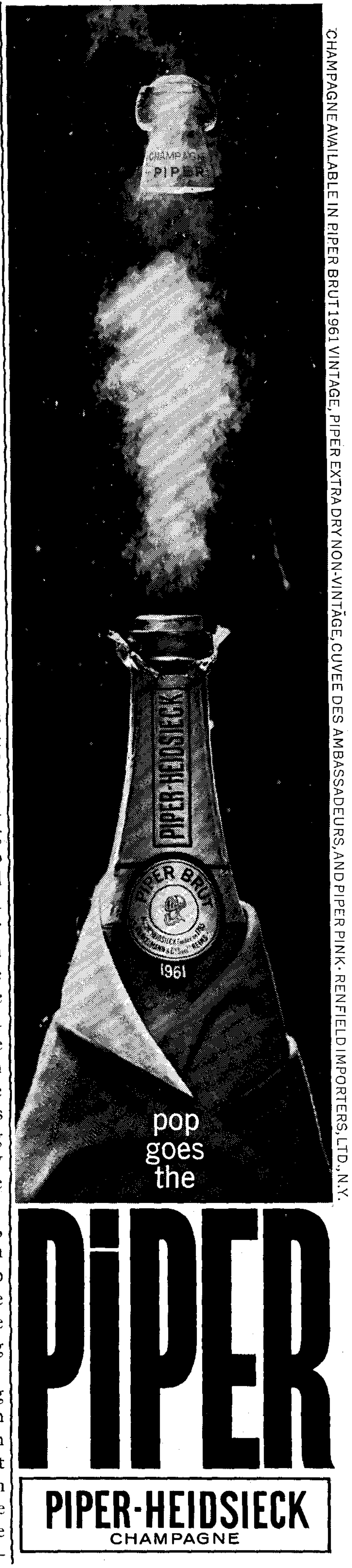


When I say the rich people don't come in at nights I am not thinking of Evening Star. Soon after I take the job, Evening Star is tied up at No. 4 Jetty. That is the last one before the open harbor water, a good place, away from the fishing berths and the boatyards and the floating dock. You can stand on the deck of that boat and look out across the moorings and the breakwater and beyond it the open sea. The first morning after she ties up, when I knock off I go down to look at her. It is dawn, and the light comes up all colors in the clouds above the mountains inland and the sea kind of quiet and the gulls standing in rows along the breakwater. Evening Star looks a plain big cabin cruiser—mostly gray and a little white, no fancy trimmings, like she has been used hard and seen the open sea—but the light coming up makes her dove-colored, and the swell so low she rises on it and goes down just like someone asleep breathing light. Along the tie ropes, wires are taken across to her so her lights can be used without running the motor, and a telephone line also, not so well hidden that I cannot see. The decks are scrubbed and the gangplank, too, and there is a snow-white hand rope ending in tassels.

That evening after I come on duty and it is dark, a big car drives up to the gates and I look at the man's permit and let him through. He takes the car back of the customs shed and somewhere toward the boatyards, and he goes on board Evening Star. I have forgotten him and I am boiling up coffee about 4 A.M. the next time I see him. I do not trouble over contraband—he is not the type. I have a closer look at him and he says, "Coffee smells good," and I offer him some. He does not stop. Coffee is good in the sea air toward dawn, and when a man's been drinking and all that, it's a marvel for him to refuse. He asks my name friendly, and of course I say Desmond Adonis. He is a stranger but I know his face from the newspaper, and sure enough, after he has gone I get out a pile of old papers in the guardhouse and hunt through them and there is his picture opening a show with a flower in his buttonhole and his fat wife wearing one of those chimney-pot hats. Only the picture does not show such a white worn face or eyes tired to death.

I say to Kathy when I get home, "There's some hanky-panky going on but your papa's not getting mixed up in it." She thinks it is a game and she laughs and Mrs. Isaacs (that is the woman we stay with) is dying to dig out some scandal, only I say no more.

This goes on a month or so—getting into late summer and the weather calm and sweet night after night. I see dim lights behind the curtains of the boat or I hear voices raised or there is a thin shape come up alone on the deck in the moonlight and that is all I can make out. The man comes different times—



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well after midnight when late business keeps him. I call him the Boss, but I always ask for his permit as if I do not know who he is. Once when he is leaving about four-thirty and his face gray like a corpse, I tell him to open the car boot. He makes like he doesn't hear. I lock the gates and bang on his window and I order him to open up. His face turns dark red and I wait for something to burst.

He says, "You have seen me before. What's all this bloody nonsense?"

I shout at him, "Yes, and you come just a bit too often! I have my suspicions!"

Then he orders me to open the gates and I answer I have my duty.

He says, "Your duty is to obey me. I am the—" Only he bites it back in time.

Strange—I am not scared. I really begin to think I am doing my duty and upholding my uniform. What a uniform does to you, eh! A rat puts up his hair and lays back his ears. I say I'm going to call the police. And I step off toward the guardhouse. I think he is going to have a heart failure. He gets out and waves a hand and he cannot speak. He opens the boot with his key and there is nothing there, as I knew. I say O.K. and I'm sorry, sir.

He just gives me a sort of smile. "That's all right," he says. "You are a credit to your uniform. We need more men like you." He hands me a clean pound note out of his wallet.

"I can't accept it, sir," I say. "I'm paid enough for my job."

I don't know if he thinks I am mad or if he goes off with the idea of promoting me to a big post. But he cannot promote me from colored to white and maybe that's why nothing comes of it. I get an idea from the money he offers me. It is a bad idea. I have come back to God and joined the Apostolic Tabernacle when I was released and I have gone straight, but even God has his weak moments and he allows me to slip back. I know something about important people and rich men from when I ran a shebeen. My partner was the sister of a town councillor, so it was not just another lowdown dagga joint, it was in a good street and it was classy—girls and all that. We had important clients from every walk of life. I got to know the kind that are tough and dangerous and the kind you can squeeze. Those ones are scared of talk. They cough up—you can pile on the price even double and they wriggle about, but they pay. I can see from the way the Boss acts and offering me money he is the kind you

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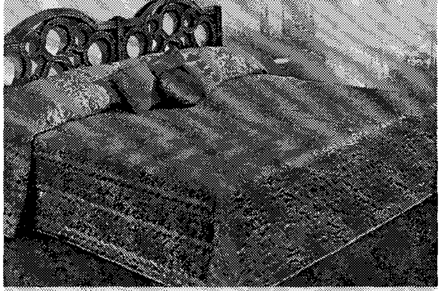

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Electricity has not yet reached the Hopis. Water must be hauled from three miles away. Jobs are few and far away. Only poverty and despair are close-by and in abundance.

Yet for the first time in generations, Mary Carnwath and people like her are stirring hope among the Hopis.

Mary Carnwath works and lives two thousand miles away, in Manhattan. Her own daughter is now grown-up, and through *Save the Children Federation* she is sponsoring one of the village girls, 8-year-old Grace Mahtewa.

The Mahtewas (two parents, three children, one grandmother and a sister-in-law) live tightly packed in a tiny rock and mud house. The father who knows ranch work but can't find any most of the year, isn't able to provide the family with even the bare necessities.

Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary Carnwath, that won't be necessary.

The $12.50 a month contributed by Mary Carnwath is provid-ng a remarkable number of things or Grace and her family.

Grace will have a chance to con-inue schooling. The family has been able to make its home a little more livable. And with the money left over, together with funds from other sponsors, the village has been able to renovate a dilapidated build-ng for use as a village center. The enter now has two manual sewing machines that are the beginnings of small income-producing business. t's only a small beginning. More money and more people like Mary Carnwath are needed. With your help, perhaps this village program will produce enough money to end the Hopi's need for help. That is what Save the Children is all about.

Although contributions are deductible, it's not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals, a warm coat and a new pair of shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other American Indian children —who suffer the highest disease rate and who look forward to the shortest life span of any American group.

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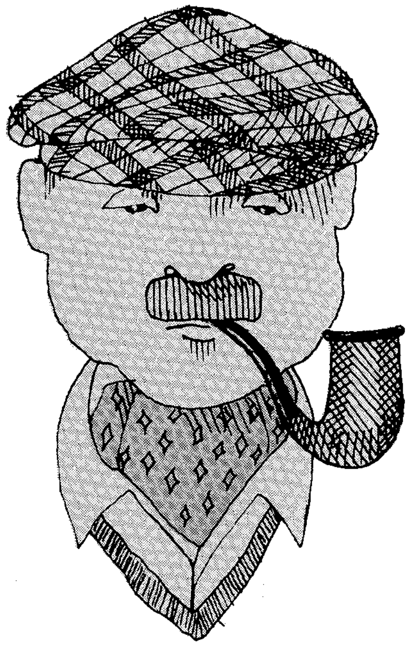

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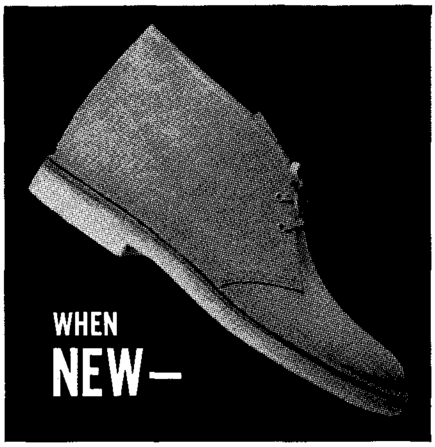

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can squeeze a bit. I struggle with that idea. I try to fight it down. I say to Kathy, "Pray for your papa, let him be saved." She adds it to her prayers and I listen, so help me.

ALL this while I do not see Madam. What time she would come and go is more than I know. She is very careful. It gives me queer feelings just knowing she is there—soft, quiet, making the sea air sweet with herself. Every week—sometimes twice—the Boss going through in his big dark car with the lights switched off. I keep my ears and eyes open and I think better not ask questions.

Then one night a car comes to the gate and a lady driving. She hands me her permit. I know in a moment this is Madam. She gets out as if to look at something on the car front and then she stands quite near me and makes my bones go wobbly. Heavy fair hair and blue eyes and she is made well and rosy, and white lace at her throat and these black tights.

She says to me, "You're Desmond. I hear you are such a fine young man. You will go far in the service."

I keep nodding my head and smile sort of foolish.

"I like the look of you, Desmond. I'm sorry we have not met before."

I forget about my muddy pocked face and my teeth missing. I would fall flat at her feet; she does not have to offer me money. She smiles and says, "See you again."

That is when Mr. Pierre comes into it. He drives up to the gate in a one-ton pickup, like a dealer coming to collect fish, or a farmer. More like a young farmer to look at him in his khakis and *velskoens*, a pink neck and his hair and eyebrows turned a straw color by the sun. He does not have a permit, and he leaves the pickup outside the gates.

"Desmond?" He just takes me by the shoulders.

"Yes sir," I say.

"Well Desmond, you yellow bastard, you are going to look after me, eh?"

"Yes sir," I say again, wondering.

"Is she on board?" he asks, and I nod my head.

He laughs and goes off, permit or no permit. But in a minute he comes marching back. He unbuttons a pocket of my tunic and stuffs something in. Then he swings me a heavy one on the shoulder with his open hand and steps away again singing. He is a lad and I can say that again. What he put in my pocket was a five-pound note.

I think, If the Boss turns up, what

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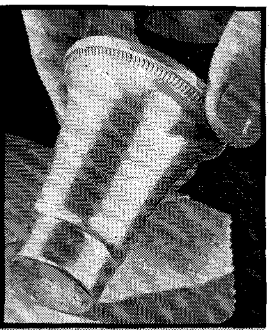

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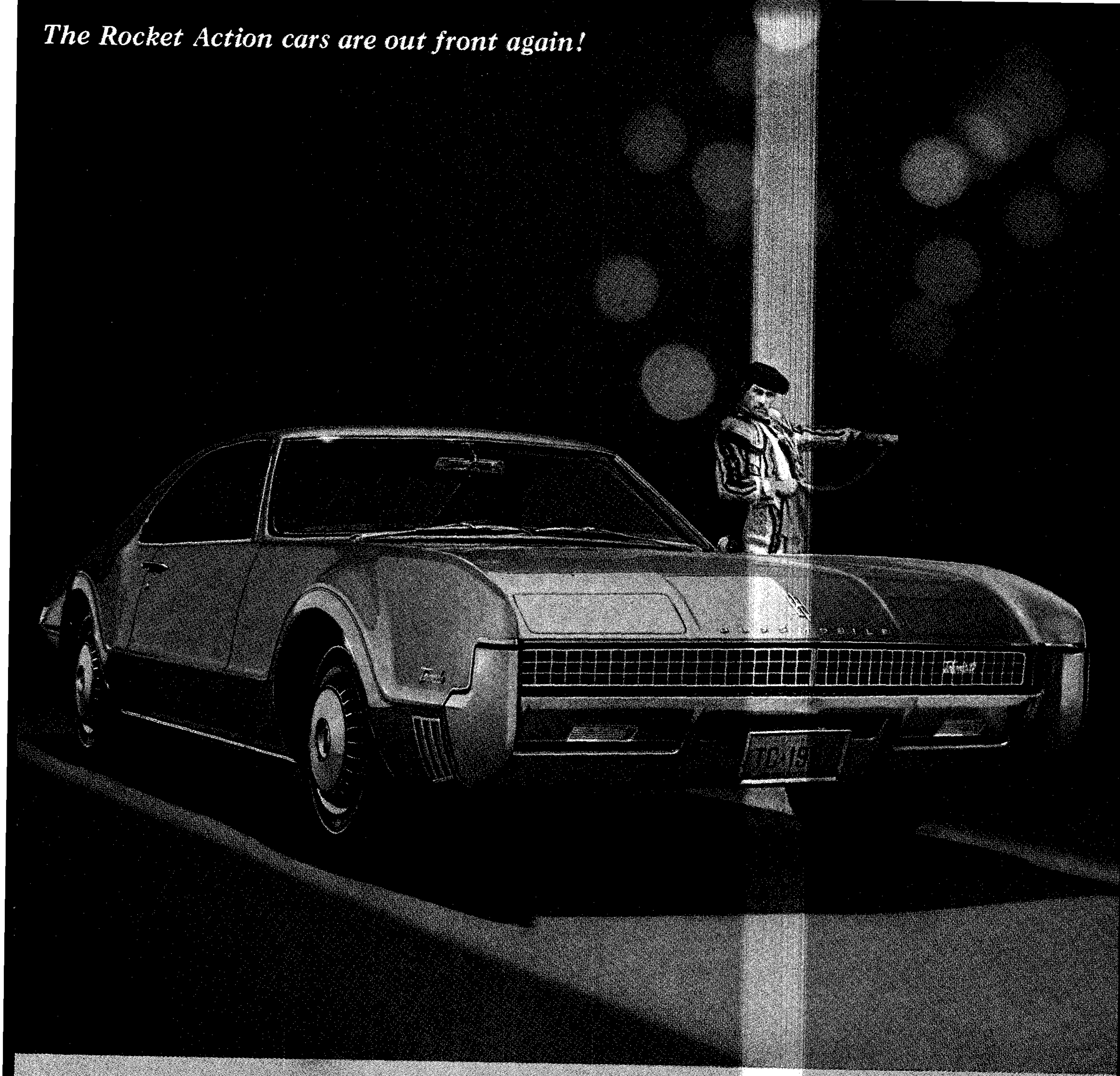

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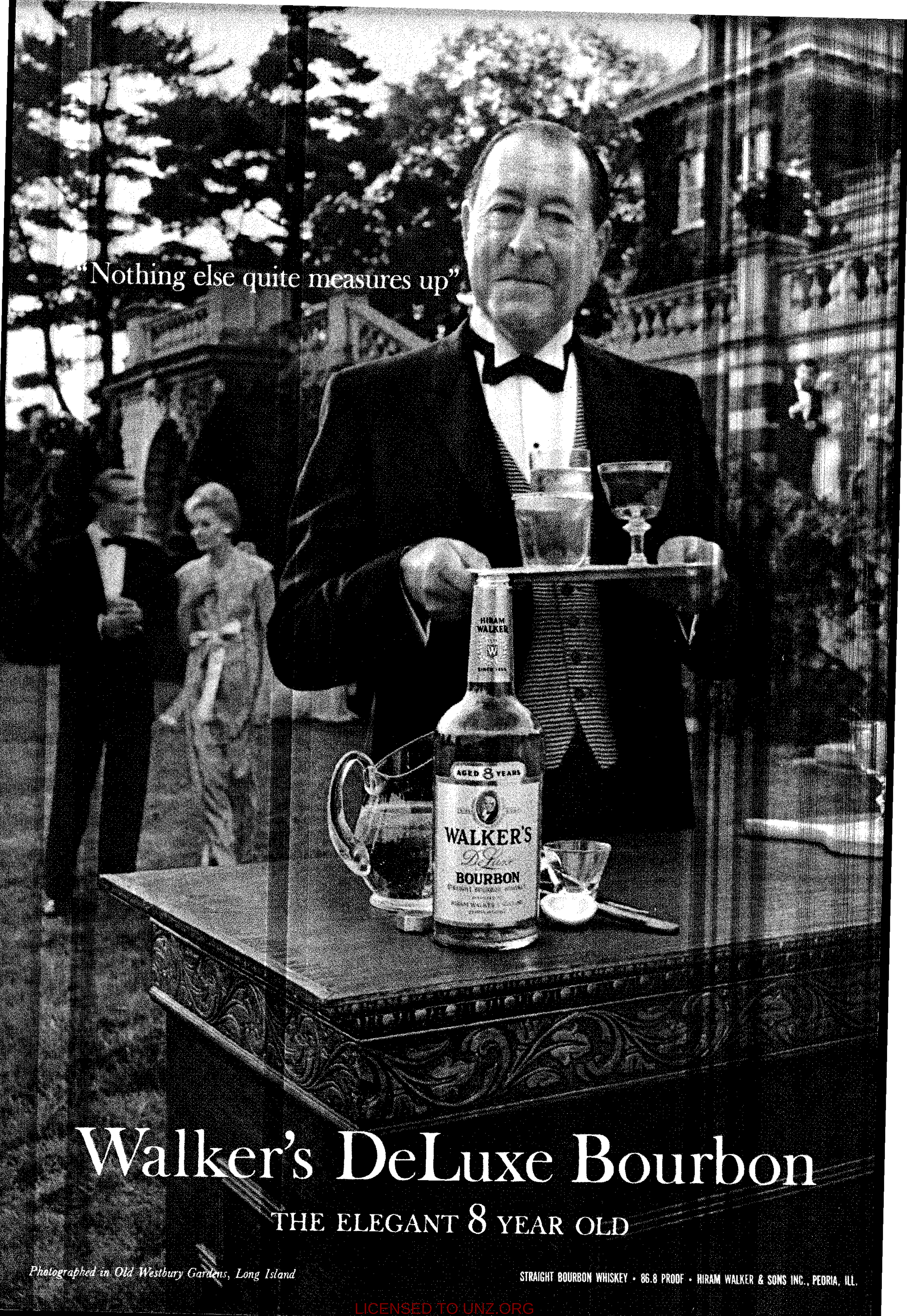
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happens now? I kind of want him to. I have a black ache inside my body thinking of that cruiser and what is going on. The Boss is one thing—his sagging gray face and dark-rimmed glasses. You cannot envy him, just hate. And Mr. Pierre. I like him in a way and no lies. He called me a yellow bastard and he is a pink pig. I try to get out of my mind his pink-pig body.

The Boss does not turn up that night. Mr. Pierre passes just when the sky has got thin like milk over the mountains. Comes up at a run and helps me unlock the gates. All round him is Madam's scent.

From then on, Madam and Mr. Pierre make a plan with me. If they are together on Evening Star and the Boss comes unexpected, I have to telephone through to the boat—just two rings and then cut off. I must keep the Boss waiting five minutes for Mr. Pierre to make a getaway. They feel safe with me watching for them. I do not believe for long that Mr. Pierre is a farmer. He comes in different cars or on a motorbike or a scooter, and always dressed different. It is a kind of joke with him. The way he talks, too—like a foreigner, or other times slow like in Hollywood pictures.

They are mad about each other, those two. I cannot see Evening Star from the guardhouse, but if I go down past the customs shed and stand on the steps of the harbor master's office there is a view over the yacht masts and quiet water to No. 4 Jetty and the cruiser lying there, the dim lights and little splashes shining in the water. When they are together, I make a reason two or three times in a night to go down to the steps. Often there are no lights. The things they do! Sometimes I hear a mandolin and them singing. They both sing well, and I sing to their tune, too, but quiet. They take the dinghy and row about the harbor and you can see their heads one minute and nothing the next. I see them swim, shining like silver fish in the moonlight. They dive in the sea and splash and they come up on deck and stand together so close they look like one person. The whole harbor shakes and the cruiser rocks, I think, with all their wild doings on the deck, and seagulls get up and fly round in the black air crying. I go back to the guardhouse to make coffee, and I feel something crying in me, too. Mr. Pierre mostly stops on the way out and takes a cup with me—not like the Boss. He gets out of me about Kathy, and he leaves something for her—a pound or two. I never saw two people more

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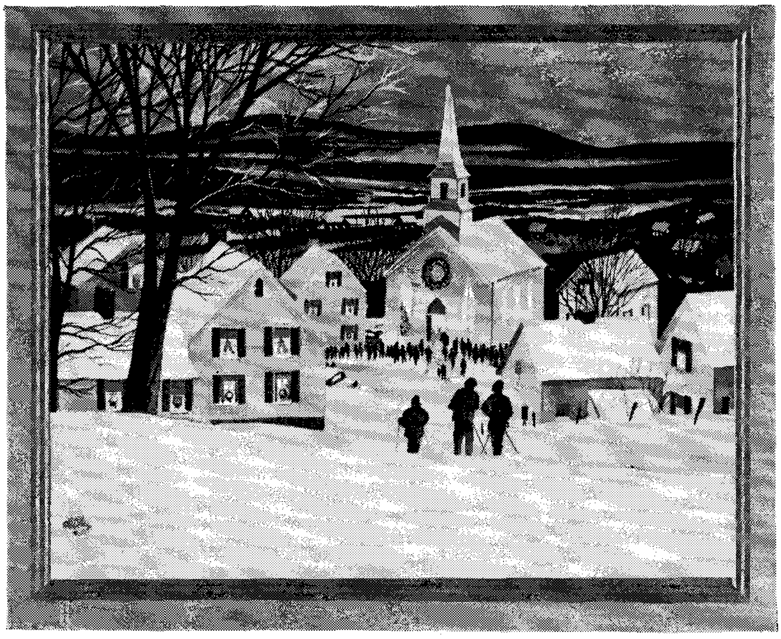

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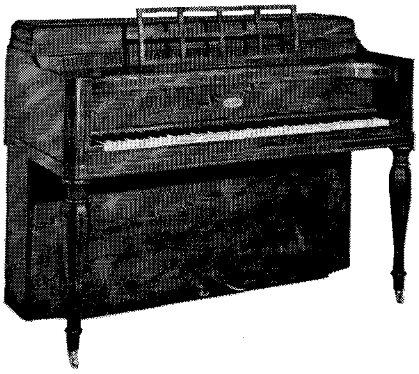

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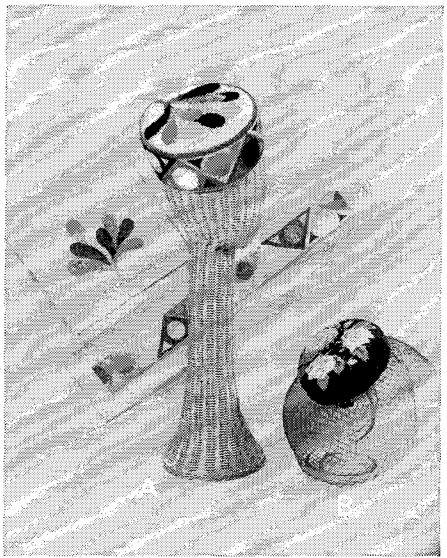

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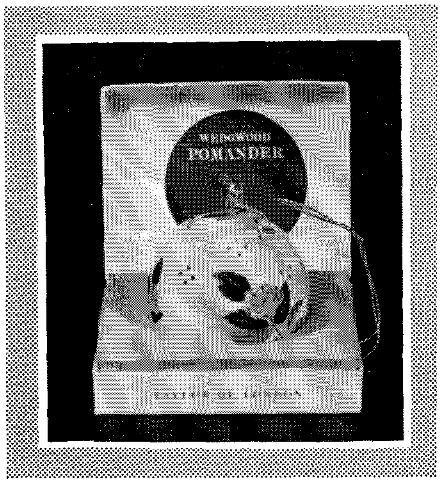

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different, him and the Boss. He makes you think of the sun rising. He does not talk about the Boss, but that is the hole in his heart.

The Boss must notice something or feel it. A woman can be careful as she likes but she will never cover over everything and it is like a fire showing in cracks round a shut door. He starts coming different hours of the night and he ties fishing rods to the car to pretend he is out angling. I ask if he has caught anything—the nearest he got to a fish is the watery look in his eye. It frightens Mr. Pierre and Madam. Twice I have to give them the signal. The second time, Mr. Pierre is in sea boots and a blue jersey and knitted cap like a trawlerman, and he comes and sits in the guardhouse. He is there with me when I let the Boss out, making a lot of smoke with his pipe. He looks at the Boss, and the Boss looks at him and never sees a thing.

The Boss kind of goes crazy. It takes him time, but in the end he comes to me. He has a way of saying nice things to me—praise and all that. He asks once what I need and I say a new stove for my kitchen. That's how a joke can turn into a lie. He gives me fifteen pounds ten for the stove, and I feel dirty. Now this time he stands there and it goes hard with him to say what he wants. He takes off his glasses to polish them and licks his lips and his hands are trembling like a flag in the wind. Well, I know from the word go he wants me to spy on Madam. I put him off the scent easy. All this stuttering and his white face and lips pressed close—the thing rises up in me like I am going to be sick. One thing for him, a powerful man and his hands on the money, to buy her and keep her away secret from his wife and the scandal and the papers. Only this is something else. He is eaten up with her, off his head. He is in love. If that's the word—I don't know. It makes something go in me. Just the animal way of using a woman, I know about that and no slobber and whining. But the Boss showing me this sticky mess and shivering all over, I want to kick him in the face. Let him pay for the insults and the lies when he talks nice to me. To him I am just filth.

I begin running him around. When I know Mr. Pierre is not on Evening Star and the Boss comes, I whisper to him that a stranger is somewhere in the docks—a young man.

"Why did you let him in?"

"He had a permit," I say.

"Did you recognize him?"

I say he looks like a Spaniard, with

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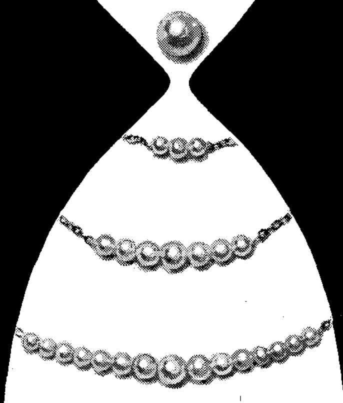

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a small beard. Or like Clark Gable. The Boss crawls around the jetties and stalks the Evening Star, and me watching him from the steps laughing. Another night I tell him somebody has telephoned for him.

He goes paler. "For me? What name did he use?"

"No name, sir. He just said, 'Is the old tomcat in the love nest?' "

"The old tomcat, eh?" he says. "And what did you tell him?"

"I told him not to talk like that and in any case you would not be coming tonight."

He says, "So!" And I can see he hopes to catch her out.

He hides himself in a stack of fish baskets and I go down later and find him asleep there. He is so tired he just drops off. I shake him up and he is sore and stiff and he can hardly stand. I say he will kill himself snooping. If there is a loverboy, he is likely young and he would give him the hiding of his life.

He says, "Desmond, do you suspect there is a"—he screws up his mouth ugly—"a loverboy?"

"I don't know, sir," I say, "but you are getting a bit stiff in the joints, sir, and for a young woman it's human nature."

"What do you know about human nature?" He gets sour, but he asked for it.

Then I say, "Why don't you go to Madam and put it to her straight?"

He just groans and turns away.

I am giving him the runaround, and yet now I feel sorry for him.

ABOUT this time I start the squeeze, God forgive me. Kathy is ill with gastritis that is called apricot sickness. I say to the Boss, "My child is dying. I must send her to the hospital, but I have no money."

"How much?" he says.

I look him straight and say, "A hundred pounds."

Next day he slips me a packet and I pretend I can't take it. Then I thank him and act simple. I say, "Sir, I will ask the hospital to send you the receipt."

"I don't want the receipt, idiot," he says. Then he changes and says, "It's for the child, you understand, and no names."

I do not use the money for Kathy; she is already better.

One night the telephone line to the boat is broken and Madam comes up to me to make a call. A clear cool night, nothing stirring—the harbor like a grave and we are alone in the guard-

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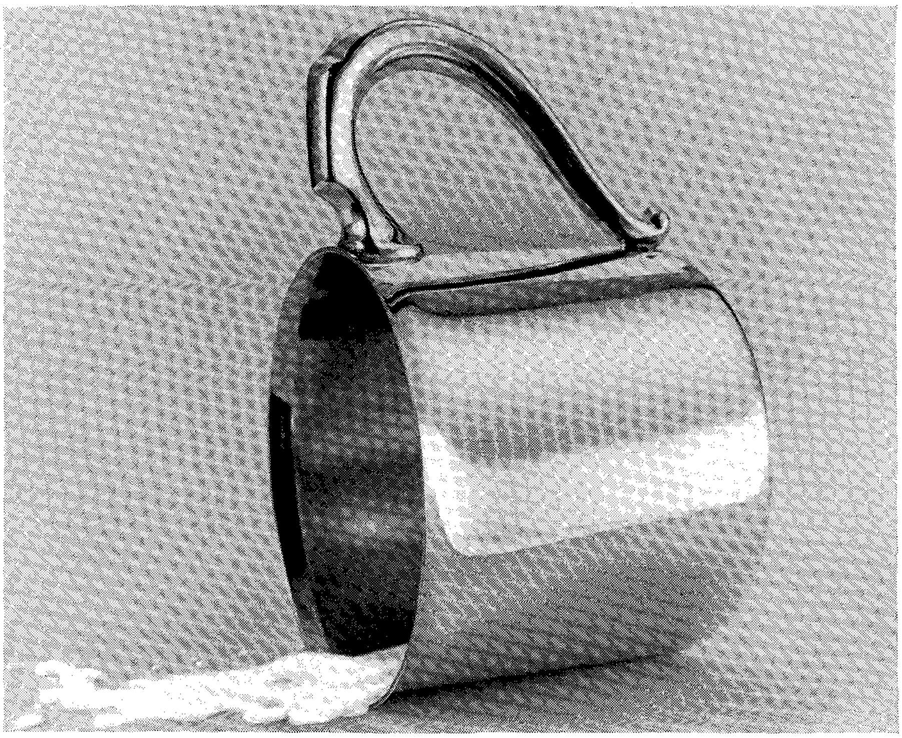

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house. I have a very good look at her close up. She has shining hair and a mouth— When I try to see her, she goes out of my mind. She sways about and I hold on to the doorpost to get my feet. It is not my fault—with her, what can you do? I did not ask her into my guardhouse. She must see how my face is, because she turns away from me. I go outside in the cool and sit on the bench, and I think about Mr. Pierre—a man my age.

She thanks me and she goes down back to Evening Star. Then the telephone rings. It is Mr. Pierre.

"Desmond," he says urgent, "I can't get through to the boat."

"The line's down, sir."

"Can you call her to phone me? It's important."

I ask if he wants me to go on board Evening Star and find her there.

"Yes," he says.

"Sir, I can't do that."

He asks why.

"I can't do it, sir. Don't ask me, sir."

He says he will make it worth my while, and I hang up. If I have to do a thing, I do it. But what I am most afraid of is myself. It is about ten or a little after. I leave the radio going in the guardhouse and the gate shut but unlocked, as if I am somewhere about, and I step off along the quays toward No. 4 Jetty. I don't feel too steady. Evening Star lies there quiet and the water lapping her bow. I cross the gangplank very soft and slow. The deckhouse door is on a hook. I open it and go down the companionway.

Inside the boat, everything changes—a cabin wide as the whole cruiser, satinwood panels and a carved looking glass and red and gold in the furnishings. Strange—the walls have silk linings and flower patterns. Lights are hidden, the carpets feel thick under my feet. A half-open door and then another cabin—the bedroom. The color in there hazy pink but not much light, and I can see from the shadows she is moving about. I undo the top button of my uniform collar. I think I must give her the message and run. I am standing in the middle of the big cabin and she comes out.

She gives a small cry, frightened. Then laughs. "It's you, Desmond. What's gone wrong?" she says.

"What's gone wrong with you?" I say. "Why don't you throw the old man overboard and clear out? He's after you; he's got you watched."

"He can't do anything to me. He knows nothing."

"Maybe he knows nothing. But

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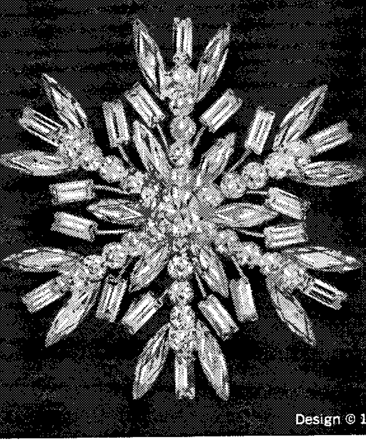

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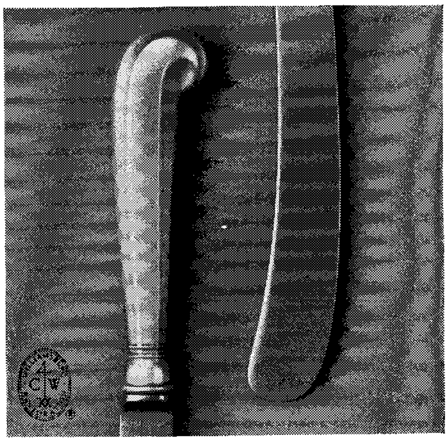

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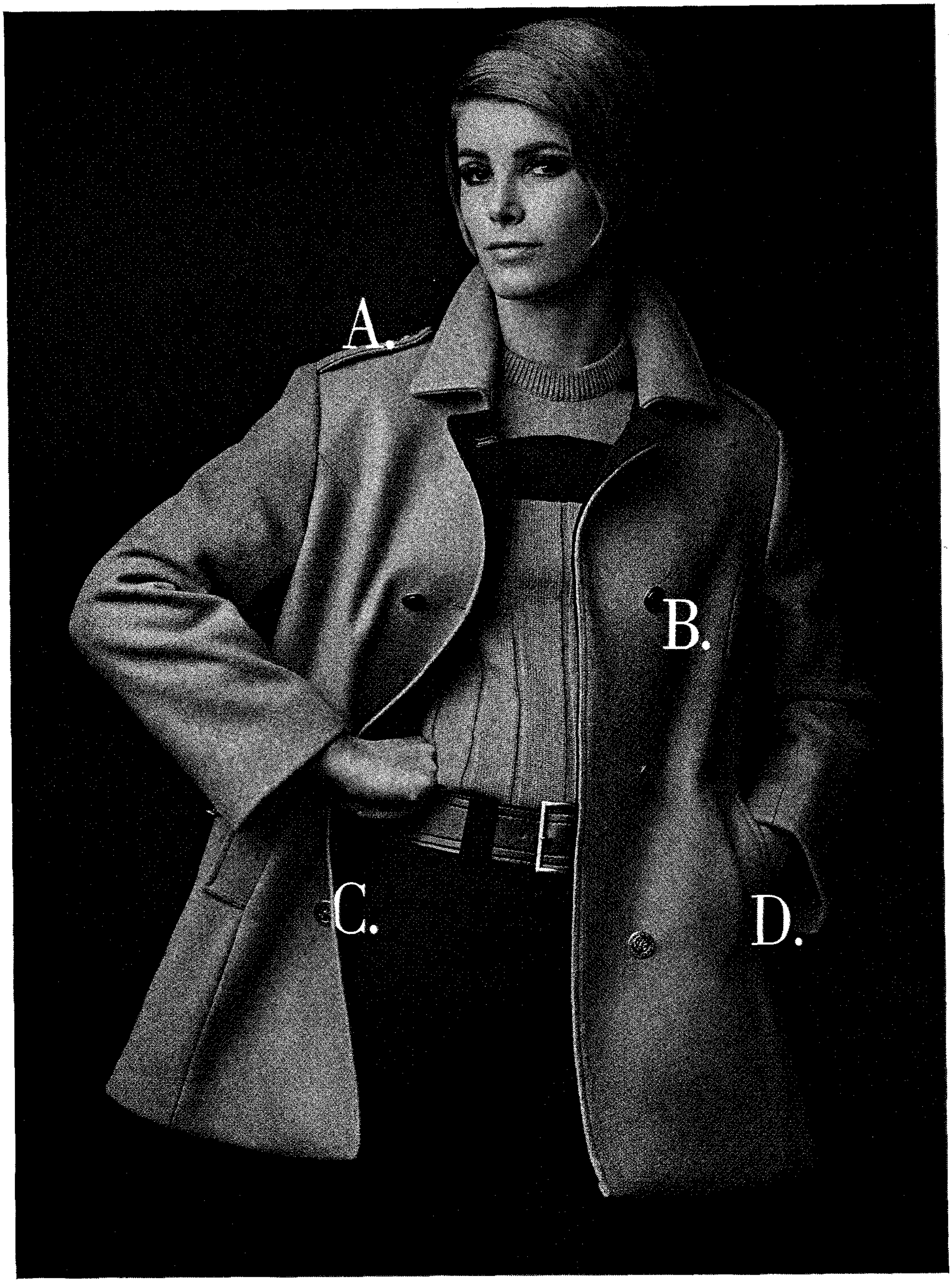

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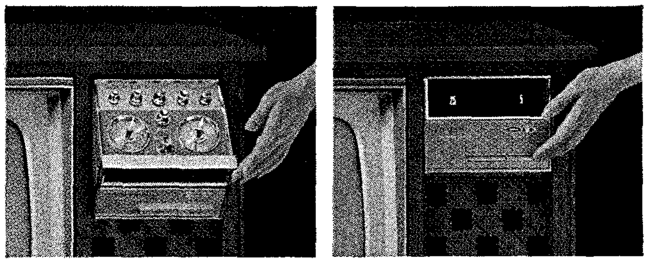

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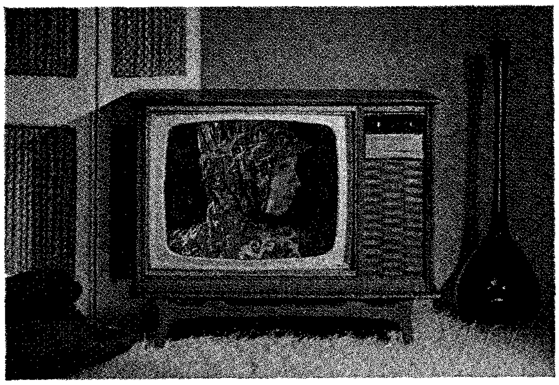

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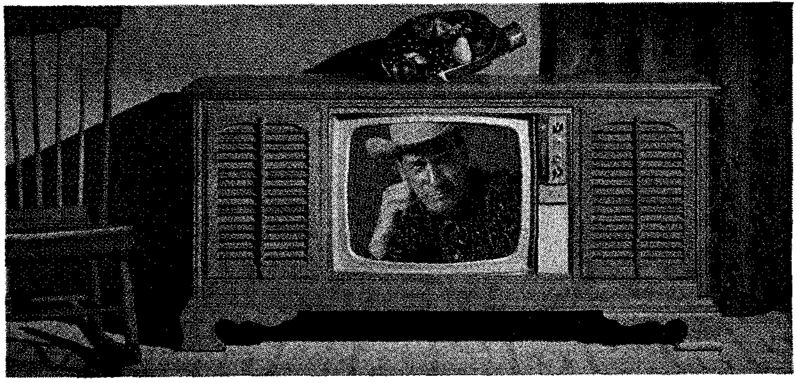

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what about yourself—do you know who he's got watching you?"

"No," she says. "Who?"

"Me!"

She sits down sudden. "What are you going to do?"

I shout at her. I say I have to look after myself. I have a dying child and a mother without a home, otherwise I could never take a penny from the Boss—not as a spy. I haven't told him anything yet. I have been throwing dust in his eyes, but what for?

"You will get your reward," she says.

"I don't want a reward."

"What do you want?" she asks me soft.

I go up closer to her and I see her watching me and her eyes nearly all black, like a buck at night. "What do I want? I want you."

She laughs and she takes the rings off her fingers one by one and puts them in the pocket of her jacket. Why, I don't know. "Be a good boy, Desmond," she says easy.

"I have been good all my life and it never paid."

"You don't want me to believe that. I should say you had your fun. I feel flattered all the same, Desmond. Now I guess the old man will be here any minute." She takes the pith out of me that way. She gets up and she offers me a drink.

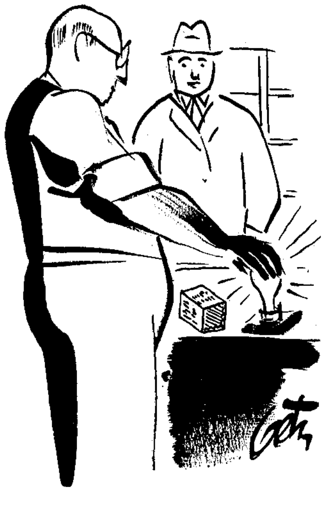
I'm scared now the Boss will come, but I say to her again, "The old man, damn him, why don't you throw him overboard?"

"Why don't you?" she says. "The answer is we are both bloody cowards."

"And Mr. Pierre?"

"He's something else. If it wasn't for the old man, I would go away with him overseas. I want to get out of this."

Things are not going too well with her. I have never thought of that. I feel I want to do something big for her, but what? You can't do big things



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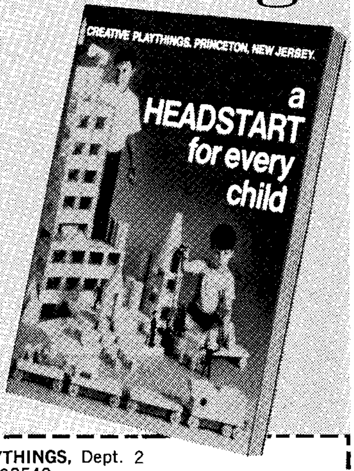
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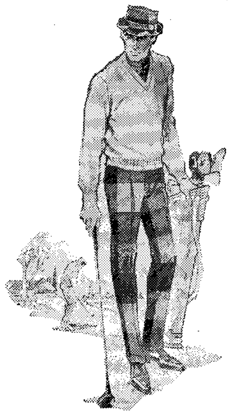

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when you are small and also a coward like she says, and it's true. The Lord is with me—it all slips out of my heart what I came for and what I want, and I go back up the companionway.

On deck, I hear footsteps come dragging along the planks down the jetty. It's the Boss and it's too late to make a run. He stands at the head of the gangplank. "Who's that?" he shouts. I come across and he backs away. Then he sees it's me and is he mad! What am I doing on the boat? No one's allowed on board. You'd think I cooked his goose. I say the telephone line's down and I been sent to check.

It has given me a big fright and he's still mad. He pants and holds his hand in his side. I think of this gray old sick man and of Mr. Pierre like a silver fish *in the moon.* The Boss cools down and he says, "All right, Desmond. I know you are doing your duty. But you understand nobody comes on board the boat."

"Nobody," I say.

On the way back to the guardhouse I see this is not going to last. If I have to put the pinch on the Boss I must not lose time, and if I hurry it can be dangerous. He is ugly and not worried about the gatekeeper and his sick child. They can fix things on me, and then I find myself breaking stones on the Island for a long time. Still I can laugh—the worst thing a man can ever do is go soft on a young woman when it's already bedtime for his grandchildren.

IN the guardhouse I get more time to think what a fool I am and how I was saved tonight. Far away the best I can do is to get clean out. Take Kathy and hit out for a farm and dig potatoes a bit to let things cool off. I don't want to be at the crash. I say this—as God is my witness it's true. I never asked for trouble and I tried to keep out. I want to go steady and take Kathy to the Tabernacle Sunday nights, and Mrs. Isaacs also. I feel good and clean and I get to thinking where I can sell my uniform and peak cap, and I still got some of the Boss's hundred pounds. Then somebody comes to the gate—a white lady in a car—and I ask for her permit.

She does not want to enter the harbor area. I can understand that—she is no chicken, and alone.

"Lady, are you looking for your lost doggie?" I make a joke.

She gets out and says, "What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing, lady."

She looks at me and away, and what-

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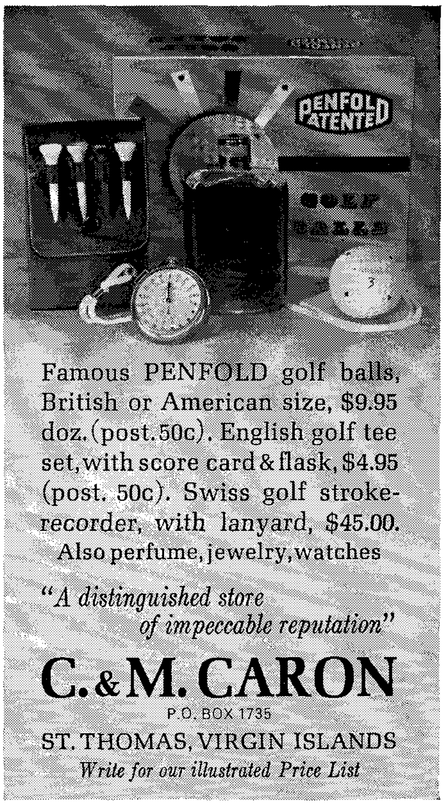

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ever it is sticks in her throat and she can't say it. Then she asks does anyone come in the harbor at night.

"Nobody," I say.

"Are you sure?"

"Why lady, I'm the night guard and there's only one gate open and nobody gets in or out unless they climb over the iron spikes and barbed wire and glass and it's not simple."

"If I had a permit, I could get in?"

"If that's what you mean, yes," I say. "People who come in with permits are trawlermen and Navy and lightkeepers and it's their business."

"Nobody else?"

I shake my head and I knock out my pipe and spit around a bit to get rid of her. She's no picture postcard. Fat, over two hundred pound easy, and she has to take short steps and her feet apart. And old, too—gray. She's got a *doek* tied over her hair, and a black coat. There are tears or sweat on her face—tears, I think. I don't like the look of her. She opens her handbag and takes out a lot of money—ten-pound notes clipped together in a thick pad, it's the truth. She says again, "Are you sure you let nobody else in this gate—tonight, for instance?"

I say, "Lady, are you trying to bribe an official of the State?"

She tells me she is not bribing, but any truthful information I give her she will pay for at its proper value.

I don't like that about proper value. By this time I know who she is, all right, and I am in a fix. She must have a few hundred pounds in her hand.

"Is there a boat here called the Morning Star?" she asks.

I shake my head and I say to her, "Who are you, lady, and who are you looking for?"

She starts crying. "I can't tell you who I am." And she pleads and begs me to help her.

I get indignant and I begin to believe what I'm saying: I am in a position of trust—long service and good conduct and all that muck—and what she should do is go to the police with her troubles.

"Oh God, no," she says.

"Well, don't tempt a father of small children with your money. In any case, you are on the wrong scent, lady. Someone has been whispering scandal and lies. I know everybody I let through these gates, and your good husband doesn't come here after the good-time girls, so forget it."

She lets her mouth drop open. Then she turns round and gets in the car and drives off. And the money, too. I acted honest and did the right thing. At the

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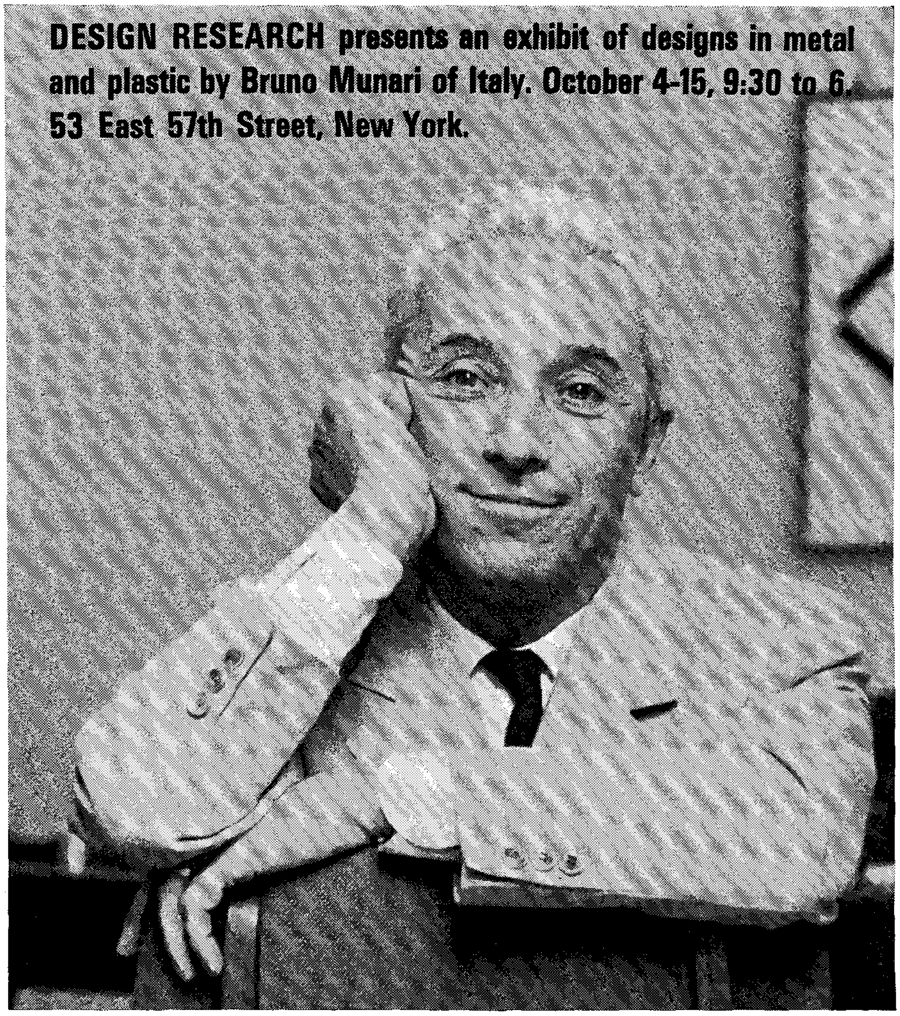

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same time, I am thinking what I'll get from the Boss. Who has let this story out to the old lady? They are so careful, he and Madam, and still she knows something. Wives mostly are the last to hear, and you can tell them their husbands are shebeening and making the night girls, but they don't believe it. I guess it came from Mr. Pierre, it is his way of breaking up the love nest. He must have fallen for her very bad. The two of them. And me also if I stood a chance—me, David Cupido!

When the Boss comes out later that night, he is not looking his best, not at all. I have the gates shut and I stand near the window and give him a hard stare.

He says sharp, "What are you waiting for, boy! Open up!"

"Boss," I say, "your wife was here looking for you." I let that sink in.

He seems to go small and shrink down till there's hardly any of his face showing between his black homburg and his black velvet coat collar, and then he says, "What do you mean, my wife?"

I describe her exact, and I say, "It may not be the wife and it may not be you she's looking for," but he does not answer. Then I add the bit about the money—the ten-pound notes clipped together—and what she said about paying for information at its proper value. Also how I put her off the scent.

I am putting on the squeeze, and he feels it. Straight out he says, "How much?"

I say, "There was a hundred notes if you ask me—I never counted them but a hundred at least, Boss, holding it in her hand—and I say, 'Lady, are you trying to bribe an official of the State?' "

"I don't carry that much money on me," he says.

"Tomorrow," I say.

The way he looks at me. I never get over it all that day, I never sleep, and I want to take Kathy and go. But there it is.

I REPORT for duty in the evening and it's like nothing has happened. Mr. Pierre turns up early and the Boss turns up at ten-fifteen, and I telephone through two rings to Evening Star, and I have difficulty with the lock to give Mr. Pierre his five minutes clear. The Boss gives me a brown paper packet and drives on back of the customs shed. I am so trembling I can hardly open the packet. There are fifty notes, ten pounds each—only fifty. I told him the old lady had at least a hundred. That's

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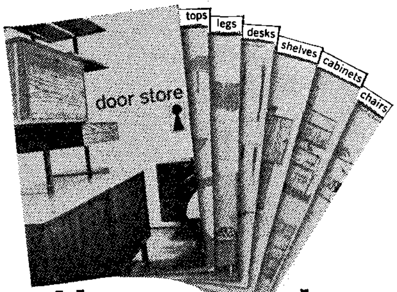

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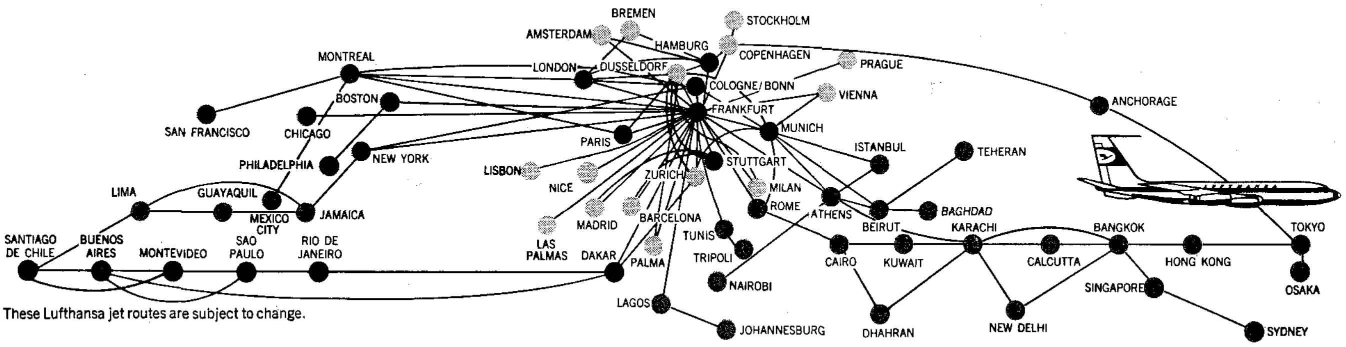
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what he is! I can find no marks on the notes, but they mark with invisible. So I run without stopping and I hide the packet under a loose stone in the promenade.

When I get back, Mr. Pierre is waiting for me in the guardhouse. He is smoking a pipe and he nods. "Desmond," he says, "thanks for everything. This is goodbye. I'm off."

"Where are you going then, Mr. Pierre?"

"Oh, anywhere, but I'm going."

"And Madam?"

"I can't say, Desmond. Do you know anything about women?"

"Mr. Pierre," I say, "why don't you push the old man overboard?"

"No, old boy, he's too dangerous to touch."

I say he's not dangerous, he's sick and weak and crumpled up, and I tell Mr. Pierre about the money.

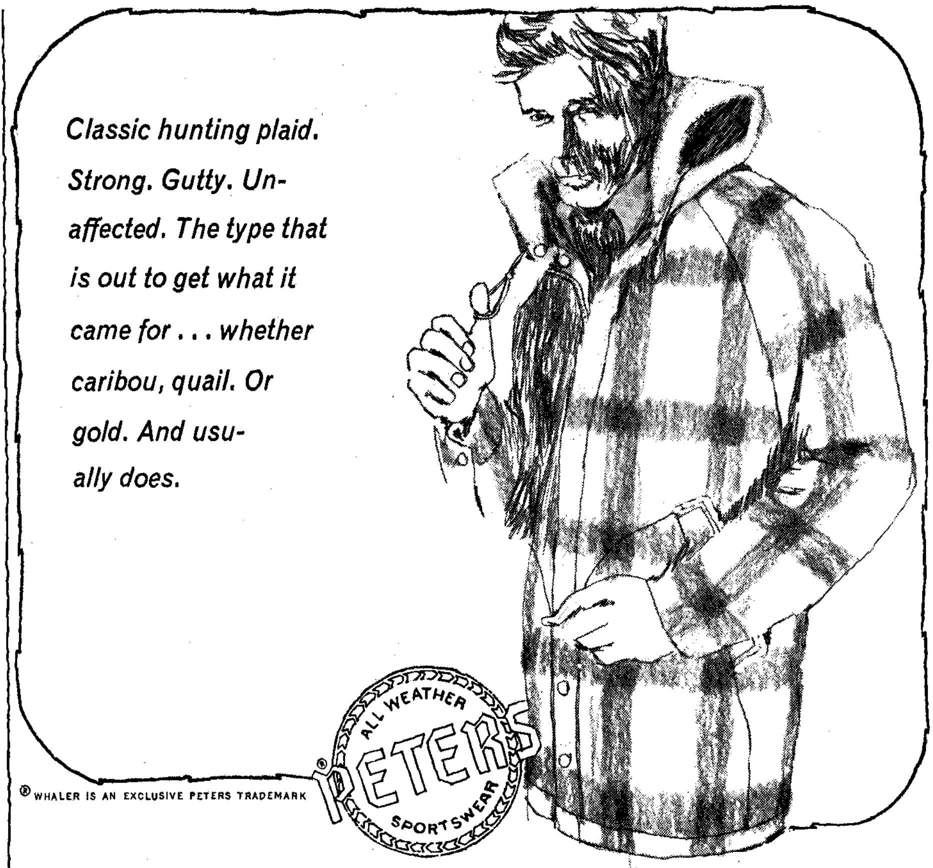
He says, "You watch out," and he knocks out his pipe and he walks off.

I am scared. I can't think now, and I get a feeling I want to pray. I want to stand up in the Tabernacle and confess and be saved.

Then the time comes for the Boss to leave. I let him out and I feel lighter. I think of fetching back the money under the stone. There is a knock at my window. Madam. She waves and runs straight for the gate and begins letting herself out. She says nothing. I help her with the bolt.

She thanks me and she stops a second and she says, "The Evening Star." That's all.

I do not understand then. But later I take a walk past the customs shed and out front of the harbor master's office. It is dark over the water and the jetties, and the mastheads of the yachts just swing a little against the stars. I cannot make out anything at No. 4 Jetty. I have seen the shape of Evening Star so often, gray against the dark, and now I cannot make her out. Where she used to lie seems a darker shadow in the night. I think it is my eyes. I take a walk down that way, and near the jetty I am sure. She is not tied up at the old berth. Well, she has been cut loose, and soon I find where she is drifting out in the open water. The tide has turned and she is spinning slowly round. I have an idea the hull is deeper in the water than it should be, but that can be the distance. I go back up the jetty and along the breakwater to the harbor mouth. The red flashlight is going regular and there is a slight sea mist. As I guess, Evening Star is caught in the tide drift and it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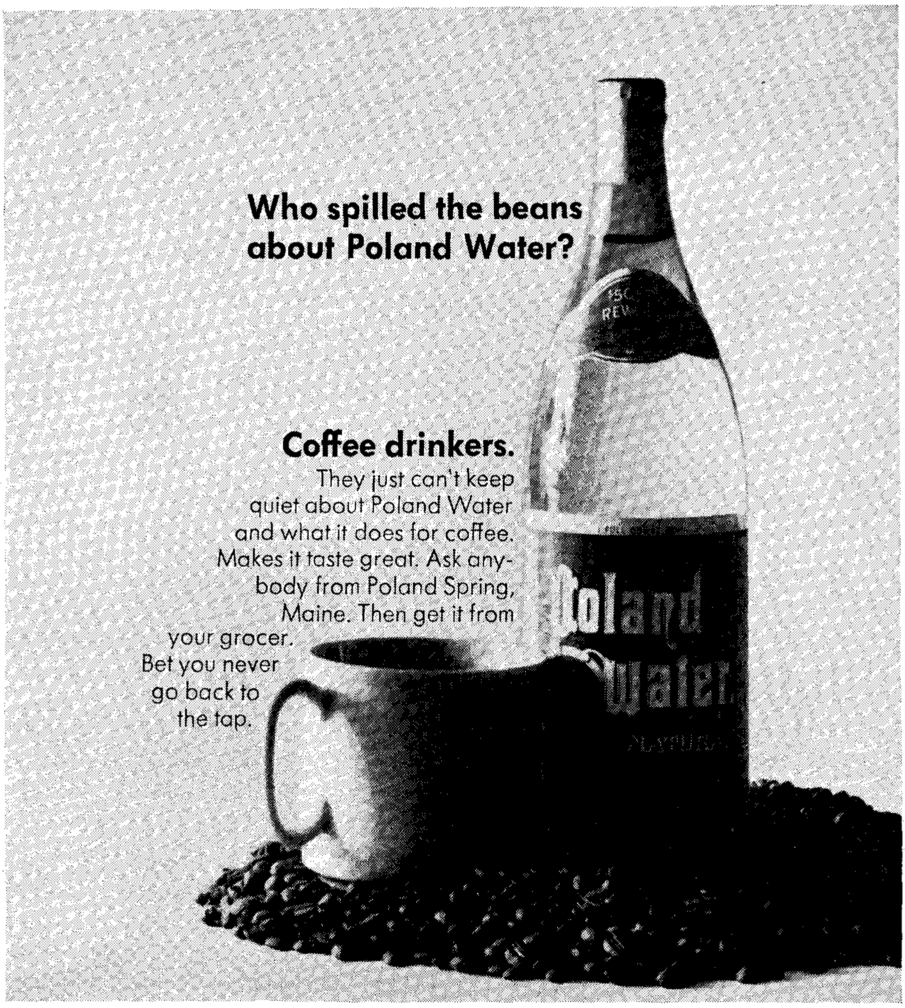
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carries her slow out across the low swell to the open sea. She has settled down more into the water and is leaking—or a sea cock has been turned. I watch the boat go out into the deep ocean, out until there is nothing more of her.

Going back, I run. What I am going to do I don't know. But I do not have to decide. At the guardhouse the detectives are waiting.

I don't lie to you. The money is under a stone unless they have taken up the paving. Let it rot; leastways I don't have no use for it here. I have come back to God. The Boss, he could talk nice and he hated me all the time and me him. He is still there a big man and going to church, and me doing time. I pray for his soul. Funny thing is they got me for sabotage, and who cut the ropes and sank Evening Star I will never know, if it wasn't Madam. That's how you get your hand cut off in other people's business when the Devil tempts. Anyhow, it could be worse. If you go and see Kathy, sir, she is light almost like you and she is with Mrs. Isaacs, I think. —JACK COPE

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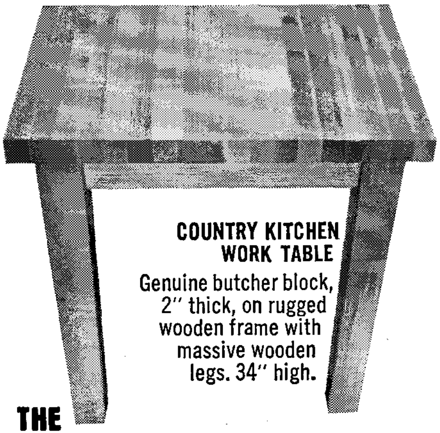
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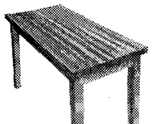

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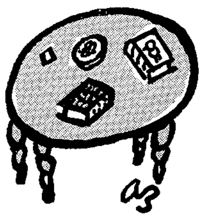
BOOKS

One More Anatomy



IT is modish in this decade to refer to the anatomy of a thing or a problem, but Robert Burton really jumped the gun in 1621 with his philosophical exposition of melancholy. There has been published and filmed a successful legal thriller called "Anatomy of a Murder." In March of 1966, a news weekly printed an "Anatomy of Inflation." And so on. In turn, I plan to discuss the anatomy of a recipe. I could as easily call it a history, a study, an outline, but I like the sound of "anatomy." According to dictionaries, "anatomy" concerns the standard makeup of a thing, or an examination of its parts, or the act of dividing it for observation. I think what I write will qualify for all of these definitions, and it will be done with both passion and precision, for I feel strongly on the subject and consider myself experienced, if not skilled.

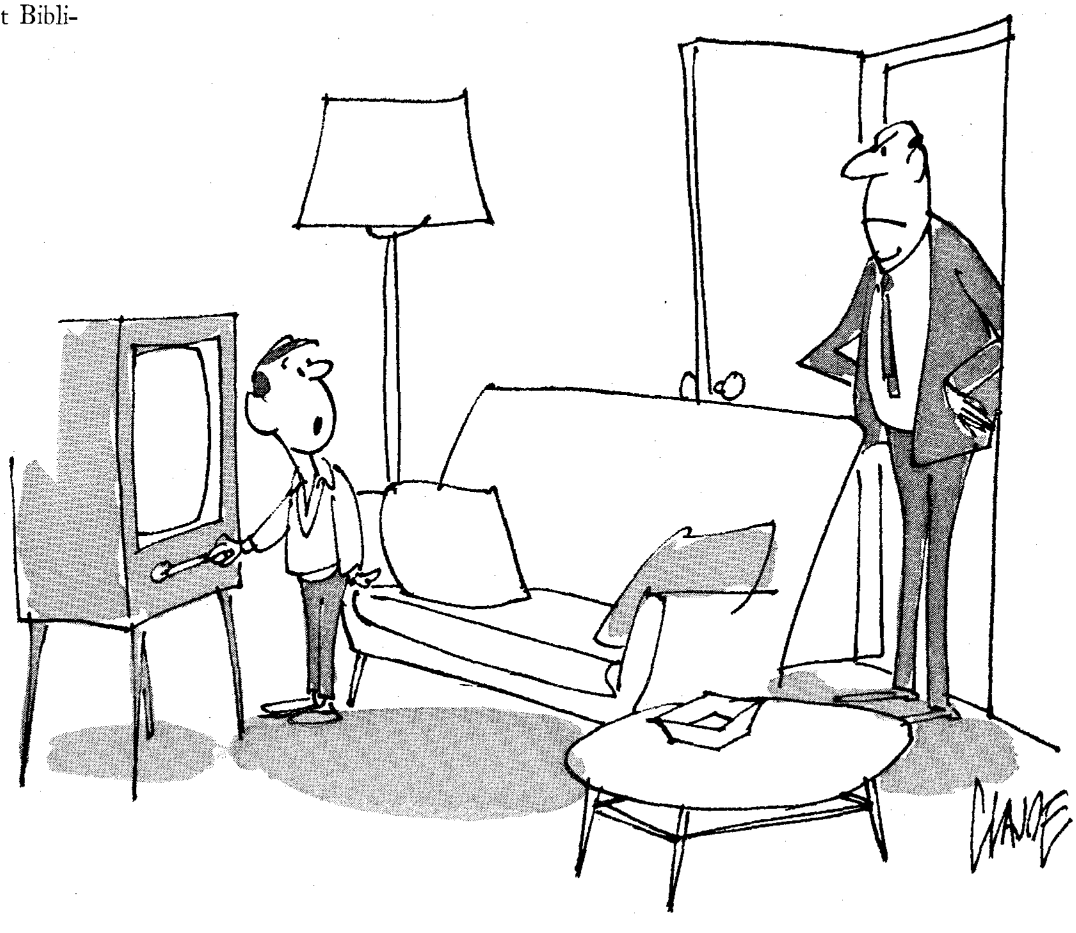
The reasons for the gradual changes in a basic recipe, like one for wheat bread, are inextricably tangled with man's history and presumed progress. A thing like soup, which Jacob sold to Esau for his birthright (the first Biblical reference to the restaurant trade), is too vague to trace unless one settles definitely upon the *kind* of soup—in this case a pottage of lentils—but the method of making a good lentil soup, even as for a loaf of good wheat bread, has changed little in the several thousand years since it was first mentioned. It is only the way of writing the recipe that has evolved, to be trimmed to our changing tempo of reading, preparing, producing. More amusing to contemplate than bread or soup is cheesecake—less than a staple, more like a treat, a delicacy. In one form or another, but nearly always based on sweetened curds, it has been written about and even hymned for centuries. It moved with all the benign as well as corrupt attributes of culture from the East and the Near East into Greece and Rome, and in the almost intolerably lengthy banquet described by Athenaeus in the second century A.D. and called "The Deipnosophists," many pages are devoted to it, and there are numerous classical references to it by the gabby guests, all of whom could apparently quote every writer of the ancient world, including themselves. One Alexis sang from his own "Philiscus":

> Now is the time to clear the table,
> and
> To bring each guest some water for
> his hands,
> And garlands, perfumes, and libations,
> Frankincense, and a chafing dish.
> Now give
> Some sweetmeats, and let all some
> cheesecakes have.

Athenaeus wistfully limited himself to giving only the names of the famous men who had written on the art of making cheesecake, but he added that he would communicate to his guests at the banquet his own appraisement, "not treating you as Socrates was treated in the matter of the cheesecake which was sent to him by Alcibiades, for Xanthippe took it and trampled upon it, upon which Socrates laughed [at his shrewish wife], and said, 'At all events, you will not have any of it yourself.' But I, so fond of cheesecakes, should have been very sorry to see that divine one so injuriously treated." Athenaeus wrote, among many other things, of how bridegrooms were presented with cheesecakes by their brides in Argos, and how brides in another district were given the cakes, delicately shaped like breasts, by their maiden attendants. He listed the ingredients of many cakes, but not often as concisely as in this one from Crete:

> Take some nuts and some almonds, and also a poppy. Roast this last with great care, and then take the seed and pound it in a clean mortar; then, adding fruits, beat them up with boiled honey, putting in plenty of pepper, and make the whole into a soft mass (but it will be of a black color because of the poppy); flatten it and make it into a square shape; then, having pounded some white sesame, soften that too with boiled honey, and draw it out into two cakes, placing one beneath and the other above [the poppy mixture] . . . and make it into a neat shape.

Athenaeus added that this was a recipe "of that clever writer on confectionery, Chrysippus," who, as far as can be judged so long since, forgot to add any cheese at all to his cake. Sopater the



"But gee, Pop, when I turn on television I turn off worries."

farce writer, in his drama entitled "Pylae," both equally unremembered except for loyal Athenaeus the name-tosser, wrote:

> Who was it who invented first
> black cakes
> Of the uncounted poppy seed? who
> mix'd
> The yellow compounds of delicious
> sweetmeats?

It was Chrysippus, silly Sopater!

One of the few people who have had either intrinsic or acquired knowledge suitable to transposing ancient recipes into modern form is Esther B. Aresty, in "The Delectable Past" (Simon & Schuster, 1964). I cannot guess what Mrs. Aresty would do with the directions for "black cakes of the uncounted poppy seed," but my confidence in her is such that I use without question such adaptations of hers as one for an almond cheesecake that "borrows its inspiration directly from the ancients," as she discreetly describes it. Her book, based on her small but impressive collection of old and rare cookery manuals, beginning with a fifteenth-century Latin manuscript of "De Re Coquinaria," by Apicius, and ending with Mrs. Simon Kander's "The Settlement Cook Book: The Way to a Man's Heart" (1901), is written directly and is well edited, and it is illustrated by reproductions of engravings and pages from her library. From start to finish, she proves amiably that old recipes can be adapted to modern tastes and prejudices, and as far as I can see, in my compulsive anatomizing of every recipe I ever look at, she never slips. Furthermore, she plainly writes with taste; that is, she knows what she is discussing, with her intellect as well as her palate. Very few writers about food have this intuitive gift, no matter how cultivated their senses may be. (A good, and regretted, example was Sheila Hibben. Another, also sadly gone, was Helen Evans Brown. Even if they wrote of something they themselves detested, they either *tasted* what was right about it or refused to waste time on it.) Mrs. Aresty's pleasant and informative book seems to prove that she is among the chosen, and many of her recipes are firm evidence that the art of writing for the kitchen has made some progress over the past thousand years.

It was slow going. There were the Dark Ages to hinder things, when books went underground, like much of the rest of civilized life. With light and the Renaissance, old manuscripts like Apicius's were pulled from the cells and cellars where they had been

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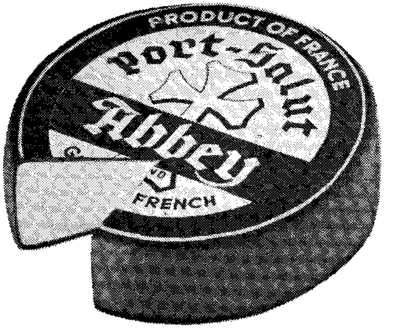

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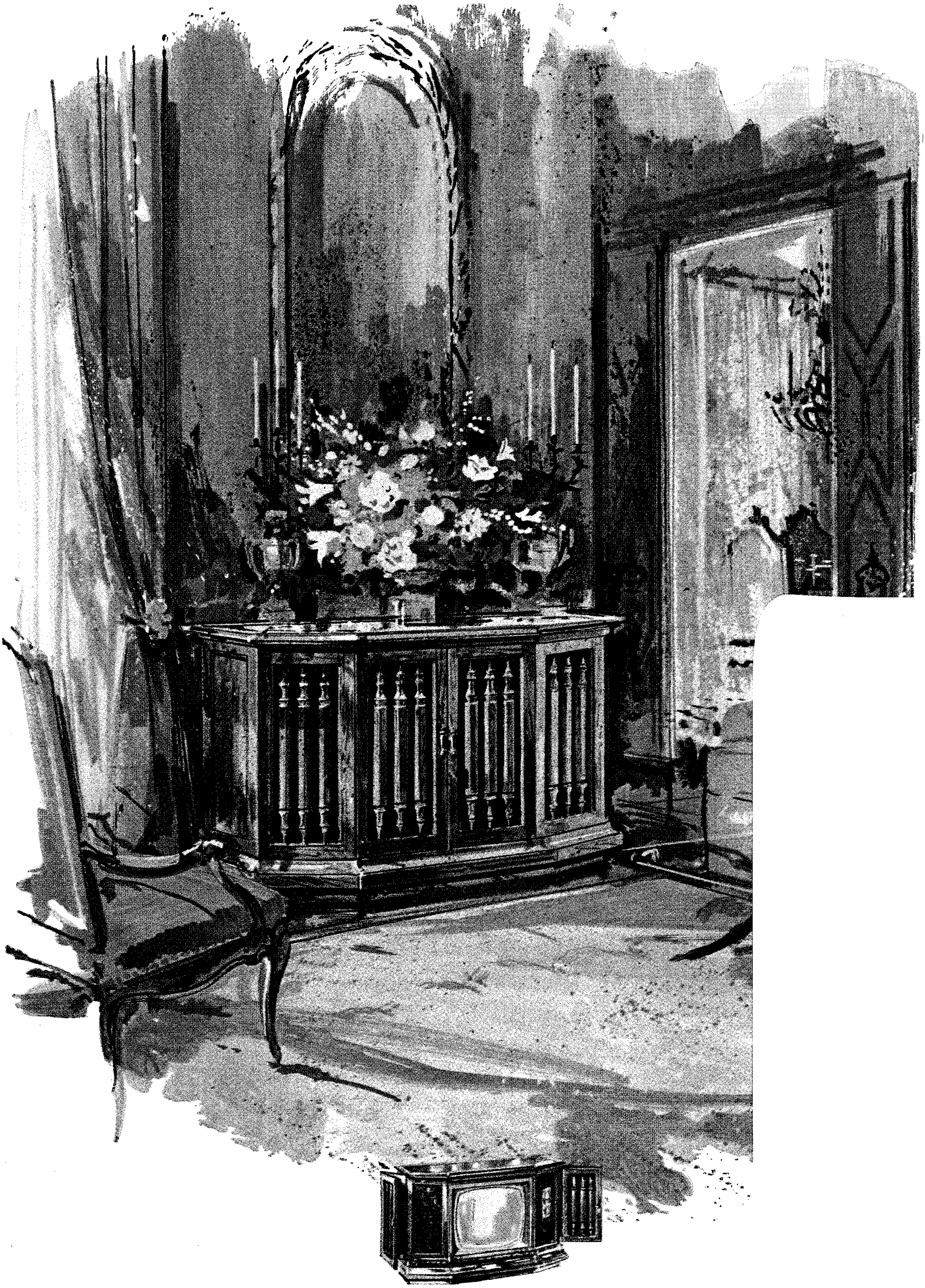

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hidden, and the ancient rules were read out again to the illiterate cooks who must follow them: a little of this, some of that, baked long enough, and then served forth. It was a priest or a steward, and then—gradually, as it proved profitable to marry a wife who could read and write—the lady of the house, who directed the kitchen, and obviously it was assumed that the cooks knew basic principles to be followed in preparing any dish, whether baked or boiled. By 1650, ladies were keeping what they called receipt books to hand on to their oldest daughters; many Americans did this until past the turn of the last century, and I have both my grandmothers', stained, brittle, and shockingly archaic in their vagueness and confusion. A number of collections got into print as people of the new middle class learned to read and to ape the aristocracy. They were called tempting things like "A Closet for Ladies and Gentlemen" (Sir Hugh Plat, London, 1608), "The Queen's Closet Opened" (London, 1655), "The Accomplished Ladies' Rich Closet of Rarities" (John Shirley, London, 1687). Of all the "closets," the one I like best is Sir Kenelm Digby's, "published by his son's consent" in 1669. It has a recipe for Herring Pye:

> Put great store of sliced onions, with Currants and Raisins of the sun both above and under the Herrings, and store of butter, and so bake.

The fact that no crusts are mentioned proves that Sir Kenelm trusted his cook, to whom he read the instructions, to know that anything called a pie, and certainly any pie in *England*, had/has crusts above and below, perforce, of *course*.

The old receipt books, mostly kept by ladies instead of their husbands, are rare and crumbling by now, and hard to read. One I have liked for a long time was finished in 1694 by Ann Blencowe, and was kept by her descendants and published in London by Chapman in 1925. It is plain that many of her receipts are much more precise, more detailed, than earlier ones. This was because her book was meant to be studied and understood by succeeding generations of housekeepers, although, naturally, Ann Blencowe could not have conceived that her descendants would actually cook in their own kitchens, translating her receipts to cope with electric ranges, pre-sifted flour, and the Servant Problem. Here is a good "rule" she gave for Brandy Cake (Mrs. Morice's). (Such attribution is a nostalgic trick of all the old

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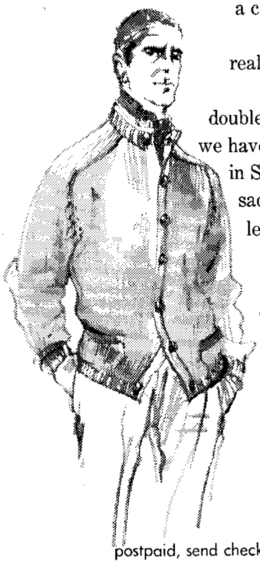

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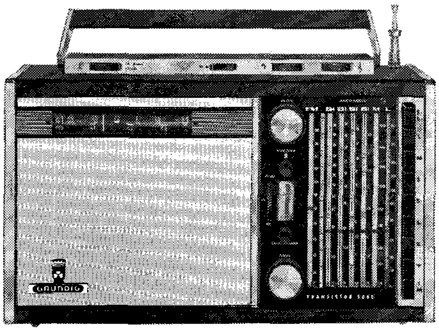

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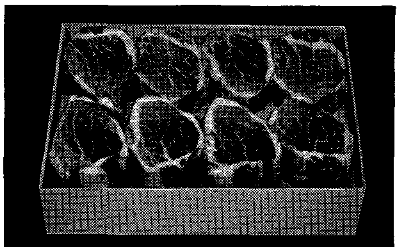

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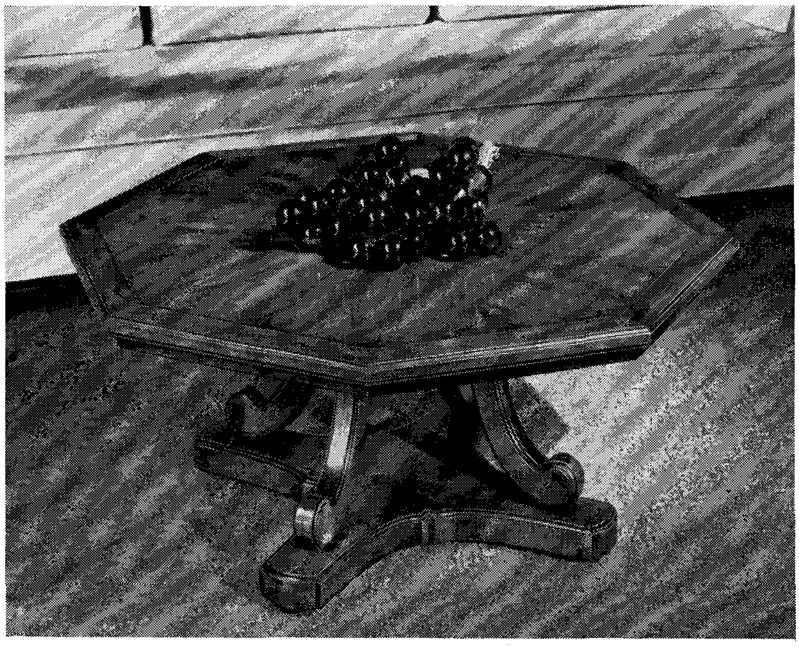

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farewell to "the rule of thumb" in cookery and it gave exact measurements for all the ingredients of a dish, as well as the order of their use. It is true that they were not listed first of all, as I prefer them to be, but at least a clear look at the recipe would tell the cook everything that would be called for, and he (or more probably she) could trust the good Doctor (non-practicing but always fired with professional curiosity) to recount the method in its correct sequence. Myself, I quibble about doing a number of his tricks as they come along in his narration; I would like to have some of the additions prepared in advance rather than let the whole business cool off while I browned one chopped onion in butter to add to a tureen of soup, and *then* mixed curry powder with flour and three cups of the soup and added it all to the same tureen. It is perhaps the fault of the modern tempo. I think his curry broth would profit by standing, for one thing, or even simmering a bit. But I bow to Dr. Kitchiner with respect and thanks, and with real regret that I cannot digress to write a long book about him and his quirks—the way he locked his guests either in or out, depending upon their promptness, and the way he . . . But it is not for now.

Mrs. Isabella Beeton owed a lot to him, too, just as we all do to her. Her "Book of Household Management," which first came out in 1861 and is still in print in a "modernized" version that is not half as much fun, gave recipes adapted to middle-class English households with the minimum staff (a bare one for those days) of three servants, but with the "lady" running the whole thing, from the bursting nursery high abovestairs to the bustling kitchen-scullery-buttery-pantry below. Mrs. Beeton not only continued with the weird old Doctor's ideas about precise measurements but noted the correct cooking times (given a scullery maid who knew how to stoke the ranges properly), the number of servings (given a family and guests who knew what was proper to take upon one's plate), the time needed for preparation (given a stern and experienced cook), and the approximate cost. This last is the main reason for preferring an old to a new edition of the encyclopedic work—fascinating financially!

It really was not until 1896 that order jumped the Atlantic into American kitchen records. This was the year Miss Fannie Merritt Farmer published at her own expense "The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book." She in-

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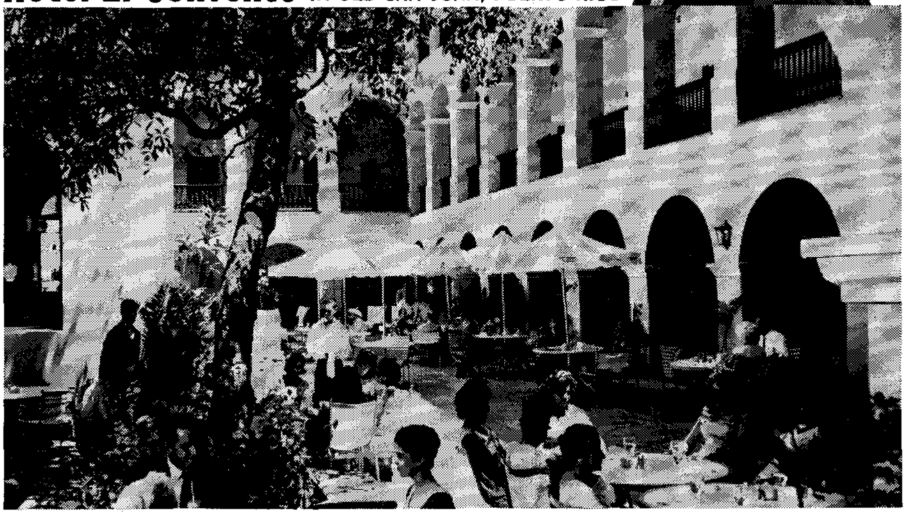

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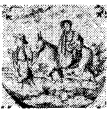

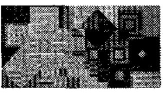

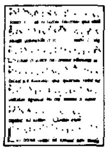

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recipes in much this fashion from their favorite sources:

> For a Nut Cake, cream butter and sugar. Beat egg whites and yolks separately. Fold. Add liquids. Sift flour and baking powder together and add gradually. Add nutmeg. Slice nuts, dust them and raisins with flour, and add. Grease loaf pans. Bake, etc., etc.

This recipe, once it has been put into some sequence of procedure and given correct quantities, is a good one, but I do not believe that it came, as my mother firmly believed, from Mrs. William Vaughn Moody's "Cook-Book." At least, I cannot find it there. Mrs. Moody wrote in a genteel style that I think pleased Mother because its rambling asides were refreshing in the no-nonsense pattern of American kitchen trusties. It had something of the nonchalance of a Georgian duchess dictating to her head pastry cook a recipe already too familiar to both of them, but although the Moody listings of ingredients tended to be erratic, most of her recipes are worth study and translation. Fortunately, I was a ruthless spotter of anatomical faults by the time Mrs. Moody's book was given to me, in 1934, and I knew a good basic pattern when I saw one. But worse than mayhem would face any inexperienced cook who tried to make a batter containing beaten eggs and liquids and baking powder and then put it aside to slice a large quantity of nuts, dust them and raisins in flour (which has not been mentioned in the ingredients and must now be sought out), and *then* grease loaf pans, and *then*, as far as can be known, heat the oven and bake at an unspecified temperature and apparently "till done"!

A recipe is supposed to be a formula, a means prescribed for producing a desired result, whether that be an atomic weapon, a well-trained Pekinese, or an omelette. There can be no frills about it, no ambiguities, and above all no "little secrets." A cook who indulges in such covert and destructive vanity as to leave out one ingredient of a recipe that someone has admired and asked to copy is not honest and therefore is not a *good cook*. He is betraying his profession and his art. He may well be a thief or a drunkard or even a fool away from his kitchens, but no matter; the point is that he is not a good *cook* if he cheats himself in this puny and sadistic trickery of his admirers, and no deep-fat kettle is too hot to brown him in.

Given such a simple definition of a recipe as the one Webster and I have settled on and as culinary near-gods

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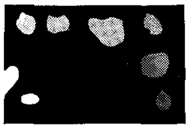

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like Kitchiner and Beeton and Farmer have set forth, it is exceeding strange that examples of abuse should continue to come so easily to hand. Even experienced cooks often err, but amateurs are the prime problems. Of the handiwork of these last, I think the slim and beautifully printed volumes that float out of London through wars and pestilence are the most quotable. Usually they are on fine paper, with skillful and pleasing woodcuts, and a tiny preface by somebody famous, and they are chatty and full of pet names for people who almost inadvertently are revealed to be very "county" or "stage" or even "literary." A helpless but harmless example of this kind of cookery-bookery is "Delightful Food," by two ladies named Salter and Whitney, with a wee foreword by (yes!) Noël Coward and good decorations by Oliver Messel, published in London in 1957 by Sidgwick & Jackson. Most of the recipes start out with the comfortably historical "take": Take a pound of shrimps. . . . Take some lettuce. . . . The style is informal; one is discussing, between peers, what was a *succès fou* at last night's little standup supper for Imogene (Lady) Craddo, or may be so tonight after Wallie's new opening. A few of the rules give more or less exact ingredients, but in most of them it would be a chancy path indeed from the first "take" to the table. This is mainly because there is no time sequence, no logical progression—unless one perhaps has absorbed the right amount of gin-and-lime. For a dish called Veal *au Porto*, after a vague outline for cooking the dish, one is told to "arrange the pieces [of meat] on your dish, let it get cold, and serve with mixed vegetable salad. Pour the sauce over them." Over what? The mixed vegetables? When? After the veal has been served with the salad? How cold? Which? Eh? What say? Here is another prime sample (but almost any page will yield a juicy harvest of such plums) of the bland ambiguity of the fashionable style:

> (For *Croûte au Jambon*) Take a few slices of lean cooked ham, cut them into small pieces and warm them in butter. Bind with a stiff and creamy horseradish sauce and serve on hot buttered toast. Then sprinkle the top with grated cheese which should be browned under the grill.

The time element in this instance is almost hysterically askew for anyone mercilessly stone-cold sober. The *croûtes* are served and *then* sprinkled with grated cheese. But is it really the *cheese* that should be browned under the grill before it is sprinkled upon the canapés of pieces of ham? And how

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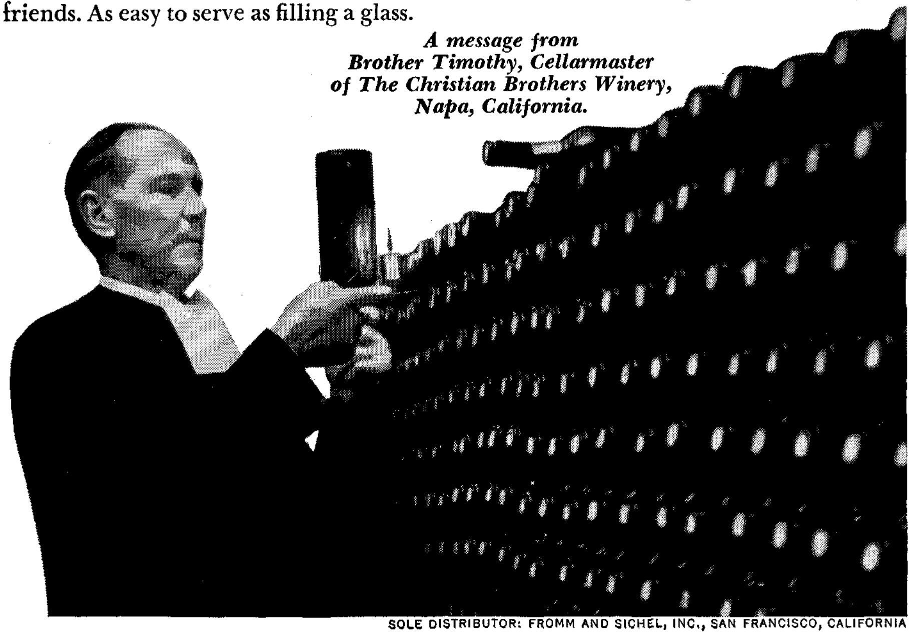

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would it then be *sprinkled* upon them, cheese behaving as it does, and they waiting to be sprinkled but apparently already served? Such culinary humor, almost always accidental, makes for innocent merriment when read aloud, and most of it has a better spice and ring to it if it comes from England than if it comes from here at home. Here, we tend to be less lightsome. There are fewer elegant and giddy little books like "Delightful Food," partly because American mass publishers are leery of them but mostly because the mainstream of our seeming flood of cookbooks comes from established "culinary authorities," with large research staffs and definite "ideas" in mind. Gastronomical guides in the United States are for the most part written with a flat, undistinguished sameness, which can become a dangerous occupational hazard to people who must for professional reasons read them with conscientious attention. They are, in other words, rarely funny. Often, they are coy or whimsical. More often, they are larded with asides on the general worldliness of the compiler's background: Rome, Istanbul for the off season, a villa on Crete. . . . Most often, they depend for their hoped-for appeal upon casual and even intimate nostalgia: how many oyster crabs Great-Uncle John speared the night he and Diamond Jim competed at a Saratoga dinner table; how Paw used to catch catfish for Maw to serve as *truites au bleu* when she ran the boarding house; how Missie Mary-Lou canned her dewberries. . . . Rarely funny, anyway, for a *real* laugh. The formulas for the recipes themselves are often more suited to my demands, thanks to eagle-eyed graduates on the publishing staffs who have been trained to modern patterns, but the usual makeup of "idea" books lacks the extra distinction that can occur inadvertently, as in some of the London books, or discreetly, as in Mrs. Moody's or even such a standard manual as "The Boston" or Mrs. Rombauer's "Joy of Cooking."

A good recipe should, for modern convenience, consist of three parts: name, ingredients, method. The first will perforce give some sort of description; one does not simply say "Cake" or "Bread" but "Gold Sponge Cake" or "Greek Honey Bread." The ingredients should be listed in columnar order instead of in a running sentence, and according to the order of their use and with the exact amount of each ingredient given before its name. The method should always tell the temperature of the oven first, if one is needed,

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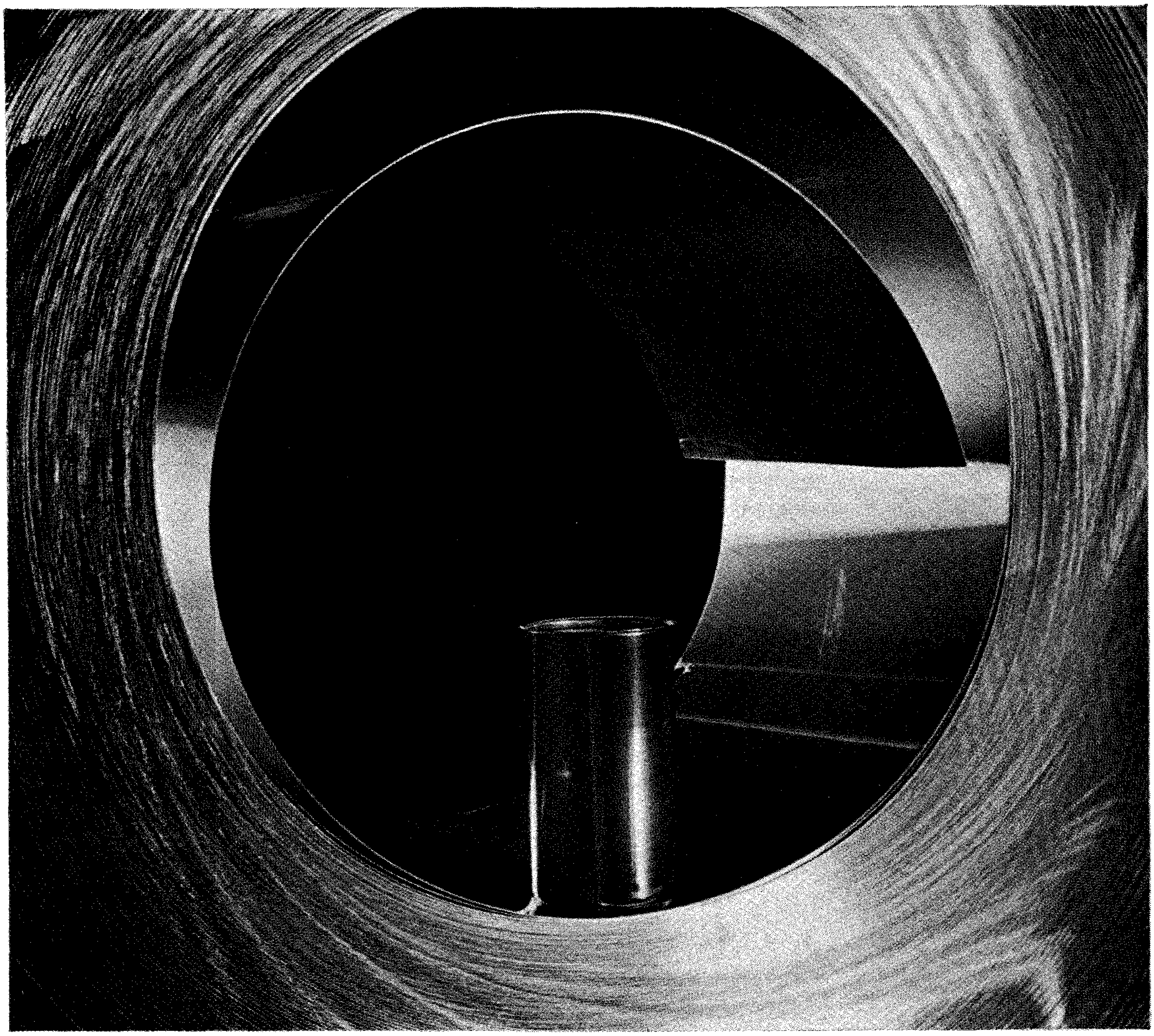

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and should indicate in the simplest possible prose what equipment is needed as the method proceeds: a saucepan rather than a double boiler, a shallow skillet, a deep bowl. Among the "physical receipts" that were an essential part of any household manual in the medieval and Renaissance periods I found an interesting recipe, or what might be called a prescription, which I rewrote to use as an example of what I try to prove in this personal anatomy of such a thing:

NAME:
To Drive a Woman Crazy
INGREDIENTS:
1 or more nutmegs, ground
1 left shoe of
1 woman
METHOD:
Sprinkle small amount of nutmeg in left shoe every night at midnight, until desired results are obtained with woman.

There is an essential question about this arbitrary formularizing: Does a correct recipe also give the results, the desired end of the procedure? In the case of the woman and the shoe and the nutmeg, any kind of description is best unattempted. Some good modern writers, even of the sternly impersonal "standards," occasionally permit themselves a relaxing comment like "This keeps well and is fine for picnics" or "Our First Lady once ate this and asked for more." In the uninhibited school of modern gastronomical chitchat—mostly from the gentlemen—the reminiscences and asides about a dish are bountiful and often very entertaining, if one has the time.

There is increasing improvement in the style of cookery writing that falls between these two stools of strict manuals and charming kitchen talk. A few good books are being written and even *published* with the respect due any honest work, both of and about an art that may be one of our last firm grasps on reality—that of eating and drinking with intelligence and grace in evil days. One of the best of these, I think, is Michael Field's "Cooking School" (Barrows, distributed by William Morrow, 1965). It is subtitled "A Selection of Great Recipes Demonstrating the Pleasures and Principles of Fine Cooking," and it is proof that an unhurried, kindly assault on the terrors of *la haute cuisine* can be made with heartwarming success. First of all, the leader must be a teacher, a person divinely gifted to make other people learn. Then he must know how to use the common language—in Mr. Field's case, American English—so that there will be no risk of a confusion of syntax in his calm, impersonal directives, no

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dangling participles and eggshells, no split infinitives and fingers, no grammatical lapses into illogicality and no flat soufflés. Mr. Field, in his detached, easy prose, seems to qualify admirably for these strict requirements. I have not attended any of the cooking-school lessons from which his book is obviously formed, but there is ever present the ineffable feeling that Teacher loves his job. The introduction is succinct, eminently sensible, and yet impassioned, as when Mr. Field permits himself a one-paragraph dismissal of the abused term "gourmet cooking" (which he promises never to mention again). His recipes are intelligently chosen, deeply studied, and presented with reassuring skill, so that one cannot but agree with his opinion that "given a love for fine food, a palate of some sensibility, and sound instructions, anyone, I am convinced, can learn to cook well."

The recipes are divided into five sections, because the book is a personal system and not a standard manual of so-called basic cookery. First, Mr. Field comments upon the dish to be prepared—sometimes a little of its origin and history, the where and why. He describes its contrasts of flavors. This is done dispassionately, without persuasion. Then, after noting always "To serve four" or "eight" or whatever, he lists the ingredients as I myself wish them to be: correct amounts, in order of use. He makes comments on them, like where to find the best veal and how to care for it once it is in the larder, and how to keep rice from getting sticky while it waits. Next, he gives the method of preparation, in his own leisurely but precise prose, strictly obedient to the time sequence of the recipe's demands. Fourth, usually, is his gentle advice on how to serve the dish—with what vegetables, even in what weather! Now and then he suggests a wine, depending upon the culinary status of the dish: a "young, not too robust red such as Beaujolais" with a braised smoked ham with tarragon cream; with lobster à l'Américaine, "a bottle of white Bordeaux Graves if you can still afford it;" with a beef carbonnade "it would seem illogical, however, to serve . . . anything but ice-cold beer." The most interesting part of the Field exposés is a recipe's last section, the fifth, called "Afterthoughts." It consists of comments and what I call kitchen crutches—to use what is left over and to substitute flavors and to obtain some like results with different methods. In the discussion of Beef à la Mode, for instance, there are five afterthoughts. The first suggests vegetable oil in place

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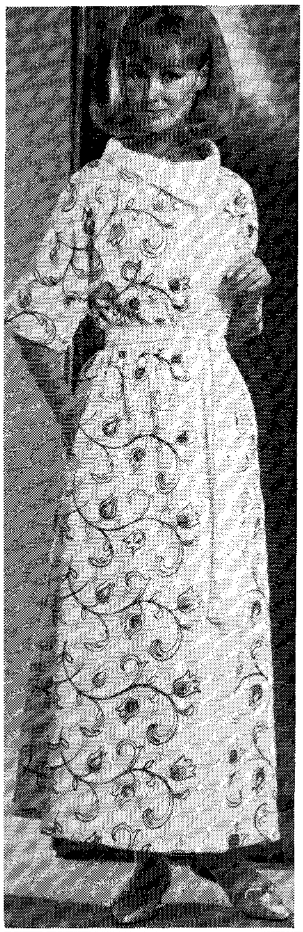

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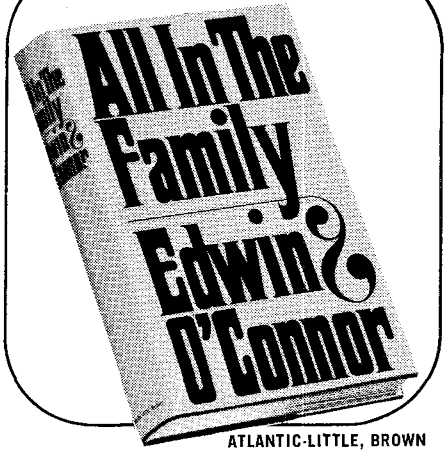

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of fresh pork fat, in case of dietary restrictions, but says that the latter is in every way preferable. The second mentions a kind of shortcut to a thickened sauce rather than one achieved by reducing the juices. The third elaborates the basic lardoons needed, in a fussy but still practical way that barely misses qualifying as one of Mr. Field's "gourmet" detestations. The fourth suggests another garniture for the platter of beef, gives the page where its recipe can be found, and makes one firm and correct direction about omitting entirely the garniture given in the main recipe. The last afterthought is one for serving Beef à la Mode less formally, and it states with the complete assurance of a good teacher in control of both his subject and his students that served in this state it will have more flavor, and why, and also that it will not be firm enough to be unmolded and should therefore be served directly from the baking dish.

I find all this new cool enthusiasm and detachment very refreshing, and cannot but believe that it is a promise for a much brighter future in what could and should be a part of our literature, which must be written by people who know and respect the language they are using and who have true humility in their direct approach to something that is essential to life itself—the art of cooking. —M. F. K. FISHER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HEAT OF THE SUN, by Sean O'Faolain (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Better than any Irish writer except Kate O'Brien, Mr. O'Faolain shows that there is more to life in Ireland than getting your feet wet standing in the rain while you wait for the bus that will take you to Mass, or talking your head off sitting on a hard chair in the back room of some drafty public house. Ironical enjoyment is the atmosphere of these short stories, which have in common a half irritable, half easygoing acceptance of the shakiness of our hold on life—time always lost, time always passing, time always approaching. Every one of these stories has magnetism, but "In the Bosom of the Country," an account of two middle-aged lovers who find themselves free to marry after ten years of illicit association, has a peculiar glitter that draws one back to examine it again and again—the graying lovers are so wise in the world, so young in themselves, so devious, so high-handed, and, best

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of all, so good-humored with each other.

THE JUDGMENT OF EVE, by Edgar Pangborn (Simon & Schuster). The time is very early in the twenty-first century, and twenty-five years after the one-day war that destroyed all communications, all transportation, and most of human life as far as the eye can see. In an isolated New England farmhouse, Alma Newman, sixty-five, and her daughter, Eve, twenty-eight, live on the hope of someday finding courage enough to leave the house and go in search of other survivors. Since Eve was three years old, she has seen no human beings except her mother and Caleb, the thirty-year-old idiot lad who does the heavy work around the place. Then, on a full-moon night in May, three men arrive at the Newmans' door. They are all attractive, all acceptable, all capable of courage and kindness, and they have escaped from the confining and overdisciplined life of a neo-Puritan community about fifty miles to the north. They all fall in love with Eve, and she with them, and she has to choose among them. Mr. Pangborn shows an admirable, almost childlike freedom in his general treatment of this fantasy, but his language is often spoiled by an irritating prettiness, and his attempts at philosophizing are almost as arch as the love glances thrown to the three suitors by the newly awakened, fluttery Eve.

THE PLEASURE GARDEN, by Oakley Hall (Viking). Mr. Hall succeeds in conveying the self-importance of each of his many characters, and even in showing the importance, mostly occasional, they have for one another, but he does not manage to make even one of these people important to the reader. The pleasure garden is a casually posh ski resort in the High Sierras, and the ninth anniversary of its founding is being celebrated by a reunion of old hands—those still hanging around the place and the ones who have wandered away and want to come back to ski again and dance again and be nine years younger again. The reunion serves the author as a springboard to the past, and we soon see that what we are watching is a group of handsome people in their early thirties all sick with nostalgia for the youthful lusts that will never again carry them away to the lost paradise where victory is guaranteed and everything is free and the future is for very stodgy people to worry about. No

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love was ever lost in this crowd, because no love was ever found among them. Mr. Hall has gone to a great deal of trouble to provide us with this brightly colored illustration of expanding emptiness.

GENERAL

THE AMERICAN JURY, by Harry Kalven, Jr., and Hans Zeisel, with the collaboration of Thomas Callahan and Philip Ennis (Little, Brown). This is the second in a series of four books undertaken at the University of Chicago Law School to appraise the American jury system. It is a technical work and comes with a daunting scholarly apparatus, yet many legal laymen—and surely those who have ever served on a jury—will find it enticing. (The authors display humor, compassion, and quickness along with their scholarship.) Mr. Kalven and Mr. Zeisel, who are professors at the law school, sent questionnaires to various judges asking their opinions of the jury's performance in specific criminal trials. Most of the time, the authors found, the juries' and the judges' judgments coincided; where they differed, the judges rarely had any trouble understanding the juries' motives. (The authors quote an English judge: "One third of the judge is a common-law juror, if you get beneath the ermine.") Juries, it appears, have little trouble understanding the law, although two legal concepts—insanity and entrapment—bother them. Juries bend the law to conform with local customs and to accord with notions of equity that most readers will recognize as having been learned in childhood. For instance, juries often follow a rule that the authors call "the defendant has been punished enough"—if a man on trial for negligent automobile homicide has killed someone he loves, the jury is loath to send him to jail. Although the authors now know a lot about their subject, they also know how much remains to be—or can never be—discovered, so they are anything but dogmatic. They are frank to admit, however, that they have learned to admire the jury system. Fifteen dollars.

MARIE AND THE DUKE OF H., by Doris Langley Moore (Lippincott). An entertaining account of what must be the great-great-grandmother of all teen-age crushes—the fantasy passion of fourteen-year-old Marie Bashkirtseff for the Duke of Hamil-

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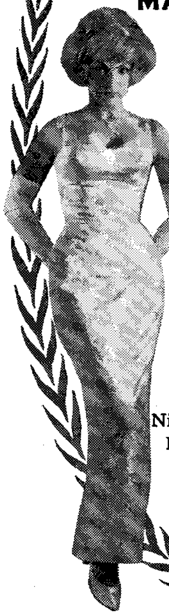
ton, who was totally unaware of her existence. Mrs. Langley Moore discovered that all previously published editions of Marie Bashkirtseff's diaries were unreliable, and so she worked from the originals in the Bibliothèque Nationale. She also has added a good deal of further research into the life of the Bashkirtseff family during 1873, the year in which Marie began keeping her diary, having persuaded herself that the Duke, whom she had seen at Baden-Baden and Nice, would marry her. (At the end of the year, the Duke, still not knowing about the Russian adolescent's adoration, married the daughter of another duke.) Mrs. Langley Moore's attitude is motherly and wry; she sees how ridiculous Marie was, yet how intense her feeling. The girl, we realize, was insufferable, but her comic, sordid family did nothing to involve her in any attractive realities.

This Stubborn Soil, by William A. Owens (Scribners). The childhood recollections of a Columbia professor of English who was born in Pin Hook, Texas, in 1905 into circumstances about as desperate as circumstances can get in this country. Mr. Owens' father died just after his son was born, and his mother was left to struggle to hold on to a small infertile farm. Mr. Owens' account of the experience neither exaggerates nor minimizes hardships, narrownesses, and crudities; the members of his family, though all sharing the limitations of poverty and ignorance, emerge as distinct individuals who worked out individual, sometimes surprising destinies. And the memoirist himself throughout his tale pursues his unlikely ambition to be educated with the doggedness that his kin displayed in making a crop of some kind every year. The author's prose, like his people, is plain, sturdy, and admirable.

Guide to the Art Treasures of France, by Françoise Olivier-Michel and Claude Gisler, prepared under the direction of Pierre and Laurent Tisné; translated from the French by Raymond Rudorff (Dutton). This book comes about as close as can be to being the perfect art guide and traveller's companion. Though there are no fewer than twenty-five hundred halftone illustrations, plus twenty-eight, all full-page, in color, and though the geographical range is the length and breadth of France, the book is none-



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theless compact enough and light enough for an air traveller. Such care has been taken in the photography and the reproduction of the illustrations that despite their small size (an average of one inch by three) they are true gems of clarity. The plan of the book is neatly sectional, beginning with the Pas-de-Calais, in the Nord, and zigzagging down to the Languedoc and the Midi. Small regional maps and brief historical texts introduce each section, and the listing of sites in each area is alphabetical, which makes for easy reference. There are minor flaws. Coverage of museums and their contents is sketchy and capricious, and the cataloguing pretty much ends with the Impressionists. But these are only the most minuscule of quibbles in view of the truly impressive sweep of the whole undertaking. The price, ten dollars and ninety-five cents, is low enough to be a surprise.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

At Bertram's Hotel, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). Miss Christie's pearly talent for dealing with all the works and pomps that go with murder, English style, shimmers steadily in this tale of the noisy woe that shatters the extremely expensive peace of Bertram's famously old-fashioned hotel and that succeeds, at last, in explaining the funny air of mystery hanging about that enigmatic establishment. Miss Marple, tottering a little but still sharp of ear and wit, collects clues with such assiduity that she has a big handbag full of them when Chief Inspector Fred Davy finally gets sense enough to apply to her for advice. The scene is London.

The Minister of Injustice, by Maurice Culpan (Walker). Chief Inspector Houghton, an elephant of good will, plays the most important part in this London story, which is full of murders and peopled with Very Important but implacably anonymous personages. The action starts when Houghton is asked to look around the luxurious flat of a devastatingly attractive call girl named Claire Rainer. Miss Rainer is not at home when the Chief Inspector arrives, but her flat is not unoccupied, and almost immediately our tenacious but easily bewildered policeman begins to understand that the investigation he has undertaken is not routine.

The Dark Trade, by Anthony Lejeune (Doubleday). Adam Gifford

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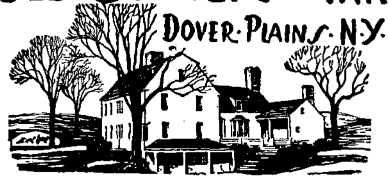

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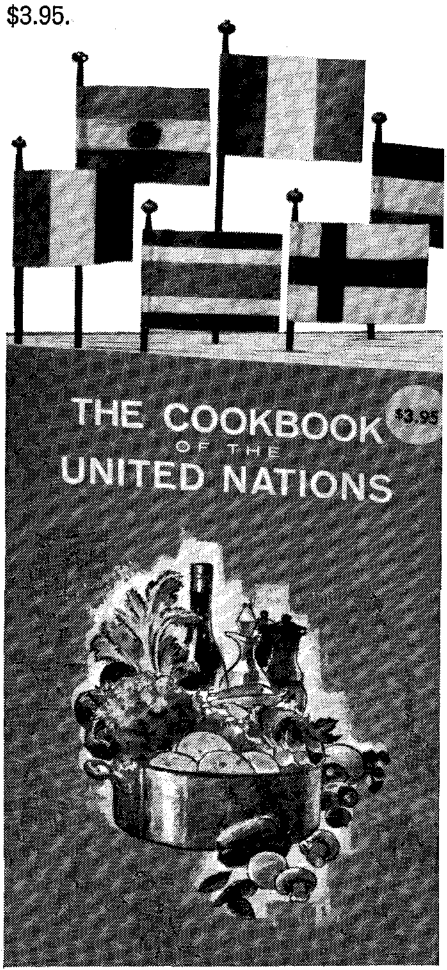

JOHN WILEY & SONS, Inc.

is a London crime reporter who occasionally also does a job of work for one of those masterly British Intelligence shops that keep abreast of world events from an elegant office in some dingy backwater street. In this attractively complicated and thoroughly lucid thriller, Gifford is called upon to unravel the connection between a murdered French pornographer, an East European trade mission, and a manufacturer of marine engines in Buckinghamshire, and he does so with great *élan* and exactly the right amount of serious trouble.

THE BLIND CAVE, by Leo Katcher (Viking). One of those international gangs—the kind whose members are motivated partly by greed and partly by some crackpot ideology—hijacks an American superbomb and threatens to use it to embroil the United States and the Soviet Union in a Third World War. Luckily, the United States has in Athens, the seat of the action, an agent named Richard Landon. We all know Landon: thirty-eight, graying, bitter, cynical, efficient, alcoholic, oversexed, a cigarette fiend. We know his line of country: "There was a slight odor in the room. I couldn't place it. Maybe it was death." And we also know his deep, almost unutterable thoughts: "I . . . took one last look at her before I left the room. None of us was metal, precious or base. At the end we were just flesh."

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Reporter too busy counting?

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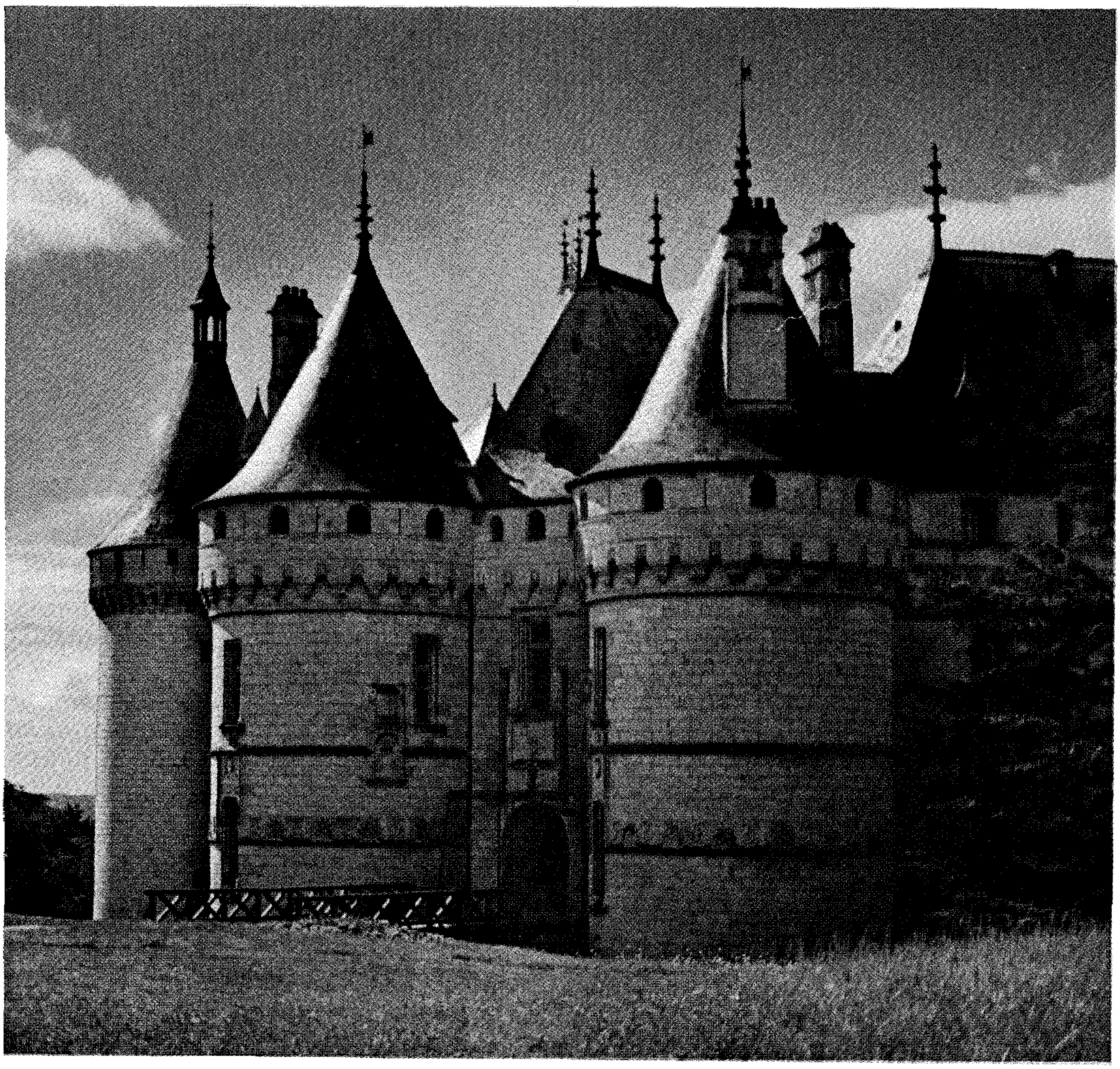

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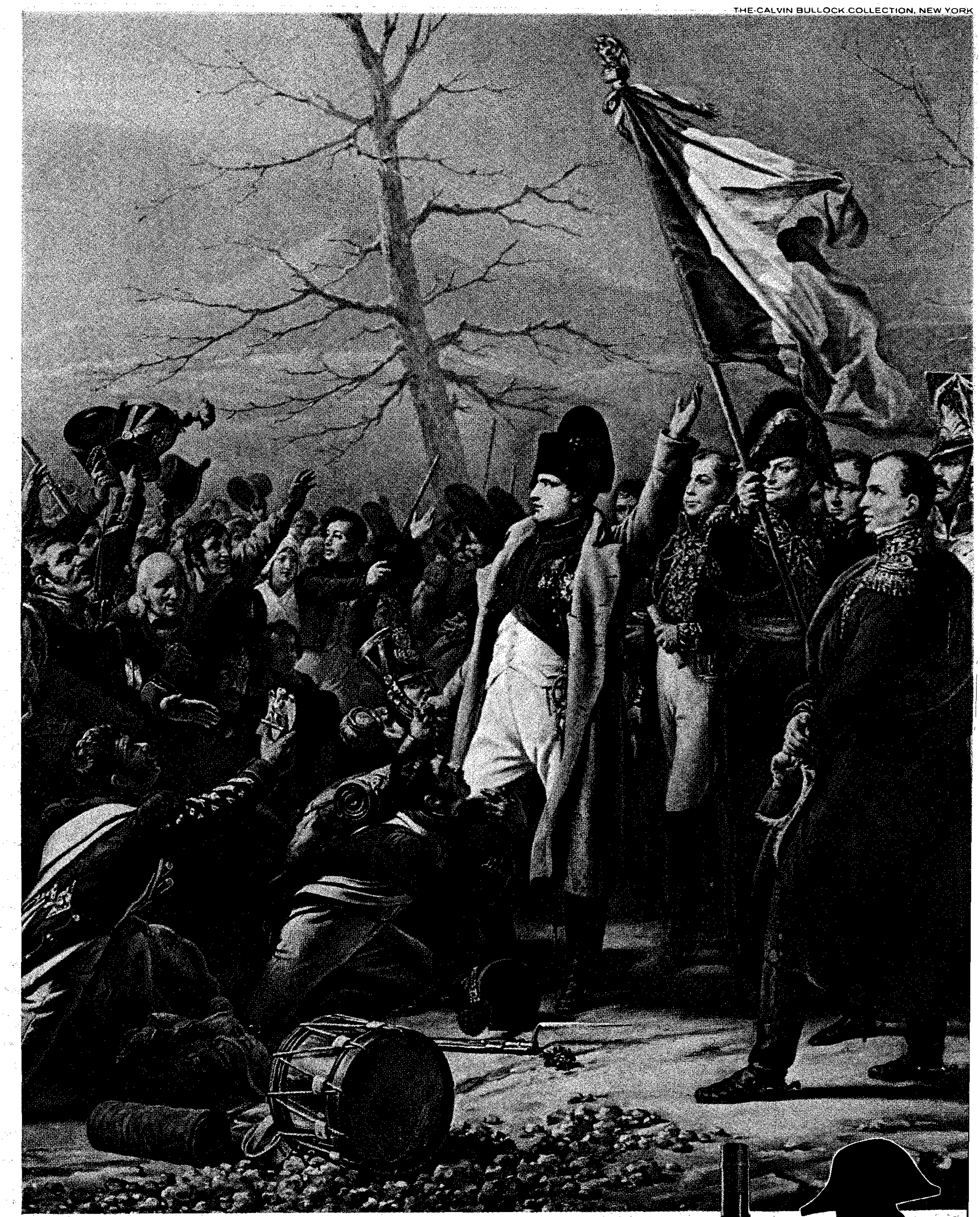

Retour de l'Ile d'Elbe Février 1815. Detail from the painting by Karl Steuben (1788-1856). Napoleon sailed from Elba on February 26th and nine days later reached Grenoble, *where a garrison of troops marched out to stop him. Napoleon stepped forward:* "If there is one among you who wishes to kill his Emperor, here I am." A pause, then "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from a thousand throats as his former troops knelt at his feet.

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